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Titus Livius
Roman History

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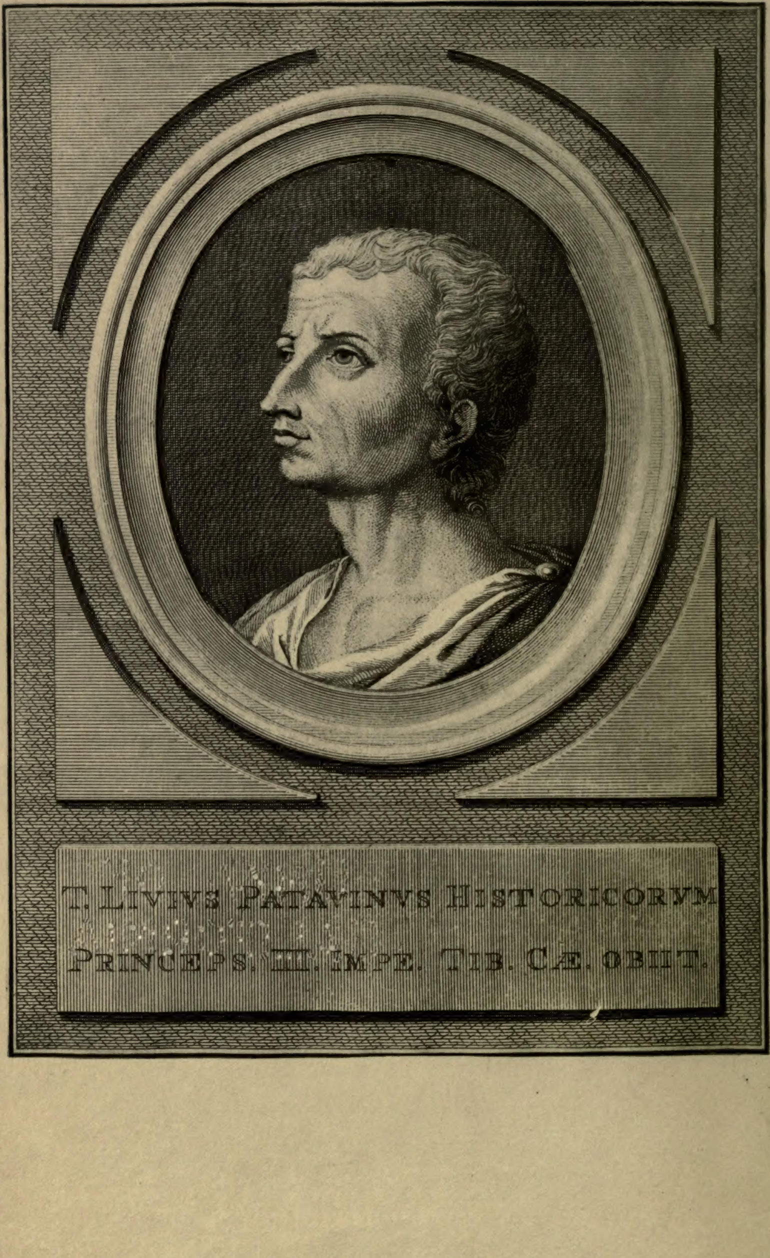
T. LIVIVS PATAVINVS HISTORICORVM
PRINCEPS. III. IMPE. TIB. CÆ. OBIIT.

Roman History

By

Titus Livius

Translated by
John Henry Freese, Alfred John Church,
and William Jackson Brodribb

With a Critical and Biographical Introduction
and Notes by Duffield Osborne

Illustrated

New York
D. Appleton and Company
1898

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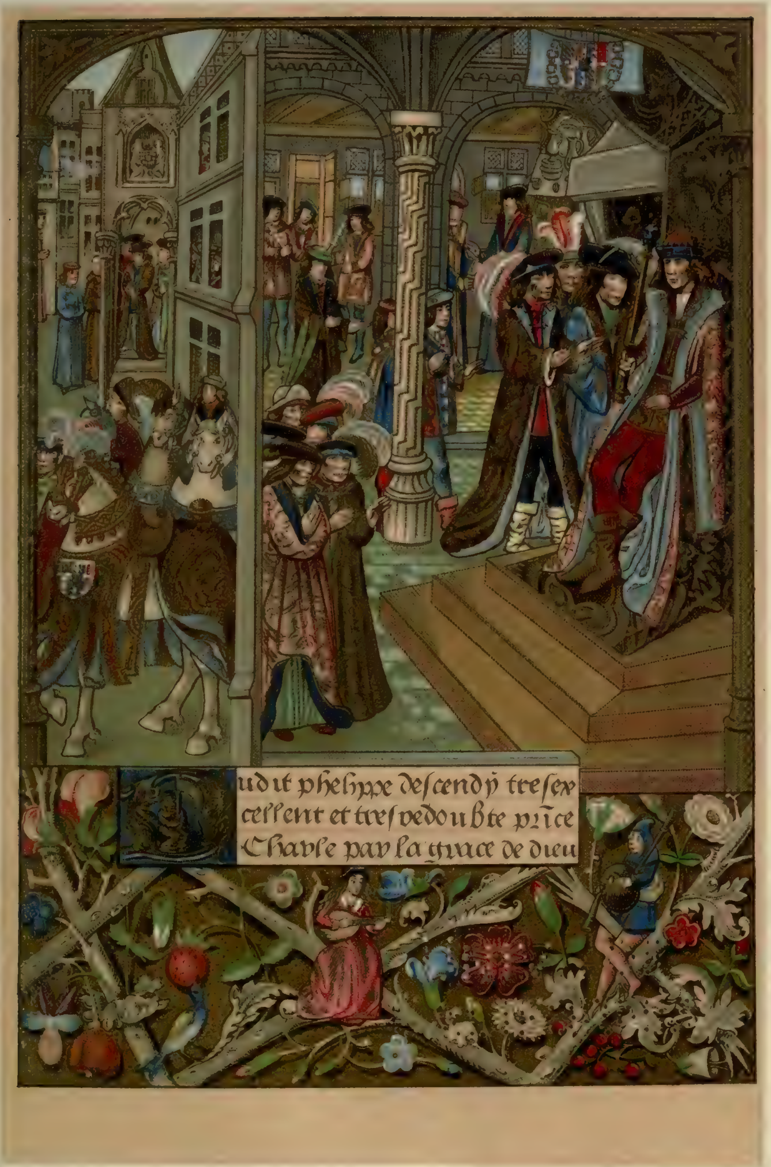
HENRY MORSE STEPHENS



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cellent et treſredoubte prĩce
Charle par la grace de dieu

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LIVY'S HISTORY

OF the lost treasures of classical literature, it is doubtful whether any are more to be regretted than the missing books of Livy. That they existed in approximate entirety down to the fifth century, and possibly even so late as the fifteenth, adds to this regret. At the same time it leaves in a few sanguine minds a lingering hope that some unvisited convent or forgotten library may yet give to the world a work that must always be regarded as one of the greatest of Roman masterpieces. The story that the destruction of Livy was effected by order of Pope Gregory I, on the score of the superstitions contained in the historian's pages, never has been fairly substantiated, and therefore I prefer to acquit that pontiff of the less pardonable superstition involved in such an act of fanatical vandalism. That the books preserved to us would be by far the most objectionable from Gregory's alleged point of view may be noted for what it is worth in favour of the theory of destruction by chance rather than by design.

Here is the inventory of what we have and of what we might have had. The entire work of Livy—a work that occupied more than forty years of his life—was contained in one hundred and forty-two books, which narrated the history of Rome, from the supposed landing of Æneas, through the early years of the empire of Augustus, and down to the death of Drusus, B. C. 9. Books I–X, containing the story of early Rome to the year 294 B. C., the date of the final subjugation of the Samnites and the consequent establishment of the Roman commonwealth as the controlling power in Italy, remain to

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us. These, by the accepted chronology, represent a period of four hundred and sixty years. Books XI–XX, being the second "decade," according to a division attributed to the fifth century of our era, are missing. They covered seventy-five years, and brought the narrative down to the beginning of the second Punic war. Books XXI–XLV have been saved, though those of the fifth "decade" are imperfect. They close with the triumph of Æmilius, in 167 B. C., and the reduction of Macedonia to a Roman province. Of the other books, only a few fragments remain, the most interesting of which (from Book CXX) recounts the death of Cicero, and gives what appears to be a very just estimate of his character. We have epitomes of all the lost books, with the exception of ten; but these are so scanty as to amount to little more than tables of contents. Their probable date is not later than the time of Trajan. To summarize the result, then, thirty-five books have been saved and one hundred and seven lost—a most deplorable record, especially when we consider that in the later books the historian treated of times and events whereof his means of knowledge were adequate to his task.

Titus Livius was born at Patavium, the modern Padua, some time between 61 and 57 B. C. Of his parentage and early life nothing is known. It is easy to surmise that he was well born, from his political bias in favour of the aristocratic party, and from the evident fact of his having received a liberal education; yet the former of these arguments is not at all inconsistent with the opposite supposition, and the latter should lead to no very definite conclusion when we remember that in his days few industries were more profitable than the higher education of slaves for the pampered Roman market. Niebuhr infers, from a sentence quoted by Quintilian, that Livy began life as a teacher of rhetoric. However that may be, it seems certain that he came to Rome about 30 B. C., was introduced to Augustus and won his patronage and favour, and after the death of his great patron and friend retired to the city of his birth, where he died, 17 A. D. It is probable that he had fixed the date of the Emperor's death as the limit of his history, and that his own decease cut short his task.

No historian ever told a story more delightfully. The available translations leave much to be desired, but to the student of Latin Livy's style is pure and simple, and possesses that charm which purity and simplicity always give. If there is anything to justify the charge of "Patavinity," or provincialism, made by Asinius Pollio, we, at least, are not learned enough in Latin to detect it; and Pollio, too, appears to have been no gentle critic if we may judge by his equally severe strictures upon Cicero, Cæsar, and Sallust. This much we know: the Patavian's heroes live; his events happen, and we are carried along upon their tide. Our sympathies, our indignation, our enthusiasm, are summoned into being, and history and fiction appear to walk hand in hand for our instruction and amusement. In this latter word—fiction—lies the charge most often and most strongly made against him—the charge that he has written a story and no more; that with him past time existed but to furnish materials "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Let us consider to what extent this is true, and, if true, in what measure the author has sinned by it or we have lost.

No one would claim that the rules by which scientific historians of to-day are judged should be applied to those that wrote when history was young, when the boundaries between the possible and the impossible were less clearly defined, or when, in fact, such boundaries hardly existed in men's minds. In this connection, even while we vaunt, we smile. After all, how much of our modern and so-called scientific history must strike the reasoning reader as mere theorizing or as special pleading based upon the slenderest evidence! Among the ancients the work of the historians whom we consider trustworthy—such writers, for instance, as Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, and Tacitus—may be said to fall generally within Rawlinson's canons 1 and 2 of historical criticism—that is, (1) cases where the historian has personal knowledge concerning the facts whereof he writes, or (2) where the facts are such that he may reasonably be supposed to have obtained them from contemporary witnesses. Canon 2 might be elaborated and refined very considerably, and perhaps to advantage. It naturally includes as sources of knowledge—first, personal interviews with contemporary witnesses; and, second, access to the writings of historians whose opportunities brought them within canon I. In this latter case the evidence would be less convincing, owing to the lack of opportunity to cross-question, though even here apparent lack of bias or the existence of biassed testimony on both sides, from which a judicious man might have a fair chance to extract the truth, would go far to cure the defect.

The point, however, to which I tend is, that the portions of Livy's history from which we must judge of his trustworthiness treat, for the most part, of periods concerning which even his evidence was of the scantiest and poorest description. He doubtless had family records, funeral panegyrics, and inscriptions—all of which were possibly almost as reliable as those of our own day. Songs sung at festivals and handed down by tradition may or may not be held more truthful. These he had as well; but the government records, the ancient fasti, had been destroyed at the time of the burning of the city by the Gauls, and there is no hint of any Roman historian that lived prior to the date of the second Punic war. Thus we may safely infer that Livy wrote of the first five hundred years without the aid of any contemporary evidence, either approximately complete or ostensibly reliable. With the beginning of the second Punic war began also the writing of history. Quintus Fabius Pictor had left a work, which Polybius condemned on the score of its evident partiality. Lucius Cincius Alimentus, whose claim to knowledge if not to impartiality rests largely on the fact that he was captured and held prisoner by Hannibal, also left memoirs; but Hannibal was not famous for treating prisoners mildly, and the Romans, most cruel themselves in this respect, were always deeply scandalized by a much less degree of harshness on the part of their enemies. Above all, there was Polybius himself, who perhaps approaches nearer to the critical historian than any writer of antiquity, and it is Polybius upon whom Livy mainly relies through his third, fourth, and fifth decades. The works of Fabius and Cincius are lost. So also are those of the Lacedæmonian Sosilus and the Sicilian Silanus, who campaigned with Hannibal and wrote the Carthaginian side of the story; nor is there any evidence that either Polybius or Livy had access to their writings. Polybius, then, may be said to be the only reliable source from which Livy could draw for any of his extant books, and before condemning unqualifiedly in the cases where he deserts him and harks back to Roman authorities we must remember that Livy was a strong nationalist, one of a people who, despite their conquests, were essentially narrow, prejudiced, egotistical; and, thus remembering, we must marvel that he so fully recognises the merit of his unprejudiced guide and wanders as little as he does. All told, it is quite certain that he has dealt more fairly by Hannibal than have Alison and other English historians by Napoleon. His unreliability consists rather in his conclusions than in his facts, and it is unquestioned that through all the pages of the third decade he has so told the story of the man most hated by Rome—the deadliest enemy she had ever encountered—that the reader can not fail to feel the greatness of Hannibal dominating every chapter.

Referring again to the criticisms made so lavishly upon Livy's story of the earlier centuries, it is well to recall the contention of the hard-headed Scotchman Ferguson, that with all our critical acumen we have found no sure ground to rest upon until we reach the second Punic war. Niebuhr, on the other hand, whose German temperament is alike prone to delve or to theorize, is disposed to think—with considerable generosity to our abilities, it appears to me—that we may yet evolve a fairly true history of Rome from the foundation of the commonwealth. As to the times of the kings, it is admitted that we know nothing, while from the founding of the commonwealth to the second Punic war the field may be described as, at the best, but a battle-ground for rival theories.

The ancient historian had, as a rule, little to do with such considerations or controversies. In the lack of solid evidence he had only to write down the accepted story of the origin of things, as drawn from the lips of poetry, legend, or tradition, and it was for Livy to write thus or not at all. Even here the honesty of his intention is apparent. For much of his early history he does not claim more than is claimed for it by many of his modern critics, while time and again he pauses to express a doubt as to the credibility of some incident. A notable instance of this is found in his criticism of those stories most dear to the Roman heart—the stories of the birth and apotheosis of Romulus. On the other hand, if he has given free life to many beautiful legends that were undoubtedly current and believed for centuries, is it heresy to avow that these as such seem to me of more true value to the antiquary than if they had been subjected at their historical inception to the critical and theoretical methods of to-day? I can not hold Livy quite unpardonable even when following, as he often does, such authorities as the Furian family version of the redemption of the city by the arms of their progenitor Camillus, instead of by the payment of the agreed ransom, as modern writers consider proven, while his putting of set speeches into the mouths of his characters may be described as a conventional usage of ancient historians, which certainly added to the liveliness of the narrative and probably was neither intended to be taken literally nor resulted in deceiving any one.

Reverting for a moment to Livy's honesty and frankness, so far as his intent might govern such qualities, I think no stronger evidence in his favour can be found than his avowed republican leanings at the court of Augustus and his just estimate of Cicero's character in the face of the favour of a prince by whose consent the great orator had been assassinated. Above all, it must have been a fearless and honest man who could swing the scourge with which he lashed his degenerate countrymen in those stinging words, "The present times, when we can endure neither our vices nor their remedies."

Nevertheless, and despite the facts that Livy means to be honest and that he questions much on grounds that would not shame the repute of many of his modern critics, the charge is doubtless true that his writings are not free from prejudice in favour of his country. That he definitely regarded history rather as a moral agency and a lesson for the future than as an irrefutable narrative of the past, I consider highly hypothetical; but it is probable that his mind was not of the type that is most diligent in the close, exhaustive, and logical study so necessary to the historian of to-day. "Superficial," if we could eliminate the reproach in the word, would perhaps go far toward describing him. He is what we would call a popular rather than a scientific writer, and, since we think somewhat lightly of such when they write on what we consider scientific subjects, we are too apt to transfer their light repute to an author who wrote popularly at a time when this treatment was best adapted to his audience, his aims, and the material at his command. That he has survived through all these centuries, and has enjoyed, despite all criticism, the position in the literature of the world which his very critics have united in conceding to him, is perhaps a stronger commendation than any technical approval.

From the standpoint of the present work it was felt that selections aggregating seven books would accomplish all the purposes of a complete presentation. The editors have chosen the first three books of the first decade as telling what no one can better tell than Livy: the stories and legends connected with the foundation and early life of Rome. Here, as I have said, there was nothing for him to do but cut loose from all trammels and hang breathless, pen in hand, upon the lips of tradition. None can hold but that her faithful scribe has writ down her words with all their ancient colour, with reverence reigning over his heart, however doubts might lurk within his brain. These books close with the restoration of the consular power, after the downfall of the tyrannical rule of the Decemvirs, the revolution following upon the attempt of Appius Claudius to seize Virginia, the daughter of a citizen who, rather than see his child fall into the clutches of the cruel patrician, killed her with his own hand in the market-place, and, rushing into the camp with the bloody knife, caused the soldiers to revolt. The second section comprises Books XXI–XXIV, a part of the narrative of the second Punic war, a military exploit the most remarkable the world has ever seen.

The question who was the greatest general that ever lived has been a fruitful source of discussion, and Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon have each found numerous and ardent supporters. Without decrying the signal abilities of these chiefs, it must nevertheless be remembered that each commanded a homogeneous army and had behind him a compact nation the most warlike and powerful of his time. The adversaries also of the Greek and the Roman were in the one instance an effete power already falling to pieces by its own internal weakness, and in the other, for the most part, scattered tribes of barbarians without unity of purpose or military discipline. Even in his civil wars Cæsar's armies were veterans, and those of the commonwealth were, comparatively speaking, recruits. But when the reader of these pages carefully considers the story of Hannibal's campaign in Italy, what does he find? Two nations—one Caucasian, young, warlike above all its contemporaries, with a record behind it of steady aggrandizement and almost unbroken victory, a nation every citizen of which was a soldier. On the other side, a race of merchants Semitic in blood, a city whose citizens had long since ceased to go to war, preferring that their gold should fight for them by the hands of mercenaries of every race and clime—hirelings whose ungoverned valour had proved almost as deadly to their employers and generals as to their enemies. Above all, the same battle had been joined before when Rome was weaker and Carthage stronger, and Carthage had already shown her weakness and Rome her strength.

And now in this renewed war we see a young man, aided only by a little group of compatriots, welding together an army of the most heterogeneous elements—Spaniards, Gauls, Numidians, Moors, Greeks—men of almost every race except his own. We see him cutting loose from his base of supplies, leaving enemies behind him, to force his way through hostile races, through unknown lands bristling with almost impassable mountains and frigid with snow and ice. We see him conquering here, making friends and allies there, and, more wonderful than all, holding his mongrel horde together through hardships and losses by the force of his character alone. We see him at last descending into the plains of Italy. We see him not merely defeating but annihilating army after army more numerous than his own and composed of better raw material. We see him, unaided, ranging from end to end of the peninsula, none daring to meet him with opposing standards, and the greatest general of Rome winning laurels because he knew enough to recognise his own hopeless inferiority. All stories of reverses other than those of mere detachments may pretty safely be set down as the exaggeration of Roman writers. Situated as was Hannibal, the loss of one marshalled field would have meant immediate ruin, and ruin never came when he fought in Italy. On the contrary, without supplies save what his sword could take, without friends save what his genius and his fortune could win, he maintained his place and his superiority not for one or for two but through fourteen years, during all which time we hear no murmur of mutiny, no hint of aught but obedience and devotion among the incongruous and unruly elements from which he had fashioned his invincible army; and at the end we see him leaving Italy of his own free will, at the call of his country, to waste himself in a vain effort to save her from the blunders of other leaders and from the penalty of inherent weakness, which only his sword had so long warded off.

When I consider the means, the opposition, and the achievement—a combination of elements by which alone we can judge such questions with even approximate fairness—I can not but feel that of all military exploits this invasion of Italy, which we shall read of here, was the most remarkable; that of all commanders Hannibal has shown himself to be the greatest. Some of Livy's charges against him as a man are doubtless true. Avarice was in his blood; and cruelty also, though it ill became a Roman to chide an enemy on that score. Besides, Livy himself tells how Hannibal had sought for the bodies of the generals he had slain, that he might give them the rites of honourable sepulture; tells it, and in the next breath relates how the Roman commander mutilated the corpse of the fallen Hasdrubal and threw the head into his brother's camp. So, too, his naïve explanation that Hannibal's "more than Punic perfidy" consisted mainly of ambushes and similar military strategies, goes to show, as I have said, that whatever is unjust in our author's estimate was rather the result of the prejudiced deductions of national egotism than of facts wilfully or carelessly distorted by partisan spite.

To the reader who bears well in mind the points I have ventured to make, I predict profit hardly less than pleasure in these pages; for Livy is perhaps the only historian who may be said to have been honest enough to furnish much of the material for criticism of himself, and to be, to a very considerable extent, self-adjusting.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE[1]

WHETHER in tracing the history of the Roman people, from the foundation of the city, I shall employ myself to a useful purpose, I am neither very certain, nor, if I were, dare I say; inasmuch as I observe that it is both an old and hackneyed practice, later authors always supposing that they will either adduce something more authentic in the facts, or, that they will excel the less polished ancients in their style of writing. Be that as it may, it will, at all events, be a satisfaction to me that I too have contributed my share to perpetuate the achievements of a people, the lords of the world; and if, amid so great a number of historians, my reputation should remain in obscurity, I may console myself with the celebrity and lustre of those who shall stand in the way of my fame. Moreover, the subject is of immense labour, as being one which must be traced back for more than seven hundred years, and which, having set out from small beginnings, has increased to such a degree that it is now distressed by its own magnitude. And, to most readers, I doubt not but that the first origin and the events immediately succeeding, will afford but little pleasure, while they will be hastening to these later times, in which the strength of this overgrown people has for a long period been working its own destruction. I, on the contrary, shall seek this, as a reward of my labour, viz., to withdraw myself from the view of the calamities, which our age has witnessed for so many years, so long as I am reviewing with my whole attention these ancient times, being free from every care that may distract a writer's mind, though it can not warp it from the truth. The traditions that have come down to us of what happened before the building of the city, or before its building was contemplated, as being suitable rather to the fictions of poetry than to the genuine records of history, I have no intention either to affirm or to refute. This indulgence is conceded to antiquity, that by blending things human with divine, it may make the origin of cities appear more venerable: and if any people might be allowed to consecrate their origin, and to ascribe it to the gods as its authors, such is the renown of the Roman people in war, that when they represent Mars, in particular, as their own parent and that of their founder, the nations of the world may submit to this as patiently as they submit to their sovereignty. But in whatever way these and similar matters shall be attended to, or judged of, I shall not deem it of great importance. I would have every man apply his mind seriously to consider these points, viz., what their life and what their manners were; through what men and by what measures, both in peace and in war, their empire was acquired and extended; then, as discipline gradually declined, let him follow in his thoughts their morals, at first as slightly giving way, anon how they sunk more and more, then began to fall headlong, until he reaches the present times, when we can endure neither our vices nor their remedies. This it is which is particularly salutary and profitable in the study of history, that you behold instances of every variety of conduct displayed on a conspicuous monument; that thence you may select for yourself and for your country that which you may imitate; thence note what is shameful in the undertaking, and shameful in the result, which you may avoid. But either a fond partiality for the task I have undertaken deceives me, or there never was any state either greater, or more moral, or richer in good examples, nor one into which luxury and avarice made their entrance so late, and where poverty and frugality were so much and so long honoured; so that the less wealth there was, the less desire was there. Of late, riches have introduced avarice, and excessive pleasures a longing for them, amid luxury and a passion for ruining ourselves and destroying everything else. But let complaints, which will not be agreeable even then, when perhaps they will be also necessary, be kept aloof at least from the first stage of beginning so great a work. We should rather, if it was usual with us (historians) as it is with poets, begin with good omens, vows and prayers to the gods and goddesses to vouchsafe good success to our efforts in so arduous an undertaking.

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[1] The tone of dignified despondency which pervades this remarkable preface tells us much. That the republican historian was no timid or time-serving flatterer of prince or public is more than clear, while his unerring judgment of the future should bring much of respect for his judgment of the past. When he wrote, Rome was more powerful than ever. Only the seeds of ruin were visible, yet he already divines their full fruitage.—D. O.

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LIVY'S ROMAN HISTORY

BOOK I[1]

THE PERIOD OF THE KINGS

TO begin with, it is generally admitted that, after the taking of Troy, while all the other Trojans were treated with severity, in the case of two, Æneas and Antenor, the Greeks forbore to exercise the full rights of war, both on account of an ancient tie of hospitality, and because they had persistently recommended peace and the restoration of Helen: and then Antenor, after various vicissitudes, reached the inmost bay of the Adriatic Sea, accompanied by a body of the Eneti, who had been driven from Paphlagonia by civil disturbance, and were in search both of a place of settlement and a leader, their chief Pylæmenes having perished at Troy; and that the Eneti and Trojans, having driven out the Euganei, who dwelt between the sea and the Alps, occupied these districts. In fact, the place where they first landed is called Troy, and from this it is named the Trojan canton. The nation as a whole is called Veneti. It is also agreed that Æneas, an exile from home owing to a like misfortune, but conducted by the fates to the founding of a greater empire, came first to Macedonia, that he was then driven ashore at Sicily in his quest for a settlement, and sailing thence directed his course to the territory of Laurentum. This spot also bears the name of Troy. When the Trojans, having disembarked there, were driving off booty from the country, as was only natural, seeing that they had nothing left but their arms and ships after their almost boundless wandering, Latinus the king and the Aborigines, who then occupied these districts, assembled in arms from the city and country to repel the violence of the new-comers. In regard to what followed there is a twofold tradition. Some say that Latinus, having been defeated in battle, first made peace and then concluded an alliance with Æneas; others, that when the armies had taken up their position in order of battle, before the trumpets sounded, Latinus advanced to the front, and invited the leader of the strangers to a conference. He then inquired what manner of men they were, whence they had come, for what reasons they had left their home, and in quest of what they had landed on Laurentine territory. After he heard that the host were Trojans, their chief Æneas, the son of Anchises and Venus, and that, exiled from home, their country having ~~been~~ destroyed by fire, they were seeking a settlement and a site for building a city, struck with admiration both at the noble character of the nation and the hero, and at their spirit, ready alike for peace or war, he ratified the pledge of future friendship by clasping hands. Thereupon a treaty was concluded between the chiefs, and mutual greetings passed between the armies: Æneas was hospitably entertained at the house of Latinus; there Latinus, in the presence of his household gods, cemented the public league by a family one, by giving Æneas his daughter in marriage. This event fully confirmed the Trojans in the hope of at length terminating their wanderings by a lasting and permanent settlement. They built a town, which Æneas called Lavinium after the name of his wife. Shortly afterward also, a son was the issue of the recently concluded marriage, to whom his parents gave the name of Ascanius.

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[1] Books I–III are based upon the translation by John Henry Freese, but in many places have been revised or retranslated by Duffield Osborne.

Aborigines and Trojans were soon afterward the joint objects of a hostile attack. Turnus, king of the Rutulians, to whom Lavinia had been affianced before the arrival of Æneas, indignant that a stranger had been preferred to himself, had made war on Æneas and Latinus together. Neither army came out of the struggle with satisfaction. The Rutulians were vanquished: the victorious Aborigines and Trojans lost their leader Latinus. Thereupon Turnus and the Rutulians, mistrustful of their strength, had recourse to the prosperous and powerful Etruscans, and their king Mezentius, whose seat of government was at Cære, at that time a flourishing town. Even from the outset he had viewed with dissatisfaction the founding of a new city, and, as at that time he considered that the Trojan power was increasing far more than was altogether consistent with the safety of the neighbouring peoples, he readily joined his forces in alliance with the Rutulians. Æneas, to gain the good-will of the Aborigines in face of a war so serious and alarming, and in order that they might all be not only under the same laws but might also bear the same name, called both nations Latins. In fact, subsequently, the Aborigines were not behind the Trojans in zeal and loyalty toward their king Æneas. Accordingly, in full reliance on this state of mind of the two nations, who were daily becoming more and more united, and in spite of the fact that Etruria was so powerful, that at this time it had filled with the fame of its renown not only the land but the sea also, throughout the whole length of Italy from the Alps to the Sicilian Strait, Æneas led out his forces into the field, although he might have repelled their attack by means of his fortifications. Thereupon a battle was fought, in which victory rested with the Latins, but for Æneas it was even the last of his acts on earth. He, by whatever name laws human and divine demand he should be called, was buried on the banks of the river Numicus: they call him Jupiter Indiges.

Ascanius, the son of Æneas, was not yet old enough to rule; the government, however, remained unassailed for him till he reached the age of maturity. In the interim, under the regency of a woman—so great was Lavinia's capacity—the Latin state and the boy's kingdom, inherited from his father and grandfather, was secured for him. I will not discuss the question—for who can state as certain a matter of such antiquity?—whether it was this Ascanius, or one older than he, born of Creusa, before the fall of Troy, and subsequently the companion of his father's flight, the same whom, under the name of Iulus, the Julian family represents to be the founder of its name. Be that as it may, this Ascanius, wherever born and of whatever mother—it is at any rate agreed that his father was Æneas—seeing that Lavinium was over-populated, left that city, now a flourishing and wealthy one, considering those times, to his mother or stepmother, and built himself a new one at the foot of the Alban mount, which, from its situation, being built all along the ridge of a hill, was called Alba Longa.

There was an interval of about thirty years between the founding of Lavinium and the transplanting of the colony to Alba Longa. Yet its power had increased to such a degree, especially owing to the defeat of the Etruscans, that not even on the death of Æneas, nor subsequently between the period of the regency of Lavinia, and the first beginnings of the young prince's reign, did either Mezentius, the Etruscans, or any other neighbouring peoples venture to take up arms against it. Peace had been concluded on the following terms, that the river Albula, which is now called Tiber, should be the boundary of Latin and Etruscan territory. After him Silvius, son of

Ascanius, born by some accident in the woods, became king. He was the father of Æneas Silvius, who afterward begot Latinus Silvius. By him several colonies were transplanted, which were called Prisci Latini. From this time all the princes, who ruled at Alba, bore the surname of Silvius. From Latinus sprung Alba; from Alba, Atys; from Atys, Capys; from Capys, Capetus; from Capetus, Tiberinus, who, having been drowned while crossing the river Albula, gave it the name by which it was generally known among those of later times. He was succeeded by Agrippa, son of Tiberinus; after Agrippa, Romulus Silvius, having received the government from his father, became king. He was killed by a thunderbolt, and handed on the kingdom to Aventinus, who, owing to his being buried on that hill, which now forms part of the city of Rome, gave it its name. After him reigned Proca, who begot Numitor and Amulius. To Numitor, who was the eldest son, he bequeathed the ancient kingdom of the Silvian family. Force, however, prevailed more than a father's wish or the respect due to seniority. Amulius drove out his brother and seized the kingdom: he added crime to crime, murdered his brother's male issue, and, under pretence of doing honour to his brother's daughter, Rea Silvia, having chosen her a Vestal Virgin,[1] deprived her of all hopes of issue by the obligation of perpetual virginity.

My opinion, however, is that the origin of so great a city and an empire next in power to that of the gods was due to the fates. The Vestal Rea was ravished by force, and having brought forth twins, declared Mars to be the father of her illegitimate offspring, either because she really imagined it to be the case, or because it was less discreditable to have committed such an offence with a god.[2] But neither gods nor men protected either her or her offspring from the king's cruelty. The priestess was bound and cast into prison; the king ordered the children to be thrown into the flowing river. By some chance which Providence seemed to direct, the Tiber, having overflown its banks, thereby forming stagnant pools, could not be approached at the regular course of its channel; notwithstanding it gave the bearers of the children hope that they could be drowned in its water however calm. Accordingly, as if they had executed the king's orders, they exposed the boys in the nearest land-pool, where now stands the ficus Ruminalis, which they say was called Romularis.[1] At that time the country in those parts was a desolate wilderness. The story goes, that when the shallow water, subsiding, had left the floating trough, in which the children had been exposed, on dry ground, a thirsty she-wolf from the mountains around directed her course toward the cries of the infants, and held down her teats to them with such gentleness, that the keeper of the king's herd found her licking the boys with her tongue. They say that his name was Faustulus; and that they were carried by him to his homestead and given to his wife Larentia to be brought up. Some are of the opinion that Larentia was called Lupa among the shepherds from her being a common prostitute; and hence an opening was afforded for the marvellous story. The children, thus born and thus brought up, as soon as they reached the age of youth, did not lead a life of inactivity at home or amid the flocks, but, in the chase, scoured the forests. Having thus gained strength, both in body and spirit, they now were not only able to withstand wild beasts, but attacked robbers laden with booty, and divided the spoils with the shepherds, in whose company, as the number of their young associates increased daily, they carried on business and pleasure.

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[1] The king was originally the high priest, his office more sacerdotal than military: as such he would have the selection and appointment of the Vestal Virgins, the priestesses of Vesta, the hearth-goddess. Their chief duty was to keep the sacred fire burning ("the fire that burns for aye"), and to guard the relics in the Temple of Vesta. If convicted of unchastity they were buried alive.

[2] Surely there is no lack of "historical criticism" here, and on a subject where a Roman writer might be pardoned for some credulity.—D. O.

Even in these early times it is said that the festival of the Lupercal, as now celebrated, was solemnized on the Palatine Hill, which was first called Pallantium, from Pallanteum, a city of Arcadia, and afterward Mount Palatius. There Evander, who, belonging to the above tribe of the Arcadians, had for many years before occupied these districts, is said to have appointed the observance of a solemn festival, introduced from Arcadia, in which naked youths ran about doing honour in wanton sport to Pan Lycæus, who was afterward called Inuus by the Romans. When they were engaged in this festival, as its periodical solemnization was well known, a band of robbers, enraged at the loss of some booty, lay in wait for them, and took Remus prisoner, Romulus having vigorously defended himself: the captive Remus they delivered up to King Amulius, and even went so far as to bring accusations against him. They made it the principal charge that having made incursions into Numitor's lands, and, having assembled a band of young men, they had driven off their booty after the manner of enemies. Accordingly, Remus was delivered up to Numitor for punishment. Now from the very first Faustulus had entertained hopes that the boys who were being brought up by him, were of royal blood: for he both knew that the children had been exposed by the king's orders, and that the time, at which he had taken them up, coincided exactly with that period: but he had been unwilling to disclose the matter, as yet not ripe for discovery, till either a fitting opportunity or the necessity for it should arise. Necessity came first. Accordingly, urged by fear, he disclosed the whole affair to Romulus. By accident also, Numitor, while he had Remus in custody, having heard that the brothers were twins, by comparing their age and their natural disposition entirely free from servility, felt his mind struck by the recollection of his grandchildren, and by frequent inquiries came to the conclusion he had already formed, so that he was not far from openly acknowledging Remus. Accordingly a plot was concerted against the king on all sides. Romulus, not accompanied by a body of young men—for he was not equal to open violence—but having commanded the shepherds to come to the palace by different roads at a fixed time, made an attack upon the king, while Remus, having got together another party from Numitor's house, came to his assistance; and so they slew the king.

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[1] Livy ignores the more accepted and prettier tradition that this event took place where the sacred fig-tree originally stood, and that later it was miraculously transplanted to the comitium by Attius Navius, the famous augur, "That it might stand in the midst of the meetings of the Romans."—D. O.

Numitor, at the beginning of the fray, giving out that enemies had invaded the city and attacked the palace, after he had drawn off the Alban youth to the citadel to secure it with an armed garrison, when he saw the young men, after they had compassed the king's death, advancing toward him to offer congratulations, immediately summoned a meeting of the people, and recounted his brother's unnatural behaviour toward him, the extraction of his grandchildren, the manner of their birth, bringing up, and recognition, and went on to inform them of the king's death, and that he was responsible for it. The young princes advanced through the midst of the assembly with their band in orderly array, and, after they had saluted their grandfather as king, a succeeding shout of approbation, issuing from the whole multitude, ratified for him the name and authority of sovereign. The government of Alba being thus intrusted to Numitor, Romulus and Remus were seized with the desire of building a city on the spot where they had been exposed and brought up. Indeed, the number of Alban and Latin inhabitants was too great for the city; the shepherds also were included among that population, and all these readily inspired hopes that Alba and Lavinium would be insignificant in comparison with that city, which was intended to be built. But desire of rule, the bane of their grandfather, interrupted these designs, and thence arose a shameful quarrel from a sufficiently amicable beginning. For as they were twins, and consequently the respect for seniority could not settle the point, they agreed to leave it to the gods, under whose protection the place was, to choose by augury which of them should give a name to the new city, and govern it when built. Romulus chose the Palatine and Remus the Aventine, as points of observation for taking the auguries.

It is said that an omen came to Remus first, six vultures; and when, after the omen had been declared, twice that number presented themselves to Romulus, each was hailed king by his own party, the former claiming sovereign power on the ground of priority of time, the latter on account of the number of birds. Thereupon, having met and exchanged angry words, from the strife of angry feelings they turned to bloodshed: there Remus fell from a blow received in the crowd. A more common account is that Remus, in derision of his brother, leaped over the newly-erected walls, and was thereupon slain by Romulus in a fit of passion, who, mocking him, added words to this effect: "So perish every one hereafter, who shall leap over my walls." Thus Romulus obtained possession of supreme power for himself alone. The city, when built, was called after the name of its founder.[1] He first proceeded to fortify the Palatine Hill, on which he himself had been brought up. He offered sacrifices to Hercules, according to the Grecian rite, as they had been instituted by Evander; to the other gods, according to the Alban rite. There is a tradition that Hercules, having slain Geryon, drove off his oxen, which were of surpassing beauty,[2] to that spot: and that he lay down in a grassy spot on the banks of the river Tiber, where he had swam across, driving the cattle before him, to refresh them with rest and luxuriant pasture, being also himself fatigued with journeying. There, when sleep had overpowered him, heavy as he was with food and wine, a shepherd who dwelt in the neighbourhood, by name Cacus, priding himself on his strength, and charmed with the beauty of the cattle, desired to carry them off as booty; but because, if he had driven the herd in front of him to the cave, their tracks must have conducted their owner thither in his search, he dragged the most beautiful of them by their tails backward into a cave. Hercules, aroused from sleep at dawn, having looked over his herd and observed that some of their number were missing, went straight to the nearest cave, to see whether perchance their tracks led thither. When he saw that they were all turned away from it and led in no other direction, troubled and not knowing what to make up his mind to do, he commenced to drive off his herd from so dangerous a spot. Thereupon some of the cows that were driven away, lowed, as they usually do, when they missed those that were left; and the lowings of those that were shut in being heard in answer from the cave, caused Hercules to turn round. And when Cacus attempted to prevent him by force as he was advancing toward the cave, he was struck with a club and slain, while vainly calling upon the shepherds to assist him. At that time Evander, who was an exile from the Peloponnesus, governed the country more by his personal ascendency than by absolute sway. He was a man held in reverence on account of the wonderful art of writing, an entirely new discovery to men ignorant of accomplishments,[1] and still more revered on account of the supposed divinity of his mother Carmenta, whom those peoples had marvelled at as a prophetess before the arrival of the Sybil in Italy. This Evander, roused by the assembling of the shepherds as they hastily crowded round the stranger, who was charged with open murder, after he heard an account of the deed and the cause of it, gazing upon the personal appearance and mien of the hero, considerably more dignified and majestic than that of a man, asked who he was. As soon as he heard the name of the hero, and that of his father and native country, "Hail!" said he, "Hercules, son of Jupiter! my mother, truthful interpreter of the will of the gods, has declared to me that thou art destined to increase the number of the heavenly beings, and that on this spot an altar shall be dedicated to thee, which in after ages a people most mighty on earth shall call Greatest, and honour in accordance with rites instituted by thee." Hercules, having given him his right hand, declared that he accepted the prophetic intimation, and would fulfil the predictions of the fates, by building and dedicating an altar. Thereon then for the first time sacrifice was offered to Hercules with a choice heifer taken from the herd, the Potitii and Pinarii, the most distinguished families who then inhabited those parts, being invited to serve at the feast. It so happened that the Potitii presented themselves in due time, and the entrails were set before them: but the Pinarii did not arrive until the entrails had been eaten up, to share the remainder of the feast. From that time it became a settled institution, that, as long as the Pinarian family existed, they should not eat of the entrails of the sacrificial victims. The Potitii, fully instructed by Evander, discharged the duties of chief priests of this sacred function for many generations, until their whole race became extinct, in consequence of this office, the solemn prerogative of their family, being delegated to public slaves. These were the only religious rites that Romulus at that time adopted from those of foreign countries, being even then an advocate of immortality won by merit, to which the destiny marked out for him was conducting him.

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[1] According to Varro, Rome was founded B. C. 753; according to Cato, B. C. 751. Livy here derives Roma from Romulus, but this is rejected by modern etymologists; according to Mommsen the word means "stream-town," from its position on the Tiber.

[2] The remarkable beauty of the white or mouse-coloured cattle of central Italy gives a touch of realism to this story.—D. O.

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[1] The introduction of the art of writing among the Romans was ascribed to Evander. The Roman alphabet was derived from the Greek, through the Grecian (Chalcidian) colony at Cumæ.

The duties of religion having been thus duly completed, the people were summoned to a public meeting: and, as they could not be united and incorporated into one body by any other means save legal ordinances, Romulus gave them a code of laws: and, judging that these would only be respected by a nation of rustics, if he dignified himself with the insignia of royalty, he clothed himself with greater majesty—above all, by taking twelve lictors to attend him, but also in regard to his other appointments. Some are of opinion that he was influenced in his choice of that number by that of the birds which had foretold that sovereign power should be his when the auguries were taken. I myself am not indisposed to follow the opinion of those, who are inclined to believe that it was from the neighbouring Etruscans—from whom the curule chair and purple-bordered toga were borrowed—that the apparitors of this class, as well as the number itself, were introduced: and that the Etruscans employed such a number because, as their king was elected from twelve states in common, each state assigned him one lictor.

In the meantime, the city was enlarged by taking in various plots of ground for the erection of buildings, while they built rather in the hope of an increased population in the future, than in view of the actual number of the inhabitants of the city at that time. Next, that the size of the city might not be without efficiency, in order to increase the population, following the ancient policy of founders of cities, who, by bringing together to their side a mean and ignoble multitude, were in the habit of falsely asserting that an offspring was born to them from the earth, he opened as a sanctuary the place which, now inclosed, is known as the "two groves," and which people come upon when descending from the Capitol. Thither, a crowd of all classes from the neighbouring peoples, without distinction, whether freemen or slaves, eager for change, flocked for refuge, and therein lay the foundation of the city's strength, corresponding to the commencement of its enlargement. Having now no reason to be dissatisfied with his strength, he next instituted a standing council to direct that strength. He created one hundred senators, either because that number was sufficient, or because there were only one hundred who could be so elected. Anyhow they were called fathers[1] by way of respect, and their descendants patricians.

By this time the Roman state was so powerful, that it was a match for any of the neighbouring states in war: but owing to the scarcity of women its greatness was not likely to outlast the existing generation, seeing that the Romans had no hope of issue at home, and they did not intermarry with their neighbours. So then, by the advice of the senators, Romulus sent around ambassadors to the neighbouring states, to solicit an alliance and the right of intermarriage for his new subjects, saying, that cities, like everything else, rose from the humblest beginnings: next, that those which the gods and their own merits assisted, gained for themselves great power and high renown: that he knew full well that the gods had aided the first beginnings of Rome and that merit on their part would not be wanting: therefore, as men, let them not be reluctant to mix their blood and stock with men. The embassy nowhere obtained a favourable hearing: but, although the neighbouring peoples treated it with such contempt, yet at the same time they dreaded the growth of such a mighty power in their midst to the danger of themselves and of their posterity. In most cases when they were dismissed they were asked the question, whether they had opened a sanctuary for women also: for that in that way only could they obtain suitable matches. The Roman youths were bitterly indignant at this, and the matter began unmistakeably to point to open violence. Romulus, in order to provide a fitting opportunity and place for this, dissembling his resentment, with this purpose in view, instituted games to be solemnized every year in honour of Neptunus Equester, which he called Consualia. He then ordered the show to be proclaimed among the neighbouring peoples; and the Romans prepared to solemnize it with all the pomp with which they were then acquainted or were able to exhibit, in order to make the spectacle famous, and an object of expectation. Great numbers assembled, being also desirous of seeing the new city, especially all the nearest peoples, the Cæninenses, Crustumini, and Antemnates: the entire Sabine population attended with their wives and children. They were hospitably invited to the different houses: and, when they saw the position of the city, its fortified walls, and how crowded with houses it was, they were astonished that the power of Rome had increased so rapidly. When the time of the show arrived, and their eyes and minds alike were intent upon it, then, according to preconcerted arrangement, a disturbance was made, and, at a given signal, the Roman youths rushed in different directions to carry off the unmarried women. A great number were carried off at hap-hazard, by those into whose hands they severally fell: some of the common people, to whom the task had been assigned, conveyed to their homes certain women of surpassing beauty, who were destined for the leading senators. They say that one, far distinguished beyond the rest in form and beauty, was carried off by the party of a certain Talassius, and that, when several people wanted to know to whom they were carrying her, a cry was raised from time to time, to prevent her being molested, that she was being carried to Talassius: and that from this the word was used in connection with marriages. The festival being disturbed by the alarm thus caused, the sorrowing parents of the maidens retired, complaining of the violated compact of hospitality, and invoking the god, to whose solemn festival and games they had come, having been deceived by the pretence of religion and good faith. Nor did the maidens entertain better hopes for themselves, or feel less indignation. Romulus, however, went about in person and pointed out that what had happened was due to the pride of their fathers, in that they had refused the privilege of intermarriage to their neighbours; but that, notwithstanding, they would be lawfully wedded, and enjoy a share of all their possessions and civil rights, and—a thing dearer than all else to the human race—the society of their common children: only let them calm their angry feelings, and bestow their affections on those on whom fortune had bestowed their bodies. Esteem (said he) often arose subsequent to wrong: and they would find them better husbands for the reason that each of them would endeavour, to the utmost of his power, after having discharged, as far as his part was concerned, the duty of a husband, to quiet the longing for country and parents. To this the blandishments of the husbands were added, who excused what had been done on the plea of passion and love, a form of entreaty that works most successfully upon the feelings of women.[1]

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[1] The title patres originally signified the heads of families, and was in early times used of the patrician senate, as selected from these. When later, plebeians were admitted into the senate, the members of the senate were all called patres, while patricians, as opposed to plebeians, enjoyed certain distinctions and privileges.

By this time the minds of the maidens were considerably soothed, but their parents, especially by putting on the garb of mourning, and by their tears and complaints, stirred up the neighbouring states. Nor did they confine their feelings of indignation to their own home only, but they flocked from all quarters to Titus Tatius, king of the Sabines, and embassies crowded thither, because the name of Tatius was held in the greatest esteem in those quarters. The Cæninenses, Crustumini, and Antemnates were the people who were chiefly affected by the outrage. As Tatius and the Sabines appeared to them to be acting in too dilatory a manner, these three peoples by mutual agreement among themselves made preparations for war unaided. However, not even the Crustumini and Antemnates bestirred themselves with sufficient activity to satisfy the hot-headedness and anger of the Cæninenses: accordingly the people of Cænina, unaided, themselves attacked the Roman territory. But Romulus with his army met them while they were ravaging the country in straggling parties, and in a trifling engagement convinced them that anger unaccompanied by strength is fruitless. He routed their army and put it to flight, followed in pursuit of it when routed, cut down their king in battle and stripped him of his armour, and, having slain the enemy's leader, took the city at the first assault. Then, having led back his victorious army, being a man both distinguished for his achievements, and one equally skilful at putting them in the most favourable light, he ascended the Capitol, carrying suspended on a portable frame, cleverly contrived for that purpose, the spoils of the enemy's general, whom he had slain: there, having laid them down at the foot of an oak held sacred by the shepherds, at the same time that he presented the offering, he marked out the boundaries for a temple of Jupiter, and bestowed a surname on the god. "Jupiter Feretrius," said he, "I, King Romulus, victorious over my foes, offer to thee these royal arms, and dedicate to thee a temple within those quarters, which I have just now marked out in my mind, to be a resting-place for the spolia opima, which posterity, following my example, shall bring hither on slaying the kings or generals of the enemy." This is the origin of that temple, the first that was ever consecrated at Rome. It was afterward the will of the gods, that neither the utterances of the founder of the temple, in which he solemnly declared that his posterity would bring such spoils thither, should be spoken in vain, and that the honour of the offering should not be rendered common owing to the number of those who enjoyed it. In the course of so many years and so many wars the spolia opima were only twice gained: so rare has been the successful attainment of this honour.[1]

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[1] This story of the rape of the Sabines belongs to the class of what are called "etiological" myths—i. e., stories invented to account for a rite or custom, or to explain local names or characteristics. The custom prevailed among Greeks and Romans of the bridegroom pretending to carry off the bride from her home by force. Such a custom still exists among the nomad tribes of Asia Minor. The rape of the Sabine women was invented to account for this custom.

While the Romans were thus engaged in those parts, the army of the Antemnates made a hostile attack upon the Roman territories, seizing the opportunity when they were left unguarded. Against these in like manner a Roman legion was led out in haste and surprised them while straggling in the country. Thus the enemy were routed at the first shout and charge: their town was taken: Romulus, amid his rejoicings at this double victory, was entreated by his wife Hersilia, in consequence of the importunities of the captured women, to pardon their fathers and admit them to the privileges of citizenship; that the commonwealth could thus be knit together by reconciliation. The request was readily granted. After that he set out against the Crustumini, who were beginning hostilities: in their case, as their courage had been damped by the disasters of others, the struggle was less keen. Colonies were sent to both places: more, however, were found to give in their names for Crustuminum, because of the fertility of the soil. Great numbers also migrated from thence to Rome, chiefly of the parents and relatives of the women who had been carried off.

The last war broke out on the part of the Sabines, and this was by far the most formidable: for nothing was done under the influence of anger or covetousness, nor did they give indications of hostilities before they had actually begun them. Cunning also was combined with prudence. Spurius Tarpeius was in command of the Roman citadel: his maiden daughter, who at the time had gone by chance outside the walls to fetch water for sacrifice, was bribed by Tatius, to admit some armed soldiers into the citadel. After they were admitted, they crushed her to death by heaping their arms upon her: either that the citadel might rather appear to have been taken by storm, or for the sake of setting forth a warning, that faith should never on any occasion be kept with a betrayer. The following addition is made to the story: that, as the Sabines usually wore golden bracelets of great weight on their left arm and rings of great beauty set with precious stones, she bargained with them for what they had on their left hands; and that therefore shields were heaped upon her instead of presents of gold. Some say that, in accordance with the agreement that they should deliver up what was on their left hands, she expressly demanded their shields, and that, as she seemed to be acting treacherously, she herself was slain by the reward she had chosen for herself.

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[1] The spolia opima (grand spoils)—a term used to denote the arms taken by one general from another—were only gained twice afterward during the history of the republic: in B. C. 437, when A. Cornelius Cossus slew Lars Tolumnius of Veii; and in B. C. 222, when the consul M. Claudius Marcellus slew Viridomarus, chief of the Insubrian Gauls.

Be that as it may, the Sabines held the citadel, and on the next day, when the Roman army, drawn up in order of battle, had occupied all the valley between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, they did not descend from thence into the plain until the Romans, stimulated by resentment and the desire of recovering the citadel, advanced up hill to meet them. The chiefs on both sides encouraged the fight, on the side of the Sabines Mettius Curtius, on the side of the Romans Hostius Hostilius. The latter, in the front of the battle, on unfavourable ground, supported the fortunes of the Romans by his courage and boldness. When Hostius fell, the Roman line immediately gave way, and, being routed, was driven as far as the old gate of the Palatium. Romulus himself also, carried away by the crowd of fugitives, cried, uplifting his arms to heaven: "O Jupiter, it was at the bidding of thy omens, that here on the Palatine I laid the first foundations for the city. The citadel, purchased by crime, is now in possession of the Sabines: thence they are advancing hither in arms, having passed the valley between. But do thou, O father of gods and men, keep back the enemy from hence at least, dispel the terror of the Romans, and check their disgraceful flight. On this spot I vow to build a temple to thee as Jupiter Stator, to be a monument to posterity that the city has been preserved by thy ready aid." Having offered up these prayers, as if he had felt that they had been heard, he cried: "From this position, O Romans, Jupiter, greatest and best, bids you halt and renew the fight." The Romans halted as if ordered by a voice from heaven. Romulus himself hastened to the front. Mettius Curtius, on the side of the Sabines, had rushed down from the citadel at the head of his troops and driven the Romans in disordered array over the whole space of ground where the Forum now is. He had almost reached the gate of the Palatium, crying out: "We have conquered our perfidious friends, our cowardly foes: now they know that fighting with men is a very different thing from ravishing maidens." Upon him, as he uttered these boasts, Romulus made an attack with a band of his bravest youths. Mettius then happened to be fighting on horseback: on that account his repulse was easier. When he was driven back, the Romans followed in pursuit: and the remainder of the Roman army, fired by the bravery of the king, routed the Sabines. Mettius, his horse taking fright at the noise of his pursuers, rode headlong into a morass: this circumstance drew off the attention of the Sabines also at the danger of so high a personage. He indeed, his own party beckoning and calling to him, gaining heart from the encouraging shouts of many of his friends, made good his escape. The Romans and Sabines renewed the battle in the valley between the two hills: but the advantage rested with the Romans.

At this crisis the Sabine women, from the outrage on whom the war had arisen, with dishevelled hair and torn garments, the timidity natural to women being overcome by the sense of their calamities, were emboldened to fling themselves into the midst of the flying weapons, and, rushing across, to part the incensed combatants and assuage their wrath: imploring their fathers on the one hand and their husbands on the other, as fathers-in-law and sons-in-law, not to besprinkle themselves with impious blood, nor to fix the stain of murder on their offspring, the one side on their grandchildren, the other on their children. "If," said they, "you are dissatisfied with the relationship between you, and with our marriage, turn your resentment against us; it is we who are the cause of war, of wounds and bloodshed to our husbands and parents: it will be better for us to perish than to live widowed or orphans without one or other of you." This incident affected both the people and the leaders; silence and sudden quiet followed; the leaders thereupon came forward to conclude a treaty; and not only concluded a peace, but formed one state out of two. They united the kingly power, but transferred the entire sovereignty to Rome. Rome having thus been made a double state, that some benefit at least might be conferred on the Sabines, they were called Quirites from Cures. To serve as a memorial of that battle, they called the place—where Curtius, after having emerged from the deep morass, set his horse in shallow water—the Lacus Curtius.[1]

This welcome peace, following suddenly on so melancholy a war, endeared the Sabine women still more to their husbands and parents, and above all to Romulus himself. Accordingly, when dividing the people into thirty curiæ, he called the curiæ after their names. While the number of the women were undoubtedly considerably greater than this, it is not recorded whether they were chosen for their age, their own rank or that of their husbands, or by lot, to give names to the curiæ. At the same time also three centuries of knights were enrolled: the Ramnenses were so called from Romulus, the Titienses from Titus Tatius: in regard to the Luceres, the meaning of the name and its origin is uncertain.[2] From that time forward the two kings enjoyed the regal power not only in common, but also in perfect harmony.

Several years afterward, some relatives of King Tatius ill-treated the ambassadors of the Laurentines, and on the Laurentines beginning proceedings according to the rights of nations, the influence and entreaties of his friends had more weight with Tatius. In this manner he drew upon himself the punishment that should have fallen upon them: for, having gone to Lavinium on the occasion of a regularly recurring sacrifice, he was slain in a disturbance which took place there. They say that Romulus resented this less than the event demanded, either because partnership in sovereign power is never cordially kept up, or because he thought that he had been deservedly slain. Accordingly, while he abstained from going to war, the treaty between the cities of Rome and Lavinium was renewed, that at any rate the wrongs of the ambassadors and the murder of the king might be expiated.

With these people, indeed, there was peace contrary to expectations: but another war broke out much nearer home and almost at the city's gates. The Fidenates,[1] being of opinion that a power in too close proximity to themselves was gaining strength, hastened to make war before the power of the Romans should attain the greatness it was evidently destined to reach. An armed band of youths was sent into Roman territory and all the territories between the city and the Fidenæ was ravaged. Then, turning to the left, because on the right the Tiber was a barrier against them, they continued to ravage the country, to the great consternation of the peasantry: the sudden alarm, reaching the city from the country, was the first announcement of the invasion. Romulus, aroused by this—for a war so near home could not brook delay—led out his army, and pitched his camp a mile from Fidenæ. Having left a small garrison there, he marched out with all his forces and gave orders that a part of them should lie in ambush in a spot hidden amid bushes planted thickly around; he himself advancing with the greater part of the infantry and all the cavalry, by riding up almost to the very gates, drew out the enemy—which was just what he wanted—by a mode of battle of a disorderly and threatening nature. The same tactics on the part of the cavalry caused the flight, which it was necessary to pretend, to appear less surprising: and when, as the cavalry appeared undecided whether to make up its mind to fight or flee, the infantry also retreated—the enemy, pouring forth suddenly through the crowded gates, were drawn toward the place of ambuscade, in their eagerness to press on and pursue, after they had broken the Roman line. Thereupon the Romans, suddenly arising, attacked the enemy's line in flanks; the advance from the camp of the standards of those, who had been left behind on guard, increased the panic: thus the Fidenates, smitten with terror from many quarters, took to flight almost before Romulus and the cavalry who accompanied him could wheel round: and those who a little before had been in pursuit of men who pretended flight, made for the town again in much greater disorder, seeing that their flight was real. They did not, however, escape the foe: the Romans, pressing closely on their rear, rushed in as if it were in one body, before the doors of the gates could be shut against them.

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[1] The place afterward retained its name, even when filled up and dry. Livy (Book VII) gives a different reason for the name: that it was so called from one Marcus Curtius having sprung, armed, and on horseback, several hundred years ago (B. C. 362), into a gulf that suddenly opened in the forum; it being imagined that it would not close until an offering was made of what was most valuable in the state—i. e., a warrior armed and on horseback. According to Varro, it was a locus fulguritus (i. e., struck by lightning), which was inclosed by a consul named Curtius.

[2] Generally supposed to be derived from "Lucumo," the name or title of an Etruscan chief who came to help Romulus.—D. O.

The minds of the inhabitants of Veii,[2] being exasperated by the infectious influence of the Fidenatian war, both from the tie of kinship—for the Fidenates also were Etruscans—and because the very proximity of the scene of action, in the event of the Roman arms being directed against all their neighbours, urged them on, they sallied forth into the Roman territories, rather with the object of plundering than after the manner of a regular war. Accordingly, without pitching a camp, or waiting for the enemy's army, they returned to Veii, taking with them the booty they had carried off from the lands; the Roman army, on the other hand, when they did not find the enemy in the country, being ready and eager for a decisive action, crossed the Tiber. And when the Veientes heard that they were pitching a camp, and intended to advance to the city, they came out to meet them, that they might rather decide the matter in the open field, than be shut up and have to fight from their houses and walls. In this engagement the Roman king gained the victory, his power being unassisted by any stratagem, by the unaided strength of his veteran army: and having pursued the routed enemies up to their walls, he refrained from attacking the city, which was strongly fortified and well defended by its natural advantages: on his return he laid waste their lands, rather from a desire of revenge than of booty. The Veientes, humbled by that loss no less than by the unsuccessful issue of the battle, sent ambassadors to Rome to sue for peace. A truce for one hundred years was granted them, after they had been mulcted in a part of their territory. These were essentially the chief events of the reign of Romulus, in peace and in war, none of which seemed inconsistent with the belief of his divine origin, or of his deification after death, neither the spirit he showed in recovering his grandfather's kingdom, nor his wisdom in building a city, and afterward strengthening it by the arts of war and peace. For assuredly it was by the power that Romulus gave it that it became so powerful, that for forty years after it enjoyed unbroken peace. He was, however, dearer to the people than to the fathers: above all others he was most beloved by the soldiers: of these he kept three hundred, whom he called Celeres, armed to serve as a body-guard not only in time of war but also of peace.

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[1] The inhabitants of Fidenæ, about five miles from Rome, situated on the Tiber, now Castel Giubileo.

[2] About twelve and a half miles north of Rome, close to the little river Cremera: it was one of the most important of the twelve confederate Etruscan towns. Plutarch describes it as the bulwark of Etruria: not inferior to Rome in military equipment and numbers.

Having accomplished these works deserving of immortality, while he was holding an assembly of the people for reviewing his army, in the plain near the Goat's pool, a storm suddenly came on, accompanied by loud thunder and lightning, and enveloped the king in so dense a mist, that it entirely hid him from the sight of the assembly. After this Romulus was never seen again upon earth. The feeling of consternation having at length calmed down, and the weather having become clear and fine again after so stormy a day, the Roman youth, seeing the royal seat empty—though they readily believed the words of the fathers who had stood nearest him, that he had been carried up to heaven by the storm—yet, struck as it were with the fear of being fatherless, for a considerable time preserved a sorrowful silence. Then, after a few had set the example, the whole multitude saluted Romulus as a god, the son of a god, the king and parent of the Roman city; they implored his favour with prayers, that with gracious kindness he would always preserve his offspring. I believe that even then there were some, who in secret were convinced that the king had been torn in pieces by the hands of the fathers—for this rumour also spread, but it was very doubtfully received; admiration for the man, however, and the awe felt at the moment, gave greater notoriety to the other report. Also by the clever idea of one individual, additional confirmation is said to have been attached to the occurrence. For Proculus Julius, while the state was still troubled at the loss of the king, and incensed against the senators, a weighty authority, as we are told, in any matter however important, came forward into the assembly. "Quirites," said he, "Romulus, the father of this city, suddenly descending from heaven, appeared to me this day at daybreak. While I stood filled with dread, and religious awe, beseeching him to allow me to look upon him face to face, 'Go,' said he, 'tell the Romans, that the gods so will, that my Rome should become the capital of the world. Therefore let them cultivate the art of war, and let them know and so hand it down to posterity, that no human power can withstand the Roman arms.' Having said this, he vanished up to heaven." It is surprising what credit was given to that person when he made the announcement, and how much the regret of the common people and army for the loss of Romulus was assuaged when the certainty of his immortality was confirmed.[1]

Meanwhile[2] contention for the throne and ambition engaged the minds of the fathers; the struggle was not as yet carried on by individuals, by violence or contending factions, because, among a new people, no one person was pre-eminently distinguished; the contest was carried on between the different orders. The descendants of the Sabines wished a king to be elected from their own body, lest, because there had been no king from their own party since the death of Tatius, they might lose their claim to the crown although both were on an equal footing. The old Romans spurned the idea of a foreign prince. Amid this diversity of views, however, all were anxious to be under the government of a king, as they had not yet experienced the delights of liberty. Fear then seized the senators, lest, as the minds of many surrounding states were incensed against them, some foreign power should attack the state, now without a government, and the army, now without a leader. Therefore, although they were agreed that there should be some head, yet none could bring himself to give way to another. Accordingly, the hundred senators divided the government among themselves, ten decuries being formed, and the individual members who were to have the chief direction of affairs being chosen into each decury.[1] Ten governed; one only was attended by the lictors and with the insignia of authority: their power was limited to the space of five days, and conferred upon all in rotation, and the interval between the government of a king lasted a year. From this fact it was called an interregnum, a term which is employed even now. Then the people began to murmur, that their slavery was multiplied, and that they had now a hundred sovereigns instead of one, and they seemed determined to submit to no authority but that of a king, and that one appointed by themselves. When the fathers perceived that such schemes were on foot, thinking it advisable to offer them, without being asked, what they were sure to lose, they conciliated the good-will of the people by yielding to them the supreme power, yet in such a manner as to surrender no greater privilege than they reserved to themselves. For they decreed, that when the people had chosen a king, the election should be valid, if the senate gave the sanction of their authority. And even to this day the same forms are observed in proposing laws and magistrates, though their power has been taken away; for before the people begin to vote, the senators ratify their choice, even while the result of the elections is still uncertain. Then the interrex, having summoned an assembly of the people, addressed them as follows: "Do you, Quirites, choose yourselves a king, and may this choice prove fortunate, happy, and auspicious; such is the will of the fathers. Then, if you shall choose a prince worthy to be reckoned next after Romulus, the fathers will ratify your choice." This concession was so pleasing to the people, that, not to appear outdone in generosity, they only voted and ordained that the senate should determine who should be king at Rome.

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[1] A naïvely circumstantial story characteristically told. Though a republican, it is quite evident that Livy wishes to convey the idea that Romulus, having by the creation of a body-guard aspired to tyrannical power, was assassinated by the senate.—D. O.

[2] The reading in this section is uncertain.

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[1] Two interpretations are given of this passage—(1) that out of each decury one senator was chosen by lot to make up the governing body of ten; (2) that each decury as a whole held office in succession, so that one decury was in power for fifty days.

The justice and piety of Numa Pompilius was at that time celebrated. He dwelt at Cures, a city of the Sabines, and was as eminently learned in all law, human and divine, as any man could be in that age. They falsely represent that Pythagoras of Samos was his instructor in learning, because there appears no other. Now it is certain that this philosopher, in the reign of Servius Tullius, more than a hundred years after this, held assemblies of young men, who eagerly embraced his doctrines, on the most distant shore of Italy, in the neighbourhood of Metapontum, Heraclea, and Croton. But from these places, even had he flourished in the same age, what fame of his could have reached the Sabines? or by what intercourse of language could it have aroused any one to a desire of learning? or by what safeguard could a single man have passed through the midst of so many nations differing in language and customs? I am therefore rather inclined to believe that his mind, owing to his natural bent, was attempered by virtuous qualities, and that he was not so much versed in foreign systems of philosophy as in the stern and gloomy training of the ancient Sabines, a race than which none was in former times more strict. When they heard the name of Numa, although the Roman fathers perceived that the balance of power would incline to the Sabines if a king were chosen from them, yet none of them ventured to prefer himself, or any other member of his party, or, in fine, any of the citizens or fathers, to a man so well known, but unanimously resolved that the kingdom should be offered to Numa Pompilius. Being sent for, just as Romulus obtained the throne by the augury in accordance with which he founded the city, so Numa in like manner commanded the gods to be consulted concerning himself. Upon this, being escorted into the citadel by an augur, to whose profession that office was later made a public and perpetual one by way of honour, he sat down on a stone facing the south: the augur took his seat on his left hand with his head covered, holding in his right a crooked wand free from knots, called lituus; then, after having taken a view over the city and country, and offered a prayer to the gods, he defined the bounds of the regions of the sky from east to west: the parts toward the south he called the right, those toward the north, the left; and in front of him he marked out in his mind the sign as far as ever his eyes could see. Then having shifted the lituus into his left hand, and placed his right on the head of Numa, he prayed after this manner: "O father Jupiter, if it be thy will that this Numa Pompilius, whose head I hold, be king of Rome, mayest thou manifest infallible signs to us within those bounds which I have marked." Then he stated in set terms the auspices which he wished to be sent: on their being sent, Numa was declared king and came down from the seat of augury.

Having thus obtained the kingdom, he set about establishing anew, on the principles of law and morality, the newly founded city that had been already established by force of arms. When he saw that the inhabitants, inasmuch as men's minds are brutalized by military life, could not become reconciled to such principles during the continuance of wars, considering that the savage nature of the people must be toned down by the disuse of arms, he erected at the foot of Argiletum [1] a temple of Janus, as a sign of peace and war, that when open, it might show that the state was engaged in war, and when shut, that all the surrounding nations were at peace. Twice only since the reign of Numa has this temple been, shut: once when Titus Manlius was consul, after the conclusion of the first Punic war; and a second time, which the gods granted our generation to behold, by the Emperor Cæsar Augustus, after the battle of Actium, when peace was established by land and sea. This being shut, after he had secured the friendship of all the neighbouring states around by alliance and treaties, all anxiety regarding dangers from abroad being now removed, in order to prevent their minds, which the fear of enemies and military discipline had kept in check, running riot from too much leisure, he considered, that, first of all, awe of the gods should be instilled into them, a principle of the greatest efficacy in dealing with the multitude, ignorant and uncivilized as it was in those times. But as this fear could not sink deeply into their minds without some fiction of a miracle, he pretended that he held nightly interviews with the goddess Egeria; that by her direction he instituted sacred rites such as would be most acceptable to the gods, and appointed their own priests for each of the deities. And, first of all, he divided the year into twelve months, according to the courses of the moon;[1] and because the moon does not fill up the number of thirty days in each month, and some days are wanting to the complete year, which is brought round by the solstitial revolution, he so regulated this year, by inserting intercalary months, that every twentieth year, the lengths of all the intermediate years being filled up, the days corresponded with the same starting-point of the sun whence they had set out. He likewise divided days into sacred and profane, because on certain occasions it was likely to be expedient that no business should be transacted with the people.

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[1] At this time a grove: later it became one of the artificers' quarters, lying beyond the forum and in the jaws of the suburra, which stretched away over the level ground to the foot of the Esquiline and Quirinal Hills.—D. O.

Next he turned his attention to the appointment of priests, though he discharged many sacred functions himself, especially those which now belong to the flamen of Jupiter. But, as he imagined that in a warlike nation there would be more kings resembling Romulus than Numa, and that they would go to war in person, in order that the sacred functions of the royal office might not be neglected, he appointed a perpetual priest as flamen to Jupiter, and distinguished him by a fine robe, and a royal curule chair. To him he added two other flamens, one for Mars, another for Quirinus. He also chose virgins for Vesta, a priesthood derived from Alba, and not foreign to the family of the founder. That they might be constant attendants in the temple, he appointed them pay out of the public treasury; and by enjoining virginity, and various religious observances, he made them sacred and venerable. He also chose twelve Salii for Mars Gradivus, and gave them the distinction of an embroidered tunic, and over the tunic a brazen covering for the breast. He commanded them to carry the shields called Ancilia,[1] which fell from heaven, and to go through the city singing songs, with leaping and solemn dancing. Then he chose from the fathers Numa Marcius, son of Marcius, as pontiff, and consigned to him a complete system of religious rites written out and recorded, showing with what victims, upon what days, and at what temples the sacred rites were to be performed, and from what funds the money was to be taken to defray the expenses. He also placed all other religious institutions, public and private, under the control of the decrees of the pontiff, to the end that there might be some authority to whom the people should come to ask advice, to prevent any confusion in the divine worship being caused by their neglecting the ceremonies of their own country, and adopting foreign ones. He further ordained that the same pontiff should instruct the people not only in the ceremonies connected with the heavenly deities, but also in the due performance of funeral solemnities, and how to appease the shades of the dead; and what prodigies sent by lightning or any other phenomenon were to be attended to and expiated. To draw forth such knowledge from the minds of the gods, he dedicated an altar on the Aventine to Jupiter Elicius, and consulted the god by means of auguries as to what prodigies ought to be attended to.

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[1] Romulus had made his year to consist of ten months, the first month being March, and the number of days in the year only 304, which corresponded neither with the course of the sun nor moon. Numa, who added the two months of January and February, divided the year into twelve months, according to the course of the moon. This was the lunar Greek year, and consisted of 354 days. Numa, however, adopted 355 days for his year, from his partiality to odd numbers. The lunar year of 354 days fell short of the solar year by 11¼ days; this in 8 years amounted to (11¼ × 8) 90 days. These 90 days he divided into 2 months of 22, and 2 of 23 days [(2 × 22) + (2 × 23) = 90], and introduced them alternately every second year for two octennial periods: every third octennial period, however, Numa intercalated only 66 days instead of 90 days—i. e., he inserted 3 months of only 22 days each. The reason was, because he adopted 355 days as the length of his lunar year instead of 354, and this in 24 years (3 octennial periods) produced an error of 24 days; this error was exactly compensated by intercalating only 66 days (90 — 24) in the third octennial period. The intercalations were generally made in the month of February, after the 23d of the month. The management was left to the pontiffs—ad metam eandem solis unde orsi essent—dies congruerent; "that the days might correspond to the same starting-point of the sun in the heavens whence they had set out." That is, taking for instance the Tropic of Cancer for the place or starting-point of the sun any one year, and observing that he was in that point of the heavens on precisely the 21st of June, the object was so to dispense the year, that the day on which the sun was observed to arrive at that same meta or starting-point again, should also be called the 21st of June.

The attention of the whole people having been thus diverted from violence and arms to the deliberation and adjustment of these matters, both their minds were engaged in some occupation, and the watchfulness of the gods now constantly impressed upon them, as the deity of heaven seemed to interest itself in human concerns, had filled the breasts of all with such piety, that faith and religious obligations governed the state, the dread of laws and punishments being regarded as secondary. And while the people of their own accord were forming themselves on the model of the king, as the most excellent example, the neighbouring states also, who had formerly thought that it was a camp, not a city, that had been established in their midst to disturb the general peace, were brought to feel such respect for them that they considered it impious to molest a state, wholly occupied in the worship of the gods. There was a grove, the middle of which was irrigated by a spring of running water, flowing from a dark grotto. As Numa often repaired thither unattended, under pretence of meeting the goddess, he dedicated the grove to the Camenæ, because, as he asserted, their meetings with his wife Egeria were held there. He also instituted a yearly festival to Faith alone, and commanded her priests to be driven to the chapel erected for the purpose in an arched chariot drawn by two horses, and to perform the divine service with their hands wrapped up to the fingers, intimating that Faith ought to be protected, and that even her seat in men's right hands was sacred. He instituted many other sacred rites, and dedicated places for performing them, which the priests call Argei. But the greatest of all his works was the maintenance of peace during the whole period of his reign, no less than of his royal power. Thus two kings in succession, by different methods, the one by war, the other by peace, aggrandized the state. Romulus reigned thirty-seven years, Numa forty-three: the state was both strong and attempered by the arts both of war and peace.

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[1] A more general form of the legend ran to the effect that but one of these shields fell from heaven, and that the others were made like it, to lessen the chance of the genuine one being stolen.—D. O.

Upon the death of Numa, the administration returned again to an interregnum. After that the people appointed as king Tullus Hostilius, the grandson of that Hostilius who had made the noble stand against the Sabines at the foot of the citadel: the fathers confirmed the choice. He was not only unlike the preceding king, but even of a more warlike disposition than Romulus. Both his youth and strength, and, further, the renown of his grandfather, stimulated his ambition. Thinking therefore that the state was deteriorating through ease, he everywhere sought for an opportunity of stirring up war. It so happened that some Roman and Alban peasants mutually plundered each other's lands. Gaius Cluilius at that time was in power at Alba. From both sides ambassadors were sent almost at the same time, to demand satisfaction. Tullus had ordered his representatives to attend to their instructions before anything else. He knew well that the Alban would refuse, and so war might be proclaimed with a clear conscience. Their commission was executed in a more dilatory manner by the Albans: being courteously and kindly entertained by Tullus, they gladly took advantage of the king's hospitality. Meanwhile the Romans had both been first in demanding satisfaction, and upon the refusal of the Alban, had proclaimed war upon the expiration of thirty days: of this they gave Tullus notice. Thereupon he granted the Alban ambassadors an opportunity of stating with what demands they came. They, ignorant of everything, at first wasted some time in making excuses: That it was with reluctance they would say anything which might be displeasing to Tullus, but they were compelled by orders: that they had come to demand satisfaction: if this was not granted, they were commanded to declare war. To this Tullus made answer, "Go tell your king, that the king of the Romans takes the gods to witness, that, whichever of the two nations shall have first dismissed with contempt the ambassadors demanding satisfaction, from it they [the gods] may exact atonement for the disasters of this war." This message the Albans carried home.

Preparations were made on both sides with the utmost vigour for a war very like a civil one, in a manner between parents and children, both being of Trojan stock: for from Troy came Lavinium, from Lavinium, Alba, and the Romans were descended from the stock of the Alban kings. However, the result of the war rendered the quarrel less distressing, for the struggle never came to regular action, and when the buildings only of one of the cities had been demolished, the two states were incorporated into one. The Albans first invaded the Roman territories with a large army. They pitched their camp not more than five miles from the city, and surrounded it with a trench, which, for several ages, was called the Cluilian trench, from the name of the general, till, by lapse of time, the name, as well as the event itself, was forgotten. In that camp Cluilius, the Alban king, died: the Albans created Mettius Fufetius dictator. In the meantime Tullus, exultant, especially at the death of the king, and giving out that the supreme power of the gods, having begun at the head, would take vengeance on the whole Alban nation for this impious war, having passed the enemy's camp in the night-time, marched with a hostile army into the Alban territory. This circumstance drew out Mettius from his camp: he led his forces as close as possible to the enemy; thence he despatched a herald and commanded him to tell Tullus that a conference was expedient before they came to an engagement; and that, if he would give him a meeting, he was certain he would bring forward matters which concerned the interests of Rome no less than of Alba. Tullus did not reject the offer: nevertheless, in case the proposals made should prove fruitless, he led out his men in order of battle: the Albans on their side marched out also. After both armies stood drawn up in battle array, the chiefs, with a few of the principal officers, advanced into the midst. Then the Alban began as follows: "That injuries and the non-restitution of property claimed according to treaty is the cause of this war, methinks I have both heard our king Cluilius assert, and I doubt not, Tullus, but that you allege the same. But if the truth must be told, rather than what is plausible, it is thirst for rule that provokes two kindred and neighbouring states to arms. Whether rightly or wrongly, I do not take upon myself to determine: let the consideration of that rest with him who has begun the war. As for myself, the Albans have only made me their leader for carrying on that war. Of this, Tullus, I would have you advised: how powerful the Etruscan state is around us, and around you particularly, you know better than we, inasmuch as you are nearer to them. They are very powerful by land, far more so by sea. Recollect that, directly you shall give the signal for battle, these two armies will be the object of their attention, that they may fall on us when wearied and exhausted, victor and vanquished together. Therefore, for the love of heaven, since, not content with a sure independence, we are running the doubtful hazard of sovereignty and slavery, let us adopt some method, whereby, without great loss, without much bloodshed of either nation, it may be decided which is to rule the other." The proposal was not displeasing to Tullus, though both from his natural bent, as also from the hope of victory, he was rather inclined to violence. After consideration, on both sides, a plan was adopted, for which Fortune herself afforded the means of execution.

It happened that there were in the two armies at that time three brothers born at one birth, neither in age nor strength ill-matched. That they were called Horatii and Curiatii is certain enough, and there is hardly any fact of antiquity more generally known; yet in a manner so well ascertained, a doubt remains concerning their names, as to which nation the Horatii, to which the Curiatii belonged. Authors incline to both sides, yet I find a majority who call the Horatii Romans: my own inclination leads me to follow them. The kings arranged with the three brothers, that they should fight with swords, each in defence of their respective country; assuring them that dominion would rest with those on whose side victory should declare itself. No objection was raised; the time and place were agreed upon. Before the engagement began, a compact was entered into between the Romans and Albans on these conditions, that that state, whose champions should come off victorious in the combat, should rule the other state without further dispute. Different treaties are made on different conditions, but in general they are all concluded with the same formalities. We have heard that the treaty in question was then concluded as follows, nor is there extant a more ancient record of any treaty. The herald asked King Tullus, "Dost thou command me, O king, to conclude a treaty with the pater patratus of the Alban people?" On the king so commanding him he said, "I demand vervain of thee, O king." The king replied, "Take some that is pure." The herald brought a pure blade of grass from the citadel; then again he asked the king, "Dost thou, O king, appoint me the royal delegate of the Roman people, the Quirites, and my appurtenances and attendants?" The king replied, "So far as it may be done without detriment to me and to the Roman people, the Quirites, I do so." The herald was Marcus Valerius, who appointed Spurius Fusius pater patratus,[1] touching his head and hair with the vervain.[2] The pater patratus was appointed ad iusiurandum patrandum, that is, to ratify the treaty; and he went through it in a lengthy preamble, which, being expressed in a long set form, it is not worth while to repeat. After having set forth the conditions, he said: "Hear, O Jupiter; hear, O pater patratus of the Alban people, and ye, O Alban people, give ear. As those conditions, from first to last, have been publicly recited from those tablets or wax without wicked or fraudulent intent, and as they have been most correctly understood here this day, the Roman people will not be the first to fail to observe those conditions. If they shall be the first to do so by public consent, by fraudulent intent, on that day do thou, O Jupiter, so strike the Roman people, as I shall here this day strike this swine; and do thou strike them so much the more, as thou art more mighty and more powerful." When he said this, he struck the swine with a flint stone. The Albans likewise went through their own set form and oath by the mouth of their own dictator and priests.

The treaty being concluded, the twin-brothers, as had been agreed, took arms. While their respective friends exhorted each party, reminding them that their country's gods, their country and parents, all their fellow-citizens both at home and in the army, had their eyes then fixed on their arms, on their hands, being both naturally brave, and animated by the shouts and exhortations of their friends, they advanced into the midst between the two lines. The two armies on both sides had taken their seats in front of their respective camps, free rather from danger for the moment than from anxiety: for sovereign power was at stake, dependent on the valour and fortune of so few. Accordingly, therefore, on the tip-toe of expectation, their attention was eagerly fixed on a spectacle far from pleasing. The signal was given: and the three youths on each side, as if in battle array, rushed to the charge with arms presented, bearing in their breasts the spirit of mighty armies. Neither the one nor the other heeded their personal danger, but the public dominion or slavery was present to their mind, and the thought that the fortune of their country would be such hereafter as they themselves should have made it. Directly their arms clashed at the first encounter, and their glittering swords flashed, a mighty horror thrilled the spectators; and, as hope inclined to neither side, voice and breath alike were numbed. Then having engaged hand to hand, when now not only the movements of their bodies, and the indecisive brandishings of their arms and weapons, but wounds also and blood were seen, two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other, the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army had raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope had entirely by this time, not however anxiety, deserted the Roman legions, breathless with apprehension at the dangerous position of this one man, whom the three Curiatii had surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, though alone he was by no means a match for them all together, yet he was full of confidence against each singly. In order therefore to separate their attack, he took to flight, presuming that they would each pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would permit. He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where the fight had taken place, when, looking back, he perceived that they were pursuing him at a great distance from each other, and that one of them was not far from him. On him he turned round with great fury, and while the Alban army shouted out to the Curiatii to succour their brother, Horatius by this time victorious, having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encouraged their champion with a shout such as is wont to be raised when men cheer in consequence of unexpected success; and he hastened to finish the combat. Wherefore before the other, who was not far off, could come up to him, he slew the second Curiatius also. And now, the combat being brought to equal terms, one on each side remained, but unequally matched in hope and strength. The one was inspired with courage for a third contest by the fact that his body was uninjured by a weapon, and by his double victory: the other dragging along his body exhausted from his wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brothers before his eyes, thus met his victorious antagonist. And indeed there was no fight. The Roman, exulting, cried: "Two I have offered to the shades of my brothers: the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrust his sword down from above into his throat, while he with difficulty supported the weight of his arms, and stripped him as he lay prostrate. The Romans welcomed Horatius with joy and congratulations; with so much the greater exultation, as the matter had closely bordered on alarm. They then turned their attention to the burial of their friends, with feelings by no means the same: for the one side was elated by the acquisition of empire, the other brought under the rule of others: their sepulchres may still be seen in the spot where each fell; the two Roman in one place nearer Alba, the three Alban in the direction of Rome, but situated at some distance from each other, as in fact they had fought.

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[1] The chief of the fetiales.

[2] This vervain was used for religious purposes, and plucked up by the roots from consecrated ground; it was carried by ambassadors to protect them from violence.

Before they departed from thence, when Mettius, in accordance with the treaty which had been concluded, asked Tullus what his orders were, he ordered him to keep his young men under arms, for he intended to employ them, if a war should break out with the Veientes. After this both armies were led away to their homes. Horatius marched in front, carrying before him the spoils of the three brothers: his maiden sister, who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii, met him before the gate Capena;[1] and having recognised on her brother's shoulders the military robe of her betrothed, which she herself had worked, she tore her hair, and with bitter wailings called by name on her deceased lover. The sister's lamentations in the midst of his own victory, and of such great public rejoicings, raised the ire of the hot-tempered youth. So, having drawn his sword, he ran the maiden through the body, at the same time reproaching her with these words: "Go hence with thy ill-timed love to thy spouse, forgetful of thy brothers that are dead, and of the one who survives—forgetful of thy country. So fare every Roman woman who shall mourn an enemy." This deed seemed cruel to the fathers and to the people; but his recent services outweighed its enormity. Nevertheless he was dragged before the king for judgment. The king, however, that he might not himself be responsible for a decision so melancholy, and so disagreeable in the view of the people, or for the punishment consequent on such decision, having summoned an assembly of the people, declared, "I appoint, according to law, duumvirs to pass sentence on Horatius for treason." The law was of dreadful formula. "Let the duumvirs pass sentence for treason. If he appeal from the duumvirs, let him contend by appeal; if they shall gain the cause, let the lictor cover his head, hang him by a rope on the accursed tree, scourge him either within the pomerium,[1] or without the pomerium." The duumvirs appointed in accordance with this decision, who did not consider that, according to that law, they could acquit the man even if innocent, having condemned him, then one of them said: "Publius Horatius, I judge thee guilty of treason. Lictor, bind his hands." The lictor had approached him, and was commencing to fix the rope round his neck. Then Horatius, on the advice of Tullus, a merciful interpreter of the law, said, "I appeal." Accordingly the matter was contested before the people as to the appeal. At that trial the spectators were much affected, especially on Publius Horatius the father declaring that he considered his daughter to have been deservedly slain; were it not so, that he would by virtue of his authority as a father have inflicted punishment on his son. He then entreated them, that they would not render him childless, one whom but a little while ago they had beheld blessed with a fine progeny. During these words the old man, having embraced the youth, pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii hung up in that place which is now called Pila Horatia,[2] "Quirites," said he, "can you bear to see bound beneath the gallows, amid scourgings and tortures, the man whom you just now beheld marching decorated with spoils and exulting in victory—a sight so shocking that even the eyes of the Albans could scarcely endure it? Go then, lictor, bind those hands, which but a little while since, armed, won sovereignty for the Roman people. Go, cover the head of the liberator of this city: hang him on the accursed tree: scourge him, either within the pomerium, so it be only amid those javelins and spoils of the enemy, or without the pomerium, so it be only amid the graves of the Curiatii. For whither can you lead this youth, where his own noble deeds will not redeem him from such disgraceful punishment?" The people could not withstand either the tears of the father, or the spirit of the son, the same in every danger, and acquitted him more from admiration of his bravery, than on account of the justice of his cause. But that so clear a murder might be at least atoned for by some expiation, the father was commanded to expiate the son's guilt at the public charge. He, having offered certain expiatory sacrifices, which were ever after continued in the Horatian family, and laid a beam across the street, made the youth pass under it, as under the yoke, with his head covered. This beam remains even to this day, being constantly repaired at the public expense; it is called Sororium Tigillum (Sister's Beam). A tomb of square stone was erected to Horatia in the spot where she was stabbed and fell.

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[1] This gate became later the starting-point of the Appian Way.—D. O.

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[1] An imaginary sacred line that marked the bounds of the city. It did not always coincide with the line of the walls, but was extended from time to time. Such extension could only be made by a magistrate who had extended the boundaries of the empire by his victories.—D. O.

[2] Literally, "Horatian javelins."—D. O.

However, the peace with Alba did not long continue. The dissatisfaction of the populace at the fortune of the state having been intrusted to three soldiers, perverted the wavering mind of the dictator; and since straightforward measures had not turned out well, he began to conciliate the affections of the populace by treacherous means. Accordingly, as one who had formerly sought peace in time of war, and was now seeking war in time of peace, because he perceived that his own state possessed more courage than strength, he stirred up other nations to make war openly and by proclamation: for his own people he reserved the work of treachery under the show of allegiance. The Fidenates, a Roman colony,[1] having taken the Veientes into partnership in the plot, were instigated to declare war and take up arms under a compact of desertion on the part of the Albans. When Fidenæ had openly revolted, Tullus, after summoning Mettius and his army from Alba, marched against the enemy. When he crossed the Anio, he pitched his camp at the conflux of the rivers.[2] Between that place and Fidenæ, the army of the Veientes had crossed the Tiber. These, in the line of battle, also occupied the right wing near the river; the Fidenates were posted on the left nearer the mountains. Tullus stationed his own men opposite the Veientine foe; the Albans he posted to face the legion of the Fidenates. The Alban had no more courage than loyalty. Therefore neither daring to keep his ground, nor to desert openly, he filed off slowly to the mountains. After this, when he supposed he had advanced far enough, he led his entire army uphill, and still wavering in mind, in order to waste time, opened his ranks. His design was, to direct his forces to that side on which fortune should give success. At first the Romans who stood nearest were astonished, when they perceived their flanks were exposed by the departure of their allies; then a horseman at full gallop announced to the king that the Albans were moving off. Tullus, in this perilous juncture, vowed twelve Salii and temples to Paleness and Panic. Rebuking the horseman in a loud voice, so that the enemy might hear him plainly, he ordered him to return to the ranks, that there was no occasion for alarm; that it was by his order that the Alban army was being led round to fall on the unprotected rear of the Fidenates. He likewise commanded him to order the cavalry to raise their spears aloft; the execution of this order shut out the view of the retreating Alban army from a great part of the Roman infantry. Those who saw it, believing that it was even so, as they had heard from the king, fought with all the greater valour. The alarm was transferred to the enemy; they had both heard what had been uttered so loudly, and a great part of the Fidenates, as men who had mixed as colonists with the Romans, understood Latin. Therefore, that they might not be cut off from the town by a sudden descent of the Albans from the hills, they took to flight. Tullus pressed forward, and having routed the wing of the Fidenates, returned with greater fury against the Veientes, who were disheartened by the panic of the others: they did not even sustain his charge; but the river, opposed to them in the rear, prevented a disordered flight. When their flight led thither, some, shamefully throwing down their arms, rushed blindly into the river; others, while lingering on the banks, undecided whether to fight or flee, were overpowered. Never before was a more desperate battle fought by the Romans.

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[1] Evidently so established after the destruction of the inhabitants in the storming (see p. 17, above).—D. O.

[2] Tiber and Anio.—D. O.

Then the Alban army, which had been a mere spectator of the fight, was marched down into the plains. Mettius congratulated Tullus on his victory over the enemy; Tullus on his part addressed Mettius with courtesy. He ordered the Albans to unite their camp with that of the Romans, which he prayed heaven might prove beneficial to both; and prepared a purificatory sacrifice for the next day. As soon as it was daylight, all things being in readiness, according to custom, he commanded both armies to be summoned to an assembly. The heralds, beginning at the farthest part of the camp, summoned the Albans first. They, struck also with the novelty of the thing, in order to hear the Roman king deliver a speech, crowded next to him. The Roman forces, under arms, according to previous arrangement, surrounded them; the centurions had been charged to execute their orders without delay. Then Tullus began as follows: " Romans, if ever before, at any other time, in any war, there was a reason that you should return thanks, first to the immortal gods, next to your own valour, it was yesterday's battle. For the struggle was not so much with enemies as with the treachery and perfidy of allies, a struggle which is more serious and more dangerous. For—that you may not be under a mistaken opinion—know that it was without my orders that the Albans retired to the mountains, nor was that my command, but a stratagem and the mere pretence of a command: that you, being kept in ignorance that you were deserted, your attention might not be drawn away from the fight, and that the enemy might be inspired with terror and dismay, conceiving themselves to be surrounded on the rear. Nor is that guilt, which I now complain of, shared by all the Albans. They merely followed their leader, as you too would have done, had I wished to turn my army away to any other point from thence. It is Mettius there who is the leader of this march: it is Mettius also who is the contriver of this war: it is Mettius who is the violator of the treaty between Rome and Alba. Let another hereafter venture to do the like, if I do not presently make of him a signal example to mankind." The centurions in arms stood around Mettius: the king proceeded with the rest of his speech as he had commenced: " It is my intention, and may it prove fortunate, happy, and auspicious to the Roman people, to myself, and to you, O Albans, to transplant all the inhabitants of Alba to Rome, to grant your commons the rights of citizenship, to admit your nobles into the body of senators, to make one city, one state: as the Alban state after being one people was formerly divided into two, so let it now again become one." On hearing this the Alban youth, unarmed, surrounded by armed men, although divided in their sentiments, yet under pressure of the general apprehension maintained silence. Then Tullus proceeded: " If, Mettius Fufetius, you were capable of learning fidelity, and how to observe treaties, I would have suffered you to live and have given you such a lesson. But as it is, since your disposition is incurable, do you at any rate by your punishment teach mankind to consider those obligations sacred, which have been violated by you? As therefore a little while since you kept your mind divided between the interests of Fidenæ and of Rome, so shall you now surrender your body to be torn asunder in different directions." Upon this, two chariots drawn by four horses being brought up, he bound Mettius stretched at full length to their carriages: then the horses were driven in different directions, carrying off his mangled body on each carriage, where the limbs had remained hanging to the cords. All turned away their eyes from so shocking a spectacle. That was the first and last instance among the Romans of a punishment which established a precedent that showed but little regard for the laws of humanity. In other cases we may boast that no other nation has approved of milder forms of punishment.[1]

Meanwhile the cavalry had already been sent on to Alba, to transplant the people to Rome. The legions were next led thither to demolish the city. When they entered the gates, there was not indeed such a tumult or panic as usually prevails in captured cities, when, after the gates have been burst open, or the walls levelled by the battering-ram, or the citadel taken by assault, the shouts of the enemy and rush of armed men through the city throws everything into confusion with fire and sword: but gloomy silence and speechless sorrow so stupefied the minds of all, that, through fear, paying no heed as to what they should leave behind, what they should take with them, in their perplexity, making frequent inquiries one of another, they now stood on the thresholds, now wandering about, roamed through their houses, which they were destined to see then for the last time. When now the shouts of the horsemen commanding them to depart became urgent, and the crash of the dwellings which were being demolished was heard in the remotest parts of the city, and the dust, rising from distant places, had filled every quarter as with a cloud spread over them; then, hastily carrying out whatever each of them could, while they went forth, leaving behind them their guardian deity and household gods,[2] and the homes in which each had been born and brought up, an unbroken line of emigrants soon filled the streets, and the sight of others caused their tears to break out afresh in pity for one another: piteous cries too were heard, of the women more especially, as they passed by their revered temples now beset with armed men, and left their gods as it were in captivity. After the Albans had evacuated the town, the Roman soldiery levelled all the public and private buildings indiscriminately to the ground, and a single hour consigned to destruction and ruin the work of four hundred years, during which Alba had stood. The temples of the gods, however—for so it had been ordered by the king—were spared.

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[1] Scourging and beheading, scourging to death, burying alive, and crucifixion (for slaves) may make us question the justice of this boast. Foreign generals captured in war were only strangled. Altogether, the Roman indifference to suffering was very marked as compared with the humanity of the Greeks.—D. O.

[2] The Lares were of human origin, being only the deified ancestors of the family: the Penates of divine origin, the tutelary gods of the family.

In the meantime Rome increased by the destruction of Alba. The number of citizens was doubled. The Cœlian Mount was added to the city, and, in order that it might be more thickly populated, Tullus selected it as a site for his palace, and subsequently took up his abode there. The leading men of the Albans he enrolled among the patricians, that that division of the state also might increase, the Tullii, Servilii, Quinctii, Geganii, Curiatii, Cloelii; and as a consecrated place of meeting for the order thus augmented by himself he built a senate-house, which was called Hostilia[1] even down to the time of our fathers. Further, that all ranks might acquire some additional strength from the new people, he chose ten troops of horsemen from among the Albans: he likewise recruited the old legions, and raised new ones, by additions from the same source. Trusting to this increase of strength, Tullus declared war against the Sabines, a nation at that time the most powerful, next to the Etruscans, in men and arms. On both sides wrongs had been committed, and satisfaction demanded in vain. Tullus complained that some Roman merchants had been seized in a crowded market near the temple of Feronia:[2] the Sabines that some of their people had previously taken refuge in the asylum, and had been detained at Rome. These were put forward as the causes of the war. The Sabines, well aware both that a portion of their strength had been settled at Rome by Tatius, and that the Roman power had also been lately increased by the accession of the Alban people, began, in like manner, to look around for foreign aid themselves. Etruria was in their neighbourhood; of the Etruscans the Veientes were the nearest. From thence they attracted some volunteers, whose minds were stirred up to break the truce, chiefly in consequence of the rankling animosities from former wars. Pay also had its weight with some stragglers belonging to the indigent population. They were assisted by no aid from the government, and the loyal observation of the truce concluded with Romulus was strictly kept by the Veientes: with respect to the others it is less surprising. While both sides were preparing for war with the utmost vigour, and the matter seemed to turn on this, which side should first commence hostilities, Tullus advanced first into the Sabine territory. A desperate battle took place at the wood called Malitiosa, in which the Roman army gained a decisive advantage, both by reason of the superior strength of their infantry, and also, more especially, by the aid of their cavalry, which had been recently increased. The Sabine ranks were thrown into disorder by a sudden charge of the cavalry, nor could they afterward stand firm in battle array, or retreat in loose order without great slaughter.

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[1] "Curia Hostilia." It was at the northwest corner of the forum, northeast of the comitium.—D. O.

[2] Identified with Juno.—D. O.

After the defeat of the Sabines, when the government of Tullus and the whole Roman state enjoyed great renown, and was highly flourishing, it was announced to the king and senators, that it had rained stones on the Alban Mount. As this could scarcely be credited, on persons being sent to investigate the prodigy, a shower of stones fell from heaven before their eyes, just as when balls of hail are pelted down to the earth by the winds. They also seemed to hear a loud voice from the grove on the summit of the hill, bidding the Albans perform their religious services according to the rites of their native country, which they had consigned to oblivion, as if their gods had been abandoned at the same time as their country; and had either adopted the religious rites of Rome, or, as often happens, enraged at their evil destiny, had altogether renounced the worship of the gods. A festival of nine days was instituted publicly by the Romans also on account of the same prodigy, either in obedience to the heavenly voice sent from the Alban Mount—for that, too, is reported—or by the advice of the soothsayers. Anyhow, it continued a solemn observance, that, whenever a similar prodigy was announced, a festival for nine days was observed. Not long after, they were afflicted with an epidemic; and though in consequence of this there arose an unwillingness to serve, yet no respite from arms was given them by the warlike king, who considered besides that the bodies of the young men were more healthy when on service abroad than at home, until he himself also was attacked by a lingering disease. Then that proud spirit and body became so broken, that he, who had formerly considered nothing less worthy of a king than to devote his mind to religious observances, began to pass his time a slave to every form of superstition, important and trifling, and filled the people's minds also with religious scruples. The majority of his subjects, now desiring the restoration of that state of things which had existed under King Numa, thought that the only chance of relief for their diseased bodies lay in grace and compassion being obtained from the gods. It is said that the king himself, turning over the commentaries of Numa, after he had found therein that certain sacrifices of a secret and solemn nature had been performed to Jupiter Elicius, shut himself up and set about the performance of those solemnities, but that that rite was not duly undertaken or carried out, and that not only was no heavenly manifestation vouchsafed to him, but he and his house were struck by lightning and burned to ashes, through the anger of Jupiter, who was exasperated at the ceremony having been improperly performed.[1] Tullus reigned two-and-thirty years with great military renown.

On the death of Tullus, according to the custom established in the first instance, the government devolved once more upon the senate, who nominated an interrex; and on his holding the comitia, the people elected Ancus Marcius king. The fathers ratified the election. Ancus Marcius was the grandson of King Numa Pompilius by his daughter. As soon as he began to reign, mindful of the renown of his grandfather, and reflecting that the last reign, glorious as it had been in every other respect, in one particular had not been adequately prosperous, either because the rites of religion had been utterly neglected, or improperly performed, and deeming it of the highest importance to perform the public ceremonies of religion, as they had been instituted by Numa, he ordered the pontiff, after he had recorded them all from the king's commentaries on white tables, to set them up in a public place. Hence, as both his own subjects, and the neighbouring nations desired peace, hope was entertained that the king would adopt the conduct and institutions of his grandfather. Accordingly, the Latins, with whom a treaty had been concluded in the reign of Tullus, gained fresh courage; and, after they had invaded Roman territory, returned a contemptuous answer to the Romans when they demanded satisfaction, supposing that the Roman king would spend his reign in indolence among chapels and altars. The disposition of Ancus was between two extremes, preserving the qualities of both Numa and Romulus; and, besides believing that peace was more necessary in his grandfather's reign, since the people were then both newly formed and uncivilized, he also felt that he could not easily preserve the tranquility unmolested which had fallen to his lot: that his patience was being tried, and being tried, was despised: and that the times generally were more suited to a King Tullus than to a Numa. In order, however, that, since Numa had instituted religious rites in peace, ceremonies relating to war might be drawn up by him, and that wars might not only be waged, but proclaimed also in accordance with some prescribed form, he borrowed from an ancient nation, the Æquicolæ, and drew up the form which the heralds observe to this day, according to which restitution is demanded. The ambassador, when he reaches the frontiers of the people from whom satisfaction is demanded, having his head covered with a fillet—this covering is of wool—says: "Hear, O Jupiter, hear, ye confines" (naming whatsoever nation they belong to), "let divine justice hear. I am the public messenger of the Roman people; I come deputed by right and religion, and let my words gain credit." He then definitely states his demands; afterward he calls Jupiter to witness: "If I demand these persons and these goods to be given up to me contrary to human or divine right, then mayest thou never permit me to enjoy my native country." These words he repeats when he passes over the frontiers: the same to the first man he meets: the same on entering the gate: the same on entering the forum, with a slight change of expression in the form of the declaration and drawing up of the oath. If the persons whom he demands are not delivered up, after the expiration of thirty-three days—for this number is enjoined by rule—he declares war in the following terms: "Hear, Jupiter, and thou, Janus Quirinus, and all ye celestial, terrestrial, and infernal gods, give ear! I call you to witness, that this nation" (mentioning its name) "is unjust, and does not carry out the principles of justice: however, we will consult the elders in our own country concerning those matters, by what means we may obtain our rights." The messenger returns with them to Rome to consult. The king used immediately to consult the fathers as nearly as possible in the following words: "Concerning such things, causes of dispute, and quarrels, as the pater patratus of the Roman people, the Quirites, has treated with the pater patratus of the ancient Latins, and with the ancient Latin people, which things ought to be given up, made good, discharged, which things they have neither given up, nor made good, nor discharged, declare," says he to him, whose opinion he asked first, "what think you?" Then he replies: "I think that they should be demanded by a war free from guilt and regularly declared; and accordingly I agree, and vote for it." Then the others were asked in order, and when the majority of those present expressed the same opinion, war was agreed upon. It was customary for the fetialis to carry in his hand a spear pointed with steel, or burned at the end and dipped in blood, to the confines of the enemy's country, and in presence of at least three grown-up persons, to say, "Forasmuch as the states of the ancient Latins, and the ancient Latin people, have offended against the Roman people of the Quirites, forasmuch as the Roman people of the Quirites have ordered that there should be war with the ancient Latins, and the senate of the Roman people, the Quirites, have given their opinion, agreed, and voted that war should be waged with the ancient Latins, on this account I and the Roman people declare and wage war on the states of the ancient Latins, and on the ancient Latin people." Whenever he said that, he used to hurl the spear within their confines. After this manner at that time satisfaction was demanded from the Latins, and war proclaimed: and posterity has adopted that usage.

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[1] This story makes us suspect the case of another warlike king who had incurred the enmity of the senate. The patricians alone controlled or were taught in religious matters.—D. O.

Ancus, having intrusted the care of sacred matters to the flamens and other priests, set out with an army freshly levied, and took Politorium, a city of the Latins, by storm: and following the example of former kings, who had increased the Roman power by incorporating enemies into the state, transplanted all the people to Rome. And since the Sabines had occupied the Capitol and citadel, and the Albans the Cœlian Mount on both sides of the Palatium, the dwelling-place of the old Romans, the Aventine was assigned to the new people; not long after, on the capture of Tellenæ and Ficana, new citizens were added to the same quarter. After this Politorium, which the ancient Latins had taken possession of when vacated, was taken a second time by force of arms. This was the cause of the Romans demolishing that city, that it might never after serve as a place of refuge for the enemy. At last, the war with the Latins being entirely concentrated at Medullia, the contest was carried on there for some time with changing success, according as the fortune of war varied: for the town was both well protected by fortified works, and strengthened by a powerful garrison, and the Latins, having pitched their camp in the open, had several times come to a close engagement with the Romans. At last Ancus, making an effort with all his forces, first defeated them in a pitched battle, and, enriched by considerable booty, returned thence to Rome: many thousands of the Latins were then also admitted to citizenship, to whom, in order that the Aventine might be united to the Palatium, a settlement was assigned near the Temple of Murcia.[1] The Janiculum[2] was likewise added, not from want of room, but lest at any time it should become a stronghold for the enemy. It was resolved that it should not only be surrounded by a wall, but also, for convenience of passage, be united to the city by a wooden bridge, which was then for the first time built across the Tiber. The fossa Quiritium, no inconsiderable defence in places where the ground was lower and consequently easier of access, was also the work of King Ancus. The state being augmented by such great accessions, seeing that, amid such a multitude of inhabitants (all distinction of right and wrong being as yet confounded), secret crimes were committed, a prison[3] was built in the heart of the city, overlooking the forum, to intimidate the growing licentiousness. And not only was the city increased under this king, but also its territory and boundaries. After the Mesian forest had been taken from the Veientines, the Roman dominion was extended as far as the sea, and the city of Ostia built at the mouth of the Tiber; salt-pits were dug around it, and, in consequence of the distinguished successes in war, the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius was enlarged.

In the reign of Ancus, Lucumo,[4] a wealthy and enterprising man, came to settle at Rome, prompted chiefly by the desire and hope of high preferment, which he had no opportunity of obtaining at Tarquinii (for there also he was descended from an alien stock). He was the son of Demaratus, a Corinthian, who, an exile from his country on account of civil disturbances, had chanced to settle at Tarquinii, and having married a wife there, had two sons by her. Their names were Lucumo and Arruns. Lucumo survived his father, and became heir to all his property. Arruns died before his father, leaving a wife pregnant. The father did not long survive the son, and as he, not knowing that his daughter-in-law was pregnant, had died without mentioning his grandchild in his will, the boy who was born after the death of his grandfather, and had no share in his fortune, was given the name of Egerius on account of his poverty. Lucumo, who was, on the other hand, the heir of all his father's property, being filled with high aspirations by reason of his wealth, had these ambitions greatly advanced by his marriage with Tanaquil, who was descended from a very high family, and was a woman who would not readily brook that the condition into which she had married should be inferior to that in which she had been born. As the Etruscans despised Lucumo, as being sprung from a foreign exile, she could not put up with the affront, and, regardless of the natural love of her native country, provided only she could see her husband advanced to honour, she formed the design of leaving Tarquinii. Rome seemed particularly suited for that purpose. In a state, lately founded, where all nobility is rapidly gained and as the reward of merit, there would be room (she thought) for a man of courage and activity. Tatius, a Sabine, had been king of Rome: Numa had been sent for from Cures to reign there: Ancus was sprung from a Sabine mother, and rested his title to nobility on the single statue of Numa.[1] Without difficulty she persuaded him, being, as he was, ambitious of honours, and one to whom Tarquinii was his country only on his mother's side. Accordingly, removing their effects, they set out for Rome. They happened to have reached the Janiculum: there, as he sat in the chariot with his wife, an eagle, gently swooping down on floating wings, took off his cap, and hovering above the chariot with loud screams, as if it had been sent from heaven for that very purpose, carefully replaced it on his head, and then flew aloft out of sight. Tanaquil is said to have joyfully welcomed this omen, being a woman well skilled, as the Etruscans generally are, in celestial prodigies, and, embracing her husband, bade him hope for a high and lofty destiny: that such a bird had come from such a quarter of the heavens, and the messenger of such a god: that it had declared the omen around the highest part of man: that it had lifted the ornament placed on the head of man, to restore it to him again, by direction of the gods. Bearing with them such hopes and thoughts, they entered the city, and having secured a dwelling there, they gave out his name as Lucius Tarquinius Priscus. The fact that he was a stranger and his wealth rendered him an object of attention to the Romans. He himself also promoted his own good fortune by his affable address, by the courteousness of his invitations, and by gaining over to his side all whom he could by acts of kindness, until reports concerning him reached even to the palace: and that notoriety he, in a short time, by paying his court to the king without truckling and with skilful address, improved so far as to be admitted on a footing of intimate friendship, so much so that he was present at all public and private deliberations alike, both foreign and domestic; and being now proved in every sphere, he was at length, by the king's will, also appointed guardian to his children.

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[1] Supposed to be an Etruscan goddess, afterward identified with Janus, as was customary with the Romans.—D. O.

[2] The heights across the Tiber.—D. O.

[3] Called Mamertinus, though apparently not until the Middle Ages.

[4] Lucumo seems to have been, originally at least, an Etruscan title rather than name.—D. O.

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[1] No one was noble who could not show images of his ancestors: and no one was allowed to have an image who had not filled the highest offices of state: this was called ius imaginum.

Ancus reigned twenty-four years, equal to any of the former kings both in the arts of war and peace, and in renown. His sons were now nigh the age of puberty; for which reason Tarquin was more urgent that the assembly for the election of a king should be held as soon as possible. The assembly having been proclaimed, he sent the boys out of the way to hunt just before the time of the meeting. He is said to have been the first who canvassed for the crown, and to have made a speech expressly worded with the object of gaining the affections of the people: saying that he did not aim at anything unprecedented, for that he was not the first foreigner (a thing at which any one might feel indignation or surprise), but the third who aspired to the sovereignty of Rome. That Tatius who had not only been an alien, but even an enemy, had been made king; that Numa, who knew nothing of the city, and without solicitation on his part, had been voluntarily invited by them to the throne. That he, from the time he was his own master, had migrated to Rome with his wife and whole fortune, and had spent a longer period of that time of life, during which men are employed in civil offices, at Rome, than he had in his native country; that he had both in peace and war become thoroughly acquainted with the political and religious institutions of the Romans, under a master by no means to be despised, King Ancus himself; that he had vied with all in duty and loyalty to his king, and with the king himself in his bounty to others. While he was recounting these undoubted facts, the people with great unanimity elected him king. The same spirit of ambition which had prompted Tarquin, in other respects an excellent man, to aspire to the crown, attended him also on the throne. And being no less mindful of strengthening his own power, than of increasing the commonwealth, he elected a hundred new members into the senate, who from that time were called minorum gentium, a party who stanchly supported the king, by whose favour they had been admitted into the senate. The first war he waged was with the Latins, in whose territory he took the town of Apiolæ by storm, and having brought back thence more booty than might have been expected from the reported importance of the war, he celebrated games with more magnificence and display than former kings. The place for the circus, which is now called Maximus, was then first marked out, and spaces were apportioned to the senators and knights, where they might each erect seats for themselves: these were called fori (benches). They viewed the games from scaffolding which supported seats twelve feet in height from the ground. The show consisted of horses and boxers that were summoned, chiefly from Etruria. These solemn games, afterward celebrated annually, continued an institution, being afterward variously called the Roman and Great games. By the same king also spaces round the forum were assigned to private individuals for building on; covered walks and shops were erected.

He was also preparing to surround the city with a stone wall, when a war with the Sabines interrupted his plans. The whole thing was so sudden, that the enemy passed the Anio before the Roman army could meet and prevent them: great alarm therefore was felt at Rome. At first they fought with doubtful success, and with great slaughter on both sides. After this, the enemy's forces were led back into camp, and the Romans having thus gained time to make preparations for the war afresh, Tarquin, thinking that the weak point of his army lay specially in the want of cavalry, determined to add other centuries to the Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres which Romulus had enrolled, and to leave them distinguished by his own name. Because Romulus had done this after inquiries by augury, Attus Navius, a celebrated soothsayer of the day, insisted that no alteration or new appointment could be made, unless the birds had approved of it. The king, enraged at this, and, as they say, mocking at his art, said, "Come, thou diviner, tell me, whether what I have in my mind can be done or not?" When Attus, having tried the matter by divination, affirmed that it certainly could, "Well, then," said he, "I was thinking that you should cut asunder this whetstone with a razor. Take it, then, and perform what thy birds portend can be done." Thereupon they say that he immediately cut the whetstone in two. A statue of Attus, with his head veiled, was erected in the comitium, close to the steps on the left of the senate-house, on the spot where the event occurred. They say also that the whetstone was deposited in the same place, that it might remain as a record of that miracle to posterity. Without doubt so much honour accrued to auguries and the college of augurs, that nothing was subsequently undertaken either in peace or war without taking the auspices, and assemblies of the people, the summoning of armies, and the most important affairs of state were put off, whenever the birds did not prove propitious. Nor did Tarquin then make any other alteration in the centuries of horse, except that he doubled the number of men in each of these divisions, so that the three centuries consisted of one thousand eight hundred knights; only, those that were added were called "the younger," but by the same names as the earlier, which, because they have been doubled, they now call the six centuries.

This part of his forces being augmented, a second engagement took place with the Sabines. But, besides that the strength of the Roman army had been thus augmented, a stratagem also was secretly resorted to, persons being sent to throw into the river a great quantity of timber that lay on the banks of the Anio, after it had been first set on fire; and the wood, being further kindled by the help of the wind, and the greater part of it, that was placed on rafts, being driven against and sticking in the piles, fired the bridge. This accident also struck terror into the Sabines during the battle, and, after they were routed, also impeded their flight. Many, after they had escaped the enemy, perished in the river: their arms floating down the Tiber to the city, and being recognised, made the victory known almost before any announcement of it could be made. In that action the chief credit rested with the cavalry: they say that, being posted on the two wings, when the centre of their own infantry was now being driven back, they charged so briskly in flank, that they not only checked the Sabine legions who pressed hard on those who were retreating, but suddenly put them to flight. The Sabines made for the mountains in disordered flight, but only a few reached them; for, as has been said before, most of them were driven by the cavalry into the river. Tarquin, thinking it advisable to press the enemy hard while in a state of panic, having sent the booty and the prisoners to Rome, and piled in a large heap and burned the enemy's spoils, vowed as an offering to Vulcan, proceeded to lead his army onward into the Sabine territory. And though the operation had been unsuccessfully carried out, and they could not hope for better success; yet, because the state of affairs did not allow time for deliberation, the Sabines came out to meet him with a hastily raised army. Being again routed there, as the situation had now become almost desperate, they sued for peace.

Collatia and all the land round about was taken from the Sabines, and Egerius, son of the king's brother, was left there in garrison. I learn that the people of Collatia were surrendered, and that the form of the surrender was as follows. The king asked them, " Are ye ambassadors and deputies sent by the people of Collatia to surrender yourselves and the people of Collatia? " " We are." " Are the people of Collatia their own masters? " " They are." " Do ye surrender yourselves and the people of Collatia, their city, lands, water, boundaries, temples, utensils, and everything sacred or profane belonging to them, into my power, and that of the Roman people? " " We do." " Then I receive them." When the Sabine war was finished, Tarquin returned in triumph to Rome. After that he made war upon the ancient Latins, wherein they came on no occasion to a decisive engagement; yet, by shifting his attack to the several towns, he subdued the whole Latin nation. Corniculum, old Ficulea, Cameria, Crustumerium, Ameriola, Medullia, and Nomentum, towns which either belonged to the ancient Latins, or which had revolted to them, were taken from them. Upon this, peace was concluded. Works of peace were then commenced with even greater spirit than the efforts with which he had conducted his wars, so that the people enjoyed no more repose at home than it had already enjoyed abroad; for he set about surrounding the city with a stone wall, on the side where he had not yet fortified it, the beginning of which work had been interrupted by the Sabine war; and the lower parts of the city round the forum, and the other valleys lying between the hills, because they could not easily carry off the water from the flat grounds, he drained by means of sewers conducted down a slope into the Tiber. He also levelled an open space for a temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, which he had vowed to him in the Sabine war: as his mind even then forecast the future grandeur of the place, he took possession of the site by laying its foundations.

At that time a prodigy was seen in the palace, which was marvellous in its result. It is related that the head of a boy, called Servius Tullius, as he lay asleep, blazed with fire in the presence of several spectators: that, on a great noise being made at so miraculous a phenomenon, the king and queen were awakened: and when one of the servants was bringing water to put out the flame, that he was kept back by the queen, and after the disturbance was quieted, that she forbade the boy to be disturbed till he should awaken of his own accord. As soon as he awoke the flame disappeared. Then Tanaquil, taking her husband apart, said: "Do you see this boy whom we are bringing up in so mean a style? Be assured that some time hereafter he will be a light to us in our adversity, and a protector of our royal house when in distress. Henceforth let us, with all the tenderness we can, train up this youth, who is destined to prove the source of great glory to our family and state." From this time the boy began to be treated as their own son, and instructed in those accomplishments by which men's minds are roused to maintain high rank with dignity. This was easily done, as it was agreeable to the gods. The young man turned out to be of truly royal disposition: nor when a son-in-law was being sought for Tarquin, could any of the Roman youth be compared to him in any accomplishment: therefore the king betrothed his own daughter to him. The fact of this high honour being conferred upon him, from whatever cause, forbids us to believe that he was the son of a slave, or that he had himself been a slave when young. I am rather of the opinion of those who say that, on the taking of Corniculum, the wife of Servius Tullius, who had been the leading man in that city, being pregnant when her husband was slain, since she was known among the other female prisoners, and, in consequence of her distinguished rank, exempted from servitude by the Roman queen, was delivered of a child at Rome, in the house of Tarquinius Priscus: upon this, that both the intimacy between the women was increased by so great a kindness, and that the boy, as he had been brought up in the family from his infancy, was beloved and respected; that his mother's lot, in having fallen into the hands of the enemy after the capture of her native city, caused him to be thought to be the son of a slave.

About the thirty-eighth year of Tarquin's reign, Servius Tullius enjoyed the highest esteem, not only of the king, but also of the senate and people. At this time the two sons of Ancus, though they had before that always considered it the highest indignity that they had been deprived of their father's crown by the treachery of their guardian, that a stranger should be King of Rome, who not only did not belong to a neighbouring, but not even to an Italian family, now felt their indignation roused to a still higher pitch at the idea that the crown would not only not revert to them after Tarquin, but would descend even lower to slaves, so that in the same state, about the hundredth year after Romulus, descended from a deity, and a deity himself, had occupied the throne as long as he lived, Servius, one born of a slave, would possess it: that it would be the common disgrace both of the Roman name, and more especially of their family, if, while there was male issue of King Ancus still living, the sovereignty of Rome should be accessible not only to strangers, but even to slaves. They determined therefore to prevent that disgrace by the sword. But since resentment for the injury done to them incensed them more against Tarquin himself, than against Servius, and the consideration that a king was likely to prove a more severe avenger of the murder, if he should survive, than a private person; and moreover, even if Servius were put to death, it seemed likely that he would adopt as his successor on the throne whomsoever else he might have selected as his son-in-law. For these reasons the plot was laid against the king himself. Two of the most brutal of the shepherds, chosen for the deed, each carrying with him the iron tools of husbandmen to the use of which he had been accustomed, by creating as great a disturbance as they could in the porch of the palace, under pretence of a quarrel, attracted the attention of all the king's attendants to themselves; then, when both appealed to the king, and their clamour had reached even the interior of the palace, they were summoned and proceeded before him. At first both shouted aloud, and vied in clamouring against each other, until, being restrained by the lictor, and commanded to speak in turns, they at length ceased railing: as agreed upon, one began to state his case. While the king's attention, eagerly directed toward the speaker, was diverted from the second shepherd, the latter, raising up his axe, brought it down upon the king's head, and, leaving the weapon in the wound, both rushed out of the palace.

When those around had raised up Tarquin in a dying state, the lictors seized the shepherds, who were endeavouring to escape. Upon this an uproar ensued and a concourse of people assembled, wondering what was the matter. Tanaquil, amid the tumult, ordered the palace to be shut, and thrust out all spectators: at the same time she carefully prepared everything necessary for dressing the wound, as if a hope still remained: at the same time, she provided other means of safety, in case her hopes should prove false. Having hastily summoned Servius, after she had shown him her husband almost at his last gasp, holding his right hand, she entreated him not to suffer the death of his father-in-law to pass unavenged, nor to allow his mother-in-law to be an object of scorn to their enemies. "Servius," said she, "if you are a man, the kingdom belongs to you, not to those, who, by the hands of others, have perpetrated a most shameful deed. Rouse yourself, and follow the guidance of the gods, who portended that this head of yours would be illustrious by formerly shedding a divine blaze around it. Now let that celestial flame arouse you. Now awake in earnest. We, too, though foreigners, have reigned. Consider who you are, not whence you are sprung. If your own plans are rendered useless by reason of the suddenness of this event, then follow mine." When the uproar and violence of the multitude could scarcely be endured, Tanaquil addressed the populace from the upper part of the palace[1] through the windows facing the New Street (for the royal residence was near the Temple of Jupiter Stator). She bade them be of good courage; that the king was merely stunned by the suddenness of the blow; that the weapon had not sunk deep into his body; that he had already come to his senses again; that the blood had been wiped off and the wound examined; that all the symptoms were favourable; that she was confident they would see him in person very soon; that, in the meantime, he commanded the people to obey the orders of Servius Tullius; that the latter would administer justice, and perform all the other functions of the king. Servius came forth wearing the trabea[2] and attended by lictors, and seating himself on the king's throne, decided some cases, and with respect to others pretended that he would consult the king. Therefore, though Tarquin had now expired, his death was concealed for several days, and Servius, under pretence of discharging the functions of another, strengthened his own influence. Then at length the fact of his death was made public, lamentations being raised in the palace. Servius, supported by a strong body-guard, took possession of the kingdom by the consent of the senate, being the first who did so without the order of the people. The children of Ancus, the instruments of their villainy having been by this time caught, as soon as it was announced that the king still lived, and that the power of Servius was so great, had already gone into exile to Suessa Pometia.

And now Servius began to strengthen his power, not more by public than by private measures; and, that the children of Tarquin might not entertain the same feelings toward himself as the children of Ancus had entertained toward Tarquin, he united his two daughters in marriage to the young princes, the

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[1] This part of the Via Nova probably corresponded pretty closely with the present Via S. Teodoro, and Tarquin's house is supposed to have stood not far from the church of Sta. Anastasia.—D. O.

[2] A white toga with horizontal purple stripes. This was originally the royal robe. Later it became the ceremonial dress of the equestrian order. The Salii priests of Mars Gradivus also wore it.—D. O.

Tarquinii, Lucius and Arruns. He did not, however, break through the inevitable decrees of fate by human counsels, so as to prevent jealousy of the sovereign power creating general animosity and treachery even among the members of his own family. Very opportunely for the immediate preservation of tranquility, a war was undertaken against the Veientes (for the truce had now expired) and the other Etruscans. In that war, both the valour and good fortune of Tullius were conspicuous, and he returned to Rome, after routing a large army of the enemy, undisputed king, whether he tested the dispositions of the fathers or the people. He then set about a work of peace of the utmost importance: that, as Numa had been the author of religious institutions, so posterity might celebrate Servius as the founder of all distinction in the state, and of the several orders by which any difference is perceptible between the degrees of rank and fortune. For he instituted the census,[1] a most salutary measure for an empire destined to become so great, according to which the services of war and peace were to be performed, not by every man, as formerly, but in proportion to his amount of property. Then he divided the classes and centuries according to the census, and introduced the following arrangement, eminently adapted either for peace or war.

Of those who possessed property to the value of a hundred thousand asses[2] and upward, he formed eighty centuries, forty of seniors[3] and forty of juniors.[4] All these were called the first class, the seniors to be in readiness to guard the city, the juniors to carry on war abroad. The arms they were ordered to wear consisted of a helmet, a round shield, greaves, and a coat of mail, all of brass; these were for the defence of the body: their weapons of offence were a spear and a sword. To this class were added two centuries of mechanics, who were to serve without arms: the duty imposed upon them was that of making military engines in time of war. The second class included all those whose property varied between seventy-five and a hundred thousand asses, and of these, seniors and juniors, twenty centuries were enrolled. The arms they were ordered to wear consisted of a buckler instead of a shield, and, except a coat of mail, all the rest were the same. He decided that the property of the third class should amount to fifty thousand asses: the number of its centuries was the same, and formed with the same distinction of age: nor was there any change in their arms, only the greaves were dispensed with. In the fourth class, the property was twenty-five thousand asses: the same number of centuries was formed, their arms were changed, nothing being given them but a spear and a short javelin. The fifth class was larger, thirty centuries being formed: these carried slings and stones for throwing. Among them the supernumeraries, the horn-blowers and the trumpeters, were distributed into three centuries. This class was rated at eleven thousand asses. Property lower than this embraced the rest of the citizens, and of them one century was made up which was exempted from military service. Having thus arranged and distributed the infantry, he enrolled twelve centuries of knights from among the chief men of the state. While Romulus had only appointed three centuries, Servius formed six others under the same names as they had received at their first institution. Ten thousand asses were given them out of the public revenue, to buy horses, and a number of widows assigned them, who were to contribute two thousand asses yearly for the support of the horses. All these burdens were taken off the poor and laid on the rich. Then an additional honour was conferred upon them: for the suffrage was not now granted promiscuously to all—a custom established by Romulus, and observed by his successors—to every man with the same privilege and the same right, but gradations were established, so that no one might seem excluded from the right of voting, and yet the whole power might reside in the chief men of the state. For the knights were first called to vote, and then the eighty centuries of the first class, consisting of the first class of the infantry: if there occurred a difference of opinion among them, which was seldom the case, the practice was that those of the second class should be called, and that they seldom descended so low as to come down to the lowest class. Nor need we be surprised, that the present order of things, which now exists, after the number of the tribes was increased to thirty-five, their number being now double of what it was, should not agree as to the number of centuries of juniors and seniors with the collective number instituted by Servius Tullius. For the city being divided into four districts, according to the regions and hills which were then inhabited, he called these divisions tribes, as I think, from the tribute. For the method of levying taxes ratably according to the value of property was also introduced by him: nor had these tribes any relation to the number and distribution of the centuries.

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[1] This was a quinquennial registering of every man's age, family, profession, property, and residence, by which the amount of his taxes was regulated. Formerly each full citizen contributed an equal amount. Servius introduced a regulation of the taxes according to property qualifications, and clients and plebeians alike had to pay their contribution, if they possessed the requisite amount of property.

[2] Or, "pounds weight of bronze," originally reckoned by the possession of a certain number of jugera (20 jugera being equal to 5,000 asses).

[3] Between the ages of forty-six and sixty.—D. O.

[4] Between the ages of seventeen and forty-six.—D. O.

The census being now completed, which he had brought to a speedy close by the terror of a law passed in reference to those who were not rated, under threats of imprisonment and death, he issued a proclamation that all the Roman citizens, horse and foot, should attend at daybreak in the Campus Martius, each in his century. There he reviewed the whole army drawn up in centuries, and purified it by the rite called Suovetaurilia,[1] and that was called the closing of the lustrum, because it was the conclusion of the census. Eighty thousand citizens are said to have been rated in that survey. Fabius Pictor, the most ancient of our historians, adds that that was the number of those who were capable of bearing arms. To accommodate that vast population the city also seemed to require enlargement. He took in two hills, the Quirinal and Viminal; then next he enlarged the Esquiline, and took up his own residence there, in order that dignity might be conferred upon the place. He surrounded the city with a rampart, a moat, and a wall:[2] thus he enlarged the pomerium. Those who regard only the etymology of the word, will have the pomerium to be a space of ground behind the walls: whereas it is rather a space on each side of the wall, which the Etruscans, in building cities, formerly consecrated by augury, within certain limits, both within and without, in the direction they intended to raise the wall: so that the houses might not be erected close to the walls on the inside, as people commonly unite them now, and also that there might be some space without left free from human occupation. This space, which was forbidden to be tilled or inhabited, the Romans called pomerium, not so much from its being behind the wall, as from the wall being behind it: and in enlarging the boundaries of the city, these consecrated limits were always extended, as far as the walls were intended to be advanced.

When the population had been increased in consequence of the enlargement of the city, and everything had been organized at home to meet the exigencies both of peace and war, that the acquisition of power might not always depend on mere force of arms, he endeavoured to extend his empire by policy, and at the same time to add some ornament to the city. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was even then in high renown; it was reported that it had been built by all the states of Asia in common. When Servius, in the company of some Latin nobles with whom he had purposely formed ties of hospitality and friendship, both in public and private, extolled in high terms such harmony and association of their gods, by frequently harping upon the same subject, he at length prevailed so far that the Latin states agreed to build a temple of Diana at Rome[1] in conjunction with the Roman people. This was an acknowledgment that the headship of affairs, concerning which they had so often disputed in arms, was centred in Rome. An accidental opportunity of recovering power by a scheme of his own seemed to present itself to one of the Sabines, though that object appears to have been left out of consideration by all the Latins, in consequence of the matter having been so often attempted unsuccessfully by arms. A cow of surprising size and beauty is said to have been calved to a certain Sabine, the head of a family: her horns, which were hung up in the porch of the Temple of Diana, remained for many ages, to bear record to this marvel. The thing was regarded in the light of a prodigy, as indeed it was, and the soothsayers declared that sovereignty should reside in that state, a citizen of which had sacrificed this heifer to Diana. This prediction had also reached the ears of the high priest of the Temple of Diana. The Sabine, as soon as a suitable day for the sacrifice seemed to have arrived, drove the cow to Rome, led her to the Temple of Diana, and set her before the altar. There the Roman priest, struck with the size of the victim, so celebrated by fame, mindful of the response of the soothsayers, thus accosted the Sabine: "What dost thou intend to do, stranger?" said he; "with impure hands to offer sacrifice to Diana? Why dost not thou first wash thyself in running water? The Tiber runs past at the bottom of the valley." The stranger, seized with religious awe, since he was desirous of everything being done in due form, that the event might correspond with the prediction, forthwith went down to the Tiber. In the meantime the Roman priest sacrificed the cow to Diana, which gave great satisfaction to the king, and to the whole state.

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[1] A ceremony of purification, from sus, ovis, and taurus: the three victims were led three times round the army and sacrificed to Mars. The ceremony took place every fifth year.

[2] These were the walls of Rome down to about 271–276 A. D., when the Emperor Aurelian began the walls that now inclose the city. Remains of the Servian wall are numerous and of considerable extent.—D. O.

Servius, though he had now acquired an indisputable right to the kingdom by long possession, yet, as he heard that expressions were sometimes thrown out by young Tarquin, to the effect that he occupied the throne without the consent of the people, having first secured the good-will of the people by dividing among them, man by man, the land taken from their enemies, he ventured to propose the question to them, whether they chose and ordered that he should be king, and was declared king with greater unanimity than any other of his predecessors. And yet even this circumstance did not lessen Tarquin's hope of obtaining the throne; nay, because he had observed that the matter of the distribution of land to the people was against the will of the fathers, he thought that an opportunity was now presented to him of arraigning Servius before the fathers with greater violence, and of increasing his own influence in the senate, being himself a hot-tempered youth, while his wife Tullia roused his restless temper at home. For the royal house of the Roman kings also exhibited an example of tragic guilt, so that through their disgust of kings, liberty came more speedily, and the rule of this king, which was attained through crime, was the last. This Lucius Tarquinius (whether he was the son or grandson of Tarquinius Priscus is not clear: following the greater number of authorities, however, I should feel inclined to pronounce him his son) had a brother, Arruns Tarquinius, a youth of a mild disposition. To these two, as has been already stated, the two Tullias, daughters of the king, had been married, they also themselves being of widely different characters. It had come to pass, through the good fortune, I believe, of the Roman people, that two violent dispositions should not be united in marriage, in order that the reign of Servius might last longer, and the constitution of the state be firmly established. The haughty spirit of Tullia was chagrined, that there was no predisposition in her husband, either to ambition or daring. Directing all her regard to the other Tarquinius, him she admired, him she declared to be a man, and sprung from royal blood; she expressed her contempt for her sister, because, having a man for her husband, she lacked that spirit of daring that a woman ought to possess. Similarity of disposition soon drew them together, as wickedness is in general most congenial to wickedness; but the beginning of the general confusion originated with the woman. Accustomed to the secret conversations of the husband of another, there was no abusive language that she did not use about her husband to his brother, about her sister to her sister's husband, asserting that it would have been better for herself to remain unmarried, and he single, than that she should be united with one who was no fit mate for her, so that her life had to be passed in utter inactivity by reason of the cowardice of another. If the gods had granted her the husband she deserved, she would soon have seen the crown in possession of her own house, which she now saw in possession of her father. She soon filled the young man with her own daring. Lucius Tarquinius and the younger Tullia, when the pair had, by almost simultaneous murders, made their houses vacant for new nuptials, were united in marriage, Servius rather offering no opposition than actually approving.

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[1] On the summit of the Aventine.—D. O.

Then indeed the old age of Tullius began to be every day more endangered, his throne more imperilled. For now the woman from one crime directed her thoughts to another, and allowed her husband no rest either by night or by day, that their past crimes might not prove unprofitable, saying that what she wanted was not one whose wife she might be only in name, or one with whom she might live an inactive life of slavery: what she wanted was one who would consider himself worthy of the throne, who would remember that he was the son of Tarquinius Priscus, who would rather have a kingdom than hope for it. "If you, to whom I consider myself married, are such a one, I greet you both as husband and king; but if not, our condition has been changed so far for the worse, in that in you crime is associated with cowardice. Why do you not gird yourself to the task? You need not, like your father, from Corinth or Tarquinii, struggle for a kingdom in a foreign land. Your household and country's gods, the statue of your father, the royal palace and the kingly throne in that palace, and the Tarquinian name, elect and call you king. Or if you have too little spirit for this, why do you disappoint the state? Why suffer yourself to be looked up to as a prince? Get hence to Tarquinii or Corinth. Sink back again to your original stock, more like your brother than your father." By chiding him with these and other words, she urged on the young man: nor could she rest herself, at the thought that though Tanaquil, a woman of foreign birth, had been able to conceive and carry out so vast a project, as to bestow two thrones in succession on her husband, and then on her son-in-law, she, sprung from royal blood, had no decisive influence in bestowing and taking away a kingdom. Tarquinius, driven on by the blind passion of the woman, began to go round and solicit the support of the patricians, especially those of the younger families:[1] he reminded them of his father's kindness, and claimed a return for it, enticed the young men by presents, increased his influence everywhere both by making magnificent promises on his own part, as well as by accusations against the king. At length, as soon as the time seemed convenient for carrying out his purpose, he rushed into the forum, accompanied by a band of armed men; then, while all were struck with dismay, seating himself on the throne before the senate-house, he ordered the fathers to be summoned to the senate-house by the crier to attend King Tarquinius. They assembled immediately, some having been already prepared for this, others through fear, lest it should prove dangerous to them not to have come, astounded at such a strange and unheard-of event, and considering that the reign of Servius was now at an end. Then Tarquinius began his invectives with his immediate ancestors: That a slave, the son of a slave, after the shameful death of his father, without an interregnum being adopted, as on former occasions, without any election being held, without the suffrages of the people, or the sanction of the fathers, he had taken possession of the kingdom by the gift of a woman; that so born, so created king, a strong supporter of the most degraded class, to which he himself belonged, through a hatred of the high station of others, he had deprived the leading men of the state of their land and divided it among the very lowest; that he had laid all the burdens, which were formerly shared by all alike, on the chief members of the community; that he had instituted the census, in order that the fortune of the wealthier citizens might be conspicuous in order to excite envy, and ready to hand, that out of it he might bestow largesses on the most needy, whenever he pleased.

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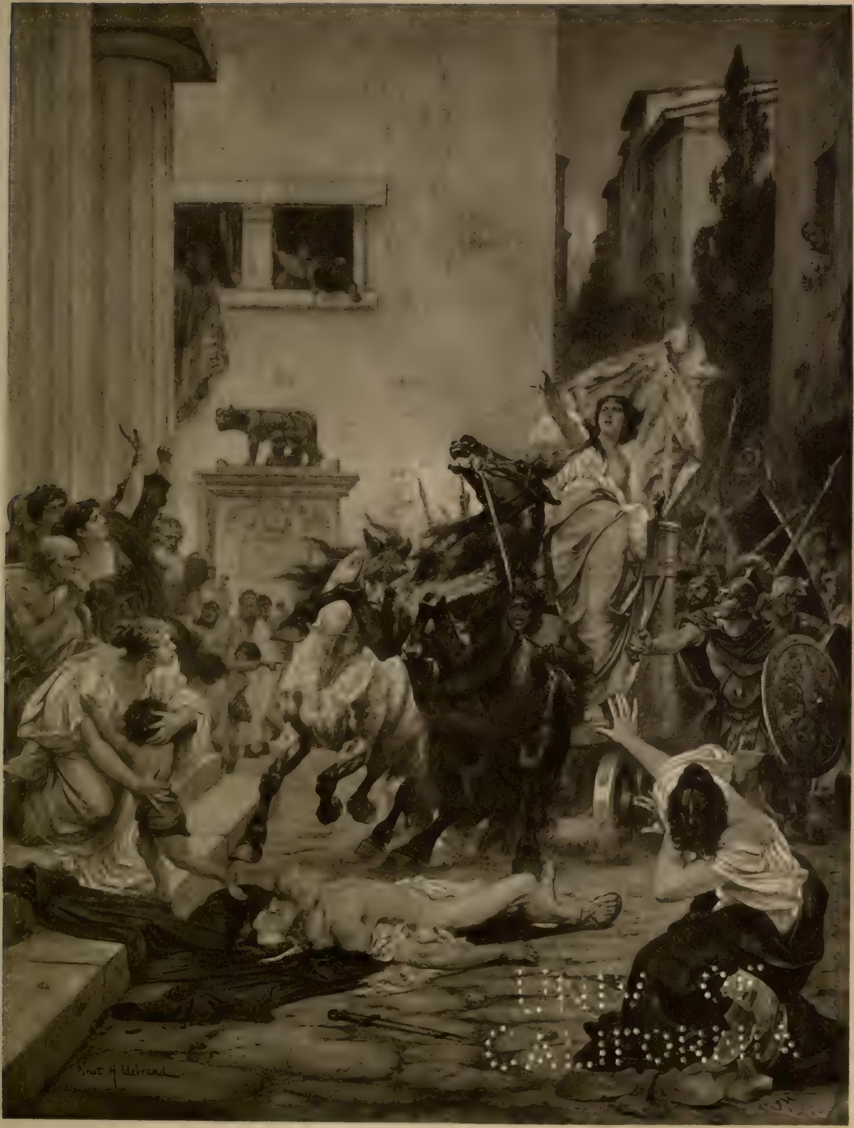
[1] Those introduced by Tarquinius Priscus, as related above.—D. O.

Servius, aroused by the alarming announcement, having come upon the scene during this harangue, immediately shouted with a loud voice from the porch of the senate-house: "What means this, Tarquin? by what audacity hast thou dared to summon the fathers, while I am still alive, or to sit on my throne?" When the other haughtily replied, that he, a king's son, was occupying the throne of his father, a much fitter successor to the throne than a slave; that he had insulted his masters full long enough by shuffling insolence, a shout arose from the partisans of both, the people rushed into the senate-house, and it was evident that whoever came off victor would gain the throne. Then Tarquin, forced by actual necessity to proceed to extremities, having a decided advantage both in years and strength, seized Servius by the waist, and having carried him out of the senate-house, hurled him down the steps to the bottom. He then returned to the senate-


Ernst Hildebrand

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house to assemble the senate. The king's officers and attendants took to flight. The king himself, almost lifeless (when he was returning home with his royal retinue frightened to death and had reached the top of the Cyprian Street), was slain by those who had been sent by Tarquin, and had overtaken him in his flight. As the act is not inconsistent with the rest of her atrocious conduct, it is believed to have been done by Tullia's advice. Anyhow, as is generally admitted, driving into the forum in her chariot, unabashed by the crowd of men present, she called her husband out of the senate-house, and was the first to greet him, king; and when, being bidden by him to withdraw from such a tumult, she was returning home, and had reached the top of the Cyprian Street, where Diana's chapel lately stood, as she was turning on the right to the Urian Hill, in order to ride up to the Esquiline, the driver stopped terrified, and drew in his reins, and pointed out to his mistress the body of the murdered Servius lying on the ground. On this occasion a revolting and inhuman crime is said to have been committed, and the place bears record of it. They call it the Wicked Street, where Tullia, frantic and urged on by the avenging furies of her sister and husband, is said to have driven her chariot over her father's body, and to have carried a portion of the blood of her murdered father on her blood-stained chariot, herself also defiled and sprinkled with it, to her own and her husband's household gods, through whose vengeance results corresponding with the evil beginning of the reign were soon destined to follow. Servius Tullius reigned forty-four years in such a manner that it was no easy task even for a good and moderate successor to compete with him. However, this also has proved an additional source of renown to him, that together with him perished all just and legitimate reigns. This same authority, so mild and so moderate, because it was vested in one man, some say that he nevertheless had intended to resign, had not the wickedness of his family interfered with him as he was forming plans for the liberation of his country.

After this period Lucius Tarquinius began to reign, whose acts procured him the surname of Proud, for he, the son-in-law, refused his father-in-law burial, alleging that even Romulus was not buried after death. He put to death the principal senators, whom he suspected of having favoured the cause of Servius. Then, conscious that the precedent of obtaining the crown by evil means might be borrowed from him and employed against himself, he surrounded his person with a body-guard of armed men, for he had no claim to the kingdom except force, as being one who reigned without either the order of the people or the sanction of the senate. To this was added the fact that, as he reposed no hope in the affection of his citizens, he had to secure his kingdom by terror; and in order to inspire a greater number with this, he carried out the investigation of capital cases solely by himself without assessors, and under that pretext had it in his power to put to death, banish, or fine, not only those who were suspected or hated, but those also from whom he could expect to gain nothing else but plunder. The number of the fathers more particularly being in this manner diminished, he determined to elect none into the senate in their place, that the order might become more contemptible owing to this very reduction in numbers, and that it might feel the less resentment at no business being transacted by it. For he was the first of the kings who violated the custom derived from his predecessors of consulting the senate on all matters, and administered the business of the state by taking counsel with his friends alone. War, peace, treaties, alliances, all these he contracted and dissolved with whomsoever he pleased, without the sanction of the people and senate, entirely on his own responsibility. The nation of the Latins he was particularly anxious to attach to him, so that by foreign influence also he might be more secure among his own subjects; and he contracted ties not only of hospitality but also of marriage with their leading men. On Octavius Mamilius of Tusculum, who was by far the most eminent of those who bore the Latin name, being descended, if we believe tradition, from Ulysses and the goddess Circe, he bestowed his daughter in marriage, and by this match attached to himself many of his kinsmen and friends.

The influence of Tarquin among the chief men of the Latins being now considerable, he issued an order that they should assemble on a certain day at the grove of Ferentina,[1] saying that there were matters of common interest about which he wished to confer with them. They assembled in great numbers at daybreak. Tarquinius himself kept the day indeed, but did not arrive until shortly before sunset. Many matters were there discussed in the meeting throughout the day in various conversations. Turnus Herdonius of Aricia inveighed violently against the absent Tarquin, saying that it was no wonder the surname of Proud was given him at Rome; for so they now called him secretly and in whispers, but still generally. Could anything show more haughtiness than this insolent mockery of the entire Latin nation? After their chiefs had been summoned so great a distance from home, he who had proclaimed the meeting did not attend; assuredly their patience was being tried, in order that, if they submitted to the yoke, he might crush them when at his mercy. For who could fail to see that he was aiming at sovereignty over the Latins? This sovereignty, if his own countrymen had done well in having intrusted it to him, or if it had been intrusted and not seized on by murder, the Latins also ought to intrust to him (and yet not even so, inasmuch as he was a foreigner). But if his own subjects were dissatisfied with him (seeing that they were butchered one after another, driven into exile, and deprived of their property), what better prospects were held out to the Latins? If they listened to him, they would depart thence, each to his own home, and take no more notice of the day of meeting than he who had proclaimed it. When this man, mutinous and full of daring, and one who had obtained influence at home by such methods, was pressing these and other observations to the same effect, Tarquin appeared on the scene. This put an end to his harangue. All turned away from him to salute Tarquin, who, on silence being proclaimed, being advised by those next him to make some excuse for having come so late, said that he had been chosen arbitrator between a father and a son: that, from his anxiety to reconcile them, he had delayed: and, because that duty had taken up that day, that on the morrow he would carry out what he had determined. They say that he did not make even that observation unrebuked by Turnus, who declared that no controversy could be more quickly decided than one between father and son, and that it could be settled in a few words—unless the son submitted to the father, he would be punished.

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[1] At the foot of the Alban Hill. The general councils of the Latins were held here up to the time of their final subjugation.

The Arician withdrew from the meeting, uttering these reproaches against the Roman king. Tarquin, feeling the matter much more sorely than he seemed to, immediately set about planning the death of Turnus, in order to inspire the Latins with the same terror as that with which he had crushed the spirits of his own subjects at home: and because he could not be put to death openly, by virtue of his authority, he accomplished the ruin of this innocent man by bringing a false charge against him. By means of some Aricians of the opposite party, he bribed a servant of Turnus with gold, to allow a great number of swords to be secretly brought into his lodging. When these preparations had been completed in the course of a single night, Tarquin, having summoned the chiefs of the Latins to him a little before day, as if alarmed by some strange occurrence, said that his delay of yesterday, which had been caused as it were by some providential care of the gods, had been the means of preservation to himself and to them; that he had been told that destruction was being plotted by Turnus for him and the chiefs of the Latin peoples, that he alone might obtain the government of the Latins. That he would have attacked them yesterday at the meeting; that the attempt had been deferred, because the person who summoned the meeting was absent, who was the chief object of his attack. That that was the reason of the abuse heaped upon him during his absence, because he had disappointed his hopes by delaying. That he had no doubt that, if the truth were told him, he would come attended by a band of conspirators, at break of day, when the assembly met, ready prepared and armed. That it was reported that a great number of swords had been conveyed to his house. Whether that was true or not, could be known immediately. He requested them to accompany him thence to the house of Turnus. Both the daring temper of Turnus, and his harangue of the previous day, and the delay of Tarquin, rendered the matter suspicious, because it seemed possible that the murder might have been put off in consequence of the latter. They started with minds inclined indeed to believe, yet determined to consider everything else false, unless the swords were found. When they arrived there, Turnus was aroused from sleep, and surrounded by guards: the slaves, who, from affection to their master, were preparing to use force, being secured, and the swords, which had been concealed, drawn out from all corners of the lodging, then indeed there seemed no doubt about the matter: Turnus was loaded with chains, and forthwith a meeting of the Latins was summoned amid great confusion. There, on the swords being exhibited in the midst, such violent hatred arose against him, that, without being allowed a defence, he was put to death in an unusual manner; he was thrown into the basin of the spring of Ferentina, a hurdle was placed over him, and stones being heaped up in it, he was drowned.

Tarquin then recalled the Latins to the meeting, and having applauded them for having inflicted well-merited punishment on Turnus, as one convicted of murder, by his attempt to bring about a change of government, spoke as follows: That he could indeed proceed by a long-established right; because, since all the Latins were sprung from Alba, they were comprehended in that treaty by which, dating from the time of Tullus, the entire Alban nation, with its colonies, had passed under the dominion of Rome. However, for the sake of the interest of all parties, he thought rather that that treaty should be renewed, and that the Latins should rather share in the enjoyment of the prosperity of the Roman people, than be constantly either apprehending or suffering the demolition of their towns and the devastation of their lands, which they had formerly suffered in the reign of Ancus, and afterward in the reign of his own father. The Latins were easily persuaded, though in that treaty the advantage lay on the side of Rome: however, they both saw that the chiefs of the Latin nation sided with and supported the king, and Turnus was a warning example, still fresh in their recollections, of the danger that threatened each individually, if he should make any opposition. Thus the treaty was renewed, and notice was given to the young men of the Latins that, according to the treaty, they should attend in considerable numbers in arms, on a certain day, at the grove of Ferentina. And when they assembled from all the states according to the edict of the Roman king, in order that they should have neither a general of their own, nor a separate command, nor standards of their own, he formed mixed companies of Latins and Romans so as out of a pair of companies to make single companies, and out of single companies to make a pair: and when the companies had thus been doubled, he appointed centurions over them.

Nor was Tarquin, though a tyrannical prince in time of peace, an incompetent general in war; nay, he would have equalled his predecessors in that art, had not his degeneracy in other ways likewise detracted from his merit in this respect. He first began the war against the Volsci, which was to last two hundred years after his time, and took Suessa Pometia from them by storm; and when by the sale of the spoils he had realized forty talents of silver, he conceived the idea of building a temple to Jupiter on such a magnificent scale that it should be worthy of the king of gods and men, of the Roman Empire, and of the dignity of the place itself: for the building of this temple he set apart the money realized by the sale of the spoils. Soon after a war claimed his attention, which proved more protracted than he had expected, in which, having in vain attempted to storm Gabii,[1] a city in the neighbourhood, when, after suffering a repulse from the walls, he was deprived also of all hope of taking it by siege, he assailed it by fraud and stratagem, a method by no means natural to the Romans. For when, as if the war had been abandoned, he pretended to be busily engaged in laying the foundations of the temple, and with other works in the city, Sextus, the youngest of his three sons, according to a preconcerted arrangement, fled to Gabii, complaining of the unbearable cruelty of his father toward himself: that his tyranny had now shifted from others against his own family, and that he was also uneasy at the number of his own children, and intended to bring about the same desolation in his own house as he had done in the senate, in order that he might leave behind him no issue, no heir to his kingdom. That for his own part, as he had escaped from the midst of the swords and weapons of his father, he was persuaded he could find no safety anywhere save among the enemies of Lucius Tarquinius: for—let them make no mistake—the war, which it was now pretended had been abandoned, still threatened them, and he would attack them when off their guard on a favourable opportunity. But if there were no refuge for suppliants among them, he would traverse all Latium, and would apply next to the Volscians, Æquans, and Hernicans, until he should come to people who knew how to protect children from the impious and cruel persecutions of parents. That perhaps he would even find some eagerness to take up arms and wage war against this most tyrannical king and his equally savage subjects. As he seemed likely to go further, enraged as he was, if they paid him no regard, he was kindly received by the Gabians. They bade him not be surprised, if one at last behaved in the same manner toward his children as he had done toward his subjects and allies—that he would ultimately vent his rage on himself, if other objects failed him—that his own coming was very acceptable to them, and they believed that in a short time it would come to pass that by his aid the war would be transferred from the gates of Gabii up to the very walls of Rome.

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[1] A few ruins on the Via Prænestina, about nine miles from the Porta Maggiore, mark the site of Gabii. They are on the bank of the drained Lago Castiglione, whence Macaulay's "Gabii of the Pool."—D. O.

Upon this, he was admitted into their public councils, in which, while, with regard to other matters, he declared himself willing to submit to the judgment of the elders of Gabii, who were better acquainted with them, yet he every now and again advised them to renew the war, claiming for himself superior knowledge in this, on the ground of being well acquainted with the strength of both nations, and also because he knew that the king's pride, which even his own children had been unable to endure, had become decidedly hateful to his subjects. As he thus by degrees stirred up the nobles of the

Gabians to renew the war, and himself accompanied the most active of their youth on plundering parties and expeditions, and unreasonable credit was increasingly given to all his words and actions, framed as they were with the object of deceiving, he was at last chosen general-in-chief in the war. In the course of this war when—the people being still ignorant of what was going on—trifling skirmishes with the Romans took place, in which the Gabians generally had the advantage, then all the Gabians, from the highest to the lowest, were eager to believe that Sextus Tarquinius had been sent to them as their general, by the favour of the gods. By exposing himself equally with the soldiers to fatigues and dangers, and by his generosity in bestowing the plunder, he became so loved by the soldiers, that his father Tarquin had not greater power at Rome than his son at Gabii. Accordingly, when he saw he had sufficient strength collected to support him in any undertaking, he sent one of his confidants to his father at Rome to inquire what he wished him to do, seeing the gods had granted him to be all-powerful at Gabii. To this courier no answer by word of mouth was given, because, I suppose, he appeared of questionable fidelity. The king went into a garden of the palace, as if in deep thought, followed by his son's messenger; walking there for some time without uttering a word, he is said to have struck off the heads of the tallest poppies with his staff.[1] The messenger, wearied with asking and waiting for an answer, returned to Gabii apparently without having accomplished his object, and told what he had himself said and seen, adding that Tarquin, either through passion, aversion to him, or his innate pride, had not uttered a single word. As soon as it was clear to Sextus what his father wished, and what conduct he enjoined by those intimations without words, he put to death the most eminent men of the city, some by accusing them before the people, as well as others, who from their own personal unpopularity were liable to attack. Many were executed publicly, and some, in whose case impeachment was likely to prove less plausible, were secretly assassinated. Some who wished to go into voluntary exile were allowed to do so, others were banished, and their estates, as well as the estates of those who were put to death, publicly divided in their absence. Out of these largesses and plunder were distributed; and by the sweets of private gain the sense of public calamities became extinguished, till the state of Gabii, destitute of counsel and assistance, surrendered itself without a struggle into the power of the Roman king.

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[1] This message without words is the same as that which, according to Herodotus, was sent by Thrasybulus of Miletus to Periander of Corinth. The trick by which Sextus gained the confidence of the people of Gabii is also related by him of Zopyrus and Darius.

Tarquin, having thus gained possession of Gabii, made peace with the nation of the Æqui, and renewed the treaty with the Etruscans. He next turned his attention to the affairs of the city. The chief of these was that of leaving behind him the Temple of Jupiter on the Tarpeian[1] Mount, as a monument of his name and reign; to remind posterity that of two Tarquinii, both kings, the father had vowed, the son completed it. Further, that the open space, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship, might be entirely appropriated to Jupiter and his temple, which was to be erected upon it, he resolved to cancel the inauguration of the small temples and chapels, several of which had been first vowed by King Tatius, in the crisis of the battle against Romulus, and afterward consecrated and dedicated by him. At the very outset of the foundation of this work it is said that the gods exerted their divinity to declare the future greatness of so mighty an empire; for, though the birds declared for the unhallowing of all the other chapels, they did not declare themselves in favour of it in the case of that of Terminus.[2] This omen and augury were taken to import that the fact of Terminus not changing his residence, and that he was the only one of the gods who was not called out of the consecrated bounds devoted to his worship, was a presage of the lasting stability of the state in general. This being accepted as an omen of its lasting character, there followed another prodigy portending the greatness of the empire. It was reported that the head of a man, with the face entire, was found by the workmen when digging the foundation of the temple. The sight of this phenomenon by no doubtful indications portended that this temple should be the seat of empire, and the capital of the world; and so declared the soothsayers, both those who were in the city, and those whom they had summoned from Etruria, to consult on this subject. The king's mind was thereby encouraged to greater expense; in consequence of which the spoils of Pometia, which had been destined to complete the work, scarcely sufficed for laying the foundation. On this account I am more inclined to believe Fabius (not to mention his being the more ancient authority), that there were only forty talents, than Piso, who says that forty thousand pounds of silver by weight were set apart for that purpose, a sum of money neither to be expected from the spoils of any one city in those times, and one that would more than suffice for the foundations of any building, even the magnificent buildings of the present day.

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[1] The name "Tarpeian," as given from the Tarpeia, whose story is told above, was generally confined to the rock or precipice from which traitors were thrown. Its exact location on the Capitoline Hill does not seem positively determined; in fact, most of the sites on this hill have been subjects of considerable dispute.—D. O.

[2] The god of boundaries. His action seems quite in keeping with his office.—D. O.

Tarquin, intent upon the completion of the temple, having sent for workmen from all parts of Etruria, employed on it not only the public money, but also workmen from the people; and when this labour, in itself no inconsiderable one, was added to their military service, still the people murmured less at building the temples of the gods with their own hands, than at being transferred, as they afterward were, to other works, which, while less dignified, required considerably greater toil; such were the erection of benches in the circus, and conducting underground the principal sewer,[1] the receptacle of all the filth of the city; two works the like of which even modern splendour has scarcely been able to produce. After the people had been employed in these works, because he both considered that such a number of inhabitants was a burden to the city where there was no employment for them, and further, was anxious that the frontiers of the empire should be more extensively occupied by sending colonists, he sent colonists to Signia[2] and Circeii,[3] to serve as defensive outposts hereafter to the city on land and sea. While he was thus employed a frightful prodigy appeared to him. A serpent gliding out of a wooden pillar, after causing dismay and flight in the palace, not so much struck the king's heart with sudden terror, as it filled him with anxious solicitude. Accordingly, since Etruscan soothsayers were only employed for public prodigies, terrified at this so to say private apparition, he determined to send to the oracle of Delphi, the most celebrated in the world; and not venturing to intrust the responses of the oracle to any other person, he despatched his two sons to Greece through lands unknown at that time, and yet more unknown seas. Titus and Arruns were the two who set out. They were accompanied by Lucius Junius Brutus, the son of Tarquinia, the king's sister, a youth of an entirely different cast of mind from that of which he had assumed the disguise. He, having heard that the chief men of the city, among them his own brother, had been put to death by his uncle, resolved to leave nothing in regard to his ability that might be dreaded by the king, nor anything in his fortune that might be coveted, and thus to be secure in the contempt in which he was held, seeing that there was but little protection in justice. Therefore, having designedly fashioned himself to the semblance of foolishness, and allowing himself and his whole estate to become the prey of the king, he did not refuse to take even the surname of Brutus,[1] that, under the cloak of this surname, the genius that was to be the future liberator of the Roman people, lying concealed, might bide its opportunity. He, in reality being brought to Delphi by the Tarquinii rather as an object of ridicule than as a companion, is said to have borne with him as an offering to Apollo a golden rod, inclosed in a staff of cornel-wood hollowed out for the purpose, a mystical emblem of his own mind. When they arrived there, and had executed their father's commission, the young men's minds were seized with the desire of inquiring to which of them the sovereignty of Rome should fall. They say that the reply was uttered from the inmost recesses of the cave, "Young men, whichever of you shall first kiss his mother shall enjoy the sovereign power at Rome." The Tarquinii ordered the matter to be kept secret with the utmost care, that Sextus, who had been left behind at Rome, might be ignorant of the response of the oracle, and have no share in the kingdom; they then cast lots among themselves, to decide which of them should first kiss his mother, after they had returned to Rome. Brutus, thinking that the Pythian response had another meaning, as if he had stumbled and fallen, touched the ground with his lips, she being, forsooth, the common mother of all mankind. After this they returned to Rome, where preparations were being made with the greatest vigour for a war against the Rutulians.

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[1] The Cloaca Maxima, upon which Rome still relies for much of her drainage, is more generally attributed to Tarquinius Priscus.—D. O.

[2] The modern Segni, upward of thirty miles from Rome, on the Rome-Naples line.—D. O.

[3] On the coast, near Terracina. The Promontoria Circeo is the traditional site of the palace and grave of Circe, whose story is told in the Odyssey.—D. O.

The Rutulians, a very wealthy nation, considering the country and age in which they lived, were at that time in possession of Ardea.[2] Their wealth was itself the actual occasion of the war: for the Roman king, whose resources had been drained by the magnificence of his public works, was desirous both of enriching himself, and also of soothing the minds of his subjects by a large present of booty, as they, independently of the other instances of his tyranny, were incensed against his government, because they felt indignant that they had been kept so long employed by the king as mechanics, and in labour only fit for slaves. An attempt was made, to see if Ardea could be taken at the first assault; when that proved unsuccessful, the enemy began to be distressed by a blockade, and by siege-works. In the standing camp, as usually happens when a war is tedious rather than severe, furloughs were easily obtained, more so by the officers, however, than the common soldiers. The young princes also sometimes spent their leisure hours in feasting and mutual entertainments. One day as they were drinking in the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, where Collatinus Tarquinius, the son of Egerius, was also at supper, they fell to talking about their wives. Every one commended his own extravagantly: a dispute thereupon arising, Collatinus said there was no occasion for words, that it might be known in a few hours how far his wife Lucretia excelled all the rest. "If, then," added he, "we have any youthful vigour, why should we not mount our horses and in person examine the behaviour of our wives? let that be the surest proof to every one, which shall meet his eyes on the unexpected arrival of the husband." They were heated with wine. "Come on, then," cried all. They immediately galloped to Rome, where they arrived when darkness was beginning to fall. From thence they proceeded to Collatia,[1] where they found Lucretia, not after the manner of the king's daughters-in-law, whom they had seen spending their time in luxurious banqueting with their companions, but, although the night was far advanced, employed at her wool, sitting in the middle of the house in the midst of her maids who were working around her. The honour of the contest regarding the women rested with Lucretia. Her husband on his arrival, and the Tarquinii, were kindly received; the husband, proud of his victory, gave the young princes a polite invitation. There an evil desire of violating Lucretia by force seized Sextus Tarquinius; both her beauty, and her proved chastity urged him on. Then, after this youthful frolic of the night, they returned to the camp.

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[1] Dullard.—D. O.

[2] In the Pomptine marshes, about twenty miles south of Rome and five from the coast.—D. O.

After an interval of a few days, Sextus Tarquinius, without the knowledge of Collatinus, came to Collatia with one attendant only: there he was made welcome by them, as they had no suspicion of his design, and, having been conducted after supper into the guest chamber, burning with passion, when all around seemed sufficiently secure, and all fast asleep, he came to the bedside of Lucretia, as she lay asleep, with a drawn sword, and with his left hand pressing down the woman's breast, said: " Be silent, Lucretia; I am Sextus Tarquinius. I have a sword in my hand. You shall die if you utter a word." When the woman, awaking terrified from sleep, saw there was no help, and that impending death was nigh at hand, then Tarquin declared his passion, entreated, mixed threats with entreaties, tried all means to influence the woman's mind. When he saw she was resolved, and uninfluenced even by the fear of death, to the fear of death he added the fear of dishonour, declaring that he would lay a murdered slave naked by her side when dead, so that it should be said that she had been slain in base adultery. When by the terror of this disgrace his lust (as it were victorious) had overcome her inflexible chastity, and Tarquin had departed, exulting in having triumphed over a woman's honour by force, Lucretia, in melancholy distress at so dreadful a misfortune, despatched one and the same messenger both to her father at Rome, and to her husband at Ardea, bidding them come each with a trusty friend; that they must do so, and use despatch, for a monstrous deed had been wrought. Spurius Lucretius came accompanied by Publius Valerius, the son of Volesus, Collatinus with Lucius Junius Brutus, in company with whom, as he was returning to Rome, he happened to be met by his wife's messenger. They found Lucretia sitting in her chamber in sorrowful dejection. On the arrival of her friends the tears burst from her eyes; and on her husband inquiring, whether all was well, " By no means," she replied, " for how can it be well with a woman who has lost her honour? The traces of another man are on your bed, Collatinus. But the body only has been violated, the mind is guiltless; death shall be my witness. But give me your right hands, and your word of honour, that the adulterer shall not come off unpunished. It is Sextus Tarquinius, who, an enemy last night in the guise of a guest, has borne hence by force of arms, a triumph destructive to me, and one that will prove so to himself also, if you be men." All gave their word in succession; they attempted to console her, grieved in heart as she was, by turning the guilt of the act from her, constrained as she had been by force, upon the perpetrator of the crime, declaring that it is the mind sins, not the body; and that where there is no intention, there is no guilt. " It is for you to see," said she, "what is due to him. As for me, though I acquit myself of guilt, I do not discharge myself from punishment; nor shall any woman survive her dishonour by pleading the example of Lucretia." She plunged a knife, which she kept concealed beneath her garment, into her heart, and falling forward on the wound, dropped down expiring. Her husband and father shrieked aloud.

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[1] Its site, about nine miles from Rome, on the road to Tivoli, is now known as Lunghezza.—D. O.

While they were overwhelmed with grief, Brutus drew the knife out of the wound, and, holding it up before him reeking with blood, said: "By this blood, most pure before the outrage of a prince, I swear, and I call you, O gods, to witness my oath, that I will henceforth pursue Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, his wicked wife, and all their children, with fire, sword, and all other violent means in my power; nor will I ever suffer them or any other to reign at Rome." Then he gave the knife to Collatinus, and after him to Lucretius and Valerius, who were amazed at such an extraordinary occurrence, and could not understand the newly developed character of Brutus. However, they all took the oath as they were directed, and, their sorrow being completely changed to wrath, followed the lead of Brutus, who from that time ceased not to call upon them to abolish the regal power. They carried forth the body of Lucretia from her house, and conveyed it to the forum, where they caused a number of persons to assemble, as generally happens, by reason of the unheard-of and atrocious nature of an extraordinary occurrence. They complained, each for himself, of the royal villainy and violence. Both the grief of the father affected them, and also Brutus, who reproved their tears and unavailing complaints, and advised them to take up arms, as became men and Romans, against those who dared to treat them like enemies. All the most spirited youths voluntarily presented themselves in arms; the rest of the young men followed also. From thence, after an adequate garrison had been left at the gates at Collatia, and sentinels appointed, to prevent any one giving intelligence of the disturbance to the royal party, the rest set out for Rome in arms under the conduct of Brutus. When they arrived there, the armed multitude caused panic and confusion wherever they went. Again, when they saw the principal men of the state placing themselves at their head, they thought that, whatever it might be, it was not without good reason. Nor did the heinousness of the event excite less violent emotions at Rome than it had done at Collatia: accordingly, they ran from all parts of the city into the forum, and, as soon as they came thither, the public crier summoned them to attend the tribune of the celeres,[1] with which office Brutus happened to be at the time invested. There a harangue was delivered by him, by no means of the style and character which had been counterfeited by him up to that day, concerning the violence and lust of Sextus Tarquinius, the horrid violation of Lucretia and her lamentable death, the bereavement of Tricipitinus,[2] in whose eyes the cause of his daughter's death was more shameful and deplorable than that death itself. To this was added the haughty insolence of the king himself, and the sufferings and toils of the people, buried in the earth in the task of cleansing ditches and sewers: he declared that Romans, the conquerors of all the surrounding states, instead of warriors had become labourers and stonecutters. The unnatural murder of King Servius Tullius was recalled, and the fact of his daughter having driven over the body of her father in her impious chariot, and the gods who avenge parents were invoked by him. By stating these and, I believe, other facts still more shocking, which, though by no means easy to be detailed by writers, the then heinous state of things suggested, he so worked upon the already incensed multitude, that they deprived the king of his authority, and ordered the banishment of Lucius Tarquinius with his wife and children. He himself, having selected and armed some of the younger men, who gave in their names as volunteers, set out for the camp at Ardea to rouse the army against the king: the command in the city he left to Lucretius, who had been already appointed prefect of the city by the king. During this tumult Tullia fled from her house, both men and women cursing her wherever she went, and invoking upon her the wrath of the furies, the avengers of parents.

News of these transactions having reached the camp, when the king, alarmed at this sudden revolution, was proceeding to Rome to quell the disturbances, Brutus—for he had had notice of his approach—turned aside, to avoid meeting him; and much about the same time Brutus and Tarquinius arrived by different routes, the one at Ardea, the other at Rome. The gates were shut against Tarquin, and sentence of banishment declared against him; the camp welcomed with great joy the deliverer of the city, and the king's sons were expelled. Two of them followed their father, and went into exile to Cære, a city of Etruria, Sextus Tarquinius, who had gone to Gabii, as if to his own kingdom, was slain by the avengers of the old feuds, which he had stirred up against himself by his rapines and murders. Lucius Tarquinius Superbus reigned twenty-five years: the regal form of government lasted, from the building of the city to its deliverance, two hundred and forty-four years. Two consuls, Lucius Junius Brutus and Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, were elected by the prefect of the city at the comitia of centuries, according to the commentaries of Servius Tullius.

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[1] The royal body-guard. See the story of Romulus above.—D. O.

[2] Spurius Lucretius.—D. O.

BOOK II

THE FIRST COMMONWEALTH

THE acts, civil and military, of the Roman people, henceforth free, their annual magistrates, and the sovereignty of the laws, more powerful than that of men, I will now proceed to recount. The haughty insolence of the last king had caused this liberty to be the more welcome: for the former kings reigned in such a manner that they all in succession may be deservedly reckoned founders of those parts at least of the city, which they independently added as new dwelling-places for the population, which had been increased by themselves. Nor is there any doubt that that same Brutus, who gained such renown from the expulsion of King Superbus, would have acted to the greatest injury of the public weal, if, through the desire of liberty before the people were fit for it, he had wrested the kingdom from any of the preceding kings. For what would have been the consequence, if that rabble of shepherds and strangers, runaways from their own peoples, had found, under the protection of an inviolable sanctuary, either freedom, or at least impunity for former offences, and, freed from all dread of regal authority, had begun to be distracted by tribunician storms, and to engage in contests with the fathers in a strange city, before the pledges of wives and children, and affection for the soil itself, to which people become habituated only by length of time, had united their affections? Their condition, not yet matured, would have been destroyed by discord; but the tranquillizing moderation of the government so fostered this condition, and by proper nourishment brought it to such perfection, that, when their strength was now developed, they were able to bring forth the wholesome fruits of liberty. The first beginnings of liberty, however, one may date from this period, rather because the consular authority was made annual, than because of the royal prerogative was in any way curtailed. The first consuls kept all the privileges and outward signs of authority, care only being taken to prevent the terror appearing doubled, should both have the fasces at the same time. Brutus, with the consent of his colleague, was first attended by the fasces, he who proved himself afterward as keen in protecting liberty as he had previously shown himself in asserting it. First of all he bound over the people, jealous of their newly-acquired liberty, by an oath that they would suffer no one to be king in Rome, for fear that later they might be influenced by the importunities or bribes of the royal house. Next, that a full house might give additional strength to the senate, he filled up the number of senators, which had been diminished by the assassinations of Tarquinius, to the full number of three hundred, by electing the principal men of equestrian rank to fill their places: from this is said to have been derived the custom of summoning into the senate both the patres and those who were conscripti. They called those who were elected, conscripti, enrolled, that is, as a new senate. It is surprising how much that contributed to the harmony of the state, and toward uniting the patricians and commons in friendship.

Attention was then paid to religious matters, and, as certain public functions had been regularly performed by the kings in person, to prevent their loss being felt in any particular, they appointed a king of the sacrifices.[1] This office they made subordinate to the pontifex maximus, that the holder might not, if high office were added to the title, prove detrimental to liberty, which was then their principal care. And I do not know but that, by fencing it in on every side to excess, even in the most trivial matters, they exceeded bounds. For, though there was nothing else that gave offence, the name of one of the consuls was an object of dislike to the state. They declared that the Tarquins had been too much habituated to sovereignty; that it had originated with Priscus: that Servius Tullius had reigned next; that Tarquinius Superbus had not even, in spite of the interval that had elapsed, given up all thoughts of the kingdom as being the property of another, which it really was, but thought to regain it by crime and violence, as if it were the heirloom of his family; that, after the expulsion of Superbus, the government was in the hands of Collatinus: that the Tarquins knew not how to live in a private station; that the name pleased them not; that it was dangerous to liberty. Such language, used at first by persons quietly sounding the dispositions of the people, was circulated through the whole state; and the people, now excited by suspicion, were summoned by Brutus to a meeting. There first of all he read aloud the people's oath: that they would neither suffer any one to be king, nor allow any one to live at Rome from whom danger to liberty might arise. He declared that this ought to be maintained with all their might, and that nothing, that had any reference to it, ought to be treated with indifference: that he said this with reluctance, for the sake of the individual; and that he would not have said it, did not his affection for the commonwealth predominate; that the people of Rome did not believe that complete liberty had been recovered; that the regal family, the regal name, was not only in the state but also in power; that that was a stumbling-block, was a hindrance to liberty. "Do you, Lucius Tarquinius," said he, "of your own free will, remove this apprehension. We remember, we own it, you expelled the royal family; complete your services; take hence the royal name; your property your fellow-citizens shall not only hand over to you, by my advice, but, if it is insufficient, they will liberally supply the want. Depart in a spirit of friendship. Relieve the state from a dread which may be only groundless. So firmly are men's minds persuaded that only with the Tarquinian race will kingly power depart hence." Amazement at so extraordinary and sudden an occurrence at first impeded the consul's utterance; then, as he was commencing to speak, the chief men of the state stood around him, and with pressing entreaties urged the same request. The rest of them indeed had less weight with him, but after Spurius Lucretius, superior to all the others in age and high character, who was besides his own father-in-law, began to try various methods, alternately entreating and advising, in order to induce him to allow himself to be prevailed on by the general feeling of the state, the consul, apprehensive that hereafter the same lot might befall him, when his term of office had expired, as well as loss of property and other additional disgrace, resigned his consulship, and removing all his effects to Lavinium, withdrew from the city. Brutus, according to a decree of the senate, proposed to the people, that all who belonged to the family of the Tarquins should be banished from Rome: in the assembly of centuries he elected Publius Valerius, with whose assistance he had expelled the kings, as his colleague.

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[1] The functions of the old priest-king were divided, the political being assigned to the consuls, the duty of sacrificing to the newly-created rex sacrificulus, who was chosen from the patricians: he was, nevertheless, subject to the control of the Pontifex Maximus, by whom he was chosen from several nominees of the college of priests.

Though nobody doubted that a war was impending from the Tarquins, yet it broke out later than was generally expected; however, liberty was well-nigh lost by fraud and treachery, a thing they never apprehended. There were among the Roman youth several young men—and these of no mean rank—who, while the regal government lasted, had enjoyed greater license in their pleasures, being the equals in age, and boon companions of the young Tarquins, and accustomed to live after the fashion of princes. Missing that freedom, now that the privileges of all were equalized,[1] they complained among themselves that the liberty of others had turned out slavery for them: that a king was a human being, from whom one could obtain what one wanted, whether the deed might be an act of justice or of wrong; that there was room for favour and good offices; that he could be angry, and forgive; that he knew the difference between a friend and an enemy; that the laws were a deaf, inexorable thing, more beneficial and advantageous for the poor than for the rich; that they allowed no relaxation or indulgence, if one transgressed due bounds; that it was perilous, amid so many human errors, to have no security for life but innocence. While their minds were already of their own accord thus discontented, ambassadors from the royal family arrived unexpectedly, merely demanding restitution of their personal property, without any mention of their return. After their application had been heard in the senate, the deliberation about it lasted for several days, as they feared that the non-restitution of the property might be made a pretext for war, its restitution a fund and assistance for the same. In the meantime the ambassadors were planning a different scheme: while openly demanding the restoration of property, they secretly concerted measures for recovering the throne, and soliciting them, as if to promote that which appeared to be the object in view, they sounded the minds of the young nobles; to those by whom their proposals were favourably received they gave letters from the Tarquins, and conferred with them about admitting the royal family into the city secretly by night.

The matter was first intrusted to the brothers Vitellii and Aquilii. A sister of the Vitellii was married to Brutus the consul, and the issue of that marriage were the grown-up sons, Titus and Tiberius; they also were admitted by their uncles to share the plot: several young nobles also were taken into their confidence, the recollection of whose names has been lost from lapse of time. In the meantime, as that opinion had prevailed in the senate, which was in favour of the property being restored, the ambassadors made use of this as a pretext for lingering in the city, and the time which they had obtained from the consuls to procure conveyances, in which to remove the effects of the royal family, they spent entirely in consultations with the conspirators, and by persistent entreaties succeeded in getting letters given to them for the Tarquins. Otherwise how could they feel sure that the representations made by the ambassadors on matters of such importance were not false? The letters, given as an intended pledge of their sincerity, caused the plot to be discovered: for when, the day before the ambassadors set out to the Tarquins, they had supped by chance at the house of the Vitellii, and the conspirators had there discoursed much together in private, as was natural, concerning their revolutionary design, one of the slaves, who had already observed what was on foot, overheard their conversation; he waited, however, for the opportunity when the letters should be given to the ambassadors, the detection of which would put the matter beyond a doubt. When he found that they had been given, he laid the whole affair before the consuls. The consuls left their home to seize the ambassadors and conspirators, and quashed the whole affair without any disturbance, particular care being taken of the letters, to prevent their being lost or stolen. The traitors were immediately thrown into prison: some doubt was entertained concerning the treatment of the ambassadors, and though their conduct seemed to justify their being considered as enemies, the law of nations nevertheless prevailed.

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[1] This, of course, applied only to patricians. Plebeians were accounted nobodies.—D. O.

The consideration of the restoration of the king's effects, for which the senate had formerly voted, was laid anew before them. The fathers, overcome by indignation, expressly forbade either their restoration or confiscation. They were given to the people to be rifled, that, having been polluted as it were by participation in the royal plunder, they might lose forever all hopes of a reconciliation with the Tarquins. A field belonging to the latter, which lay between the city and the Tiber, having been consecrated to Mars, was afterward called the Campus Martius. It is said that there was by chance, at that time, a crop of corn upon it ripe for harvest; this produce of the field, as they thought it unlawful to use it, after it had been reaped, a large number of men, sent into the field together, carried in baskets corn and straw together, and threw it into the Tiber, which then was flowing with shallow water, as is usual in the heat of summer; thus the heaps of corn as they stuck in the shallows settled down, covered over with mud; by means of these and other substances carried down to the same spot, which the river brings along hap-hazard, an island[1] was gradually formed. Afterward I believe that substructures were added, and that aid was given by human handicraft, that the surface might be well raised, as it is now, and strong enough besides to bear the weight even of temples and colonnades. After the tyrant's effects had been plundered, the traitors were condemned and punishment inflicted. This punishment was the more noticeable, because the consulship imposed on the father the office of punishing his own children, and to him, who should have been removed even as a spectator, was assigned by fortune the duty of carrying out the punishment. Young men of the highest rank stood bound to the stake; but the consul's sons diverted the eyes of all the spectators from the rest of the criminals, as from persons unknown; and the people felt pity, not so much on account of their punishment, as of the crime by which they had deserved it. That they, in that year above all others, should have brought themselves to betray into the hands of one, who, formerly a haughty tyrant, was now an exasperated exile, their country recently delivered, their father its deliverer, the consulate which took its rise from the Junian family, the fathers, the people, and all the gods and citizens of Rome. The consuls advanced to take their seats, and the lictors were despatched to inflict punishment. The young men were stripped naked, beaten with rods, and their heads struck off with the axe, while all the time the looks and countenance of the father presented a touching spectacle, as his natural feelings displayed themselves during the discharge of his duty in inflicting public punishment. After the punishment of the guilty, that the example might be a striking one in both aspects for the prevention of crime, a sum of money was granted out of the treasury as a reward to the informer: liberty also and the rights of citizenship were conferred upon him. He is said to have been the first person made free by the vindicta; some think that even the term vindicta is derived from him, and that his name was Vindicius.[2] After him it was observed as a rule, that all who were set free in this manner were considered to be admitted to the rights of Roman citizens.

On receiving the announcement of these events as they had occurred, Tarquin, inflamed not only with grief at the annihilation of such great hopes, but also with hatred and resentment, when he saw that the way was blocked against stratagem, considering that war ought to be openly resorted to, went round as a suppliant to the cities of Etruria, imploring above all the Veientines and Tarquinians, not to suffer him, a man sprung from themselves, of the same stock, to perish before their eyes, an exile and in want, together with his grown-up sons, after they had possessed a kingdom recently so flourishing. That others had been invited to Rome from foreign lands to succeed to the throne; that he, a king, while engaged in extending the Roman Empire by arms, had been driven out by his nearest relatives by a villainous conspiracy: that they had seized and divided his kingdom in portions among themselves, because no one individual among them was deemed sufficiently deserving of it: and had given up his effects to the people to pillage, that no one might be without a share in the guilt. That he was desirous of recovering his country and his kingdom, and punishing his ungrateful subjects. Let them bring succour and aid him; let them also avenge the wrongs done to them of old, the frequent slaughter of their legions, the robbery of their land. These arguments prevailed on the people of Veii, and with menaces they loudly declared, each in their own name, that now at least, under the conduct of a Roman general, their former disgrace would be wiped out, and what they had lost in war would be recovered. His name and relationship influenced the people of Tarquinii, for it seemed a high honour that their countrymen should reign at Rome. Accordingly, the armies of these two states followed Tarquin to aid in the recovery of his kingdom, and to take vengeance upon the Romans in war. When they entered Roman territory, the consuls marched to meet the enemy. Valerius led the infantry in a square battalion: Brutus marched in front with the cavalry to reconnoitre. In like manner the enemy's horse formed the van of the army: Arruns Tarquinius, the king's son, was in command: the king himself followed with the legions. Arruns, when he knew at a distance by the lictors that it was a consul, and on drawing nearer more surely discovered that it was Brutus by his face, inflamed with rage, cried out: "Yonder is the man who has driven us into exile from our native country! see how he rides in state adorned with the insignia of our rank! now assist me, ye gods, the avengers of kings." He put spurs to his horse and charged furiously against the consul. Brutus perceived that he was being attacked, and, as it was honourable in those days for the generals to personally engage in battle, he accordingly eagerly offered himself for combat. They charged with such furious animosity, neither of them heedful of protecting his own person, provided he could wound his opponent, that each, pierced through the buckler by his adversary's blow, fell from his horse in the throes of death, still transfixed by the two spears. The engagement between the rest of the horse began at the same time, and soon after the foot came up. There they fought with varying success, and as it were with equal advantage. The right wings of both armies were victorious, the left worsted. The Veientines, accustomed to defeat at the hands of the Roman soldiers, were routed and put to flight. The Tarquinians, who were a new foe, not only stood their ground, but on their side even forced the Romans to give way.

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[1] The insula Tiberina between Rome and the Janiculum.

[2] Vindicta was properly the rod which was laid on the head of a slave by the magistrate who emancipated him, or by one of his attendants: the word is supposed to be derived from vim dicere (to declare authority).

After the engagement had thus been fought, so great a terror seized Tarquinius and the Etruscans, that both armies, the Veientine and Tarquinian, abandoning the attempt as a fruitless one, departed by night to their respective homes. Strange incidents are also reported in the account of this battle—that in the stillness of the next night a loud voice was heard from the Arsian wood;[1] that it was believed to be the voice of Silvanus. That the following words were uttered: that more of the Tuscans by one man had fallen in the fight: that the Romans were victorious in the war. Under these circumstances, the Romans departed thence as conquerors, the Etruscans as practically conquered. For as soon as it was light, and not one of the enemy was to be seen anywhere, Publius Valerius, the consul, collected the spoils, and returned thence in triumph to Rome. He celebrated the funeral of his colleague with all the magnificence possible at the time. But a far greater honour to his death was the public sorrow, especially remarkable in this particular, that the matrons mourned him for a year as a parent, because he had shown himself so vigorous an avenger of violated chastity. Afterward, the consul who survived—so changeable are the minds of the people—after enjoying great popularity, encountered not only jealousy, but suspicion, that originated with a monstrous charge. Report represented that he was aspiring to kingly power, because he had not substituted a colleague in the room of Brutus, and was building on the top of Mount Velia:[2] that an impregnable stronghold was being erected there in an elevated and well-fortified position. These reports, widely circulated and believed, disquieted the consul's mind at the unworthiness of the charge; and, having summoned the people to an assembly, he mounted the platform, after lowering the fasces. It

[1] Near the Janiculum, between the Via Aurelia and the Via Claudia.

[2] A summit of the Palatine.—D. O.

was a pleasing sight to the multitude that the insignia of authority were lowered before them, and that acknowledgment was made, that the dignity and power of the people were greater than that of the consul. Then, after they had been bidden to listen, the consul highly extolled the good fortune of his colleague, in that, after having delivered his country, he had died while still invested with the highest rank, fighting in defence of the commonwealth, when his glory was at its height, and had not yet turned to jealousy. He himself (said he) had outlived his glory, and only survived to incur accusation and odium: that, from being the liberator of his country, he had fallen back to the level of the Aquilii and Vitellii. "Will no merit then," said he, "ever be so approved in your eyes as to be exempt from the attacks of suspicion? Was I to apprehend that I, that bitterest enemy of kings, should myself have to submit to the charge of desiring kingly power? Was I to believe that, even though I should dwell in the citadel and the Capitol itself, I should be dreaded by my fellow-citizens? Does my character among you depend on so mere a trifle? Does your confidence in me rest on such slight foundations, that it matters more where I am than what I am? The house of Publius Valerius shall not stand in the way of your liberty, Quirites; the Velian Mount shall be secure to you. I will not only bring down my house into the plain, but will build it beneath the hill, that you may dwell above me, the suspected citizen. Let those build on the Velian Mount, to whom liberty can be more safely intrusted than to Publius Valerius." Immediately all the materials were brought down to the foot of the Velian Mount, and the house was built at the foot of the hill, where the Temple of Vica Pota[1] now stands.

After this laws were proposed by the consul, such as not only freed him from all suspicion of aiming at regal power, but had so contrary a tendency, that they even made him popular. At this time he was surnamed Publicola. Above all, the laws regarding an appeal to the people against the magistrates, and declaring accursed the life and property of any one who should have formed the design of seizing regal authority,[2] were welcome to the people. Having passed these laws while sole consul, so that the merit of them might be exclusively his own, he then held an assembly for the election of a new colleague. Spurius Lucretius was elected consul, who, owing to his great age, and his strength being inadequate to discharge the consular duties, died within a few days. Marcus Horatius Pulvillus was chosen in the room of Lucretius. In some ancient authorities I find no mention of Lucretius as consul; they place Horatius immediately after Brutus. My own belief is that, because no important event signalized his consulate, all record of it has been lost. The Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol had not yet been dedicated; the consuls Valerius and Horatius cast lots which should dedicate it. The duty fell by lot to Horatius. Publicola departed to conduct the war against the Veientines. The friends of Valerius were more annoyed than the circumstances demanded, that the dedication of so celebrated a temple was given to Horatius. Having endeavoured by every means to prevent it, when all other attempts had been tried and failed, at the moment when the consul was holding the door-post during his offering of prayer to the gods, they suddenly announced to him the startling intelligence that his son was dead, and that, while his family was polluted by death, he could not dedicate the temple. Whether he did not believe that it was true, or whether he possessed such great strength of mind, is neither handed down for certain, nor is it easy to decide. On receiving the news, holding the door-post, without turning off his attention in any other way from the business he was engaged in, save that he ordered the body to be carried out for burial, he completed the form of prayer, and dedicated the temple. Such were the transactions at home and abroad during the first year after the expulsion of the kings. After this Publius Valerius, for the second time, and Titus Lucretius were elected consuls.

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[1] The goddess of victory [vi(n)co-pot(is)].

[2] Practically a sentence of combined excommunication and outlawry. —D. O.

By this time the Tarquins had fled to Lars Porsina, King of Clusium. There, mingling advice with entreaties, they now besought him not to suffer them, who were descended from the Etruscans, and of the same stock and name, to live in exile and poverty; now advised him also not to let the rising practice of expelling kings pass unpunished. Liberty in itself had charms enough; and, unless kings defended their thrones with as much vigour as the people strove for liberty, the highest was put on a level with the lowest; there would be nothing exalted in states, nothing to be distinguished above the rest; that the end of regal government, the most beautiful institution both among gods and men, was close at hand. Porsina, thinking it a great honour to the Tuscans both that there should be a king at Rome, and that one belonging to the Etruscan nation, marched toward Rome with a hostile army. Never before on any other occasion did such terror seize the senate; so powerful was the state of Clusium[1] at that time, and so great the renown of Porsina. Nor did they dread their enemies only, but even their own citizens, lest the common people of Rome, smitten with fear, should, by receiving the Tarquins into the city, accept peace even at the price of slavery. Many concessions were therefore granted to the people by the senate during that period by way of conciliating them. Their attention, in the first place, was directed to the markets, and persons were sent, some to the country of the Volscians, others to Cumæ, to buy up corn. The privilege of selling salt also was withdrawn from private individuals because it was sold at an exorbitant price, while all the expense fell upon the state:[2] and the people were freed from duties and taxes, inasmuch as the rich, since they were in a position to bear the burden, should contribute them; the poor, they said, paid taxes enough if they brought up their children. This indulgence on the part of the fathers accordingly kept the state so united during their subsequent adversity in time of siege and famine, that the lowest as much as the highest abhorred the name of king; nor did any single individual afterward gain such popularity by intriguing practices, as the whole body of the senate at that time by their excellent government.

On the approach of the enemy, they all withdrew for protection from the country into the city, and protected the city itself with military garrisons. Some parts seemed secured by the walls, others by the Tiber between. The Sublician[3] bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had it not been for one man, Horatius Cocles: in him the protecting spirit of Rome on that day found a defence. He happened to be posted on guard at the bridge: and, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and the enemy pouring down from thence at full speed, and his own party, in confusion, abandoning their arms and ranks, seizing hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared, that their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they crossed the bridge and left it behind them, there would soon be greater numbers of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum; therefore he advised and charged them to break down the bridge, by sword, by fire, or by any violent means whatsoever; that he himself would receive the attack of the enemy as far as resistance could be offered by the person of one man. He then strode to the front entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those whose backs were seen as they gave way before the battle, he struck the enemy with amazement by his surprising boldness as he faced round in arms to engage the foe hand to hand. Two, however, a sense of shame kept back with him, Spurius Larcius and Titus Herminius, both men of high birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. Afterward, as those who were cutting down the bridge called upon them to retire, and only a small portion of it was left, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety. Then, casting his stern eyes threateningly upon all the nobles of the Etruscans, he now challenged them singly, now reproached them all as the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, unmindful of their own freedom, came to attack that of others. For a considerable time they hesitated, looking round one upon another, waiting to begin the fight. A feeling of shame then stirred the army, and raising a shout, they hurled their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they had all stuck in the shield he held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now began to strive to thrust him down from it by their united attack, when the crash of the falling bridge, and at the same time the shout raised by the Romans for joy at having completed their task, checked their assault with sudden consternation. Then Cocles said, "Father Tiberinus, holy one, I pray thee, receive these arms, and this thy soldier, in thy favouring stream." So, in full armour, just as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and, amid showers of darts that fell upon him, swam across unharmed to his comrades, having dared a deed which is likely to obtain more fame than belief with posterity.[1]

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[1] Now Chiusi.

[2] They did not let these salt-works by auction, but took them under their own management, and carried them on by means of persons employed to work on the public account. These salt-works, first established at Ostia by Ancus, were, like other public property, farmed out to the publicans. As they had a high rent to pay, the price of salt was raised in proportion; but now the patricians, to curry favour with the plebeians, did not let the salt-pits to private tenants, but kept them in the hands of public labourers, to collect all the salt for the public use; and appointed salesmen to retail it to the people at a cheaper rate.

[3] Just below the sole remaining pillar of the Pons Æmilius.—D. O.

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[1] Macaulay, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," has made this incident the basis of one of the most stirring poems in the English language. Though familiar to all, it does not seem out of place to quote from his "Horatius" in connection with the story as told by Livy:

"Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.

The state showed itself grateful toward such distinguished valour; a statue of him was erected in the comitium, and as much land was given to him as he could draw a furrow round in one day with a plough. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous in the midst of public honours. For, notwithstanding the great scarcity, each person contributed

'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsina,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

. . . . . .

"'O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

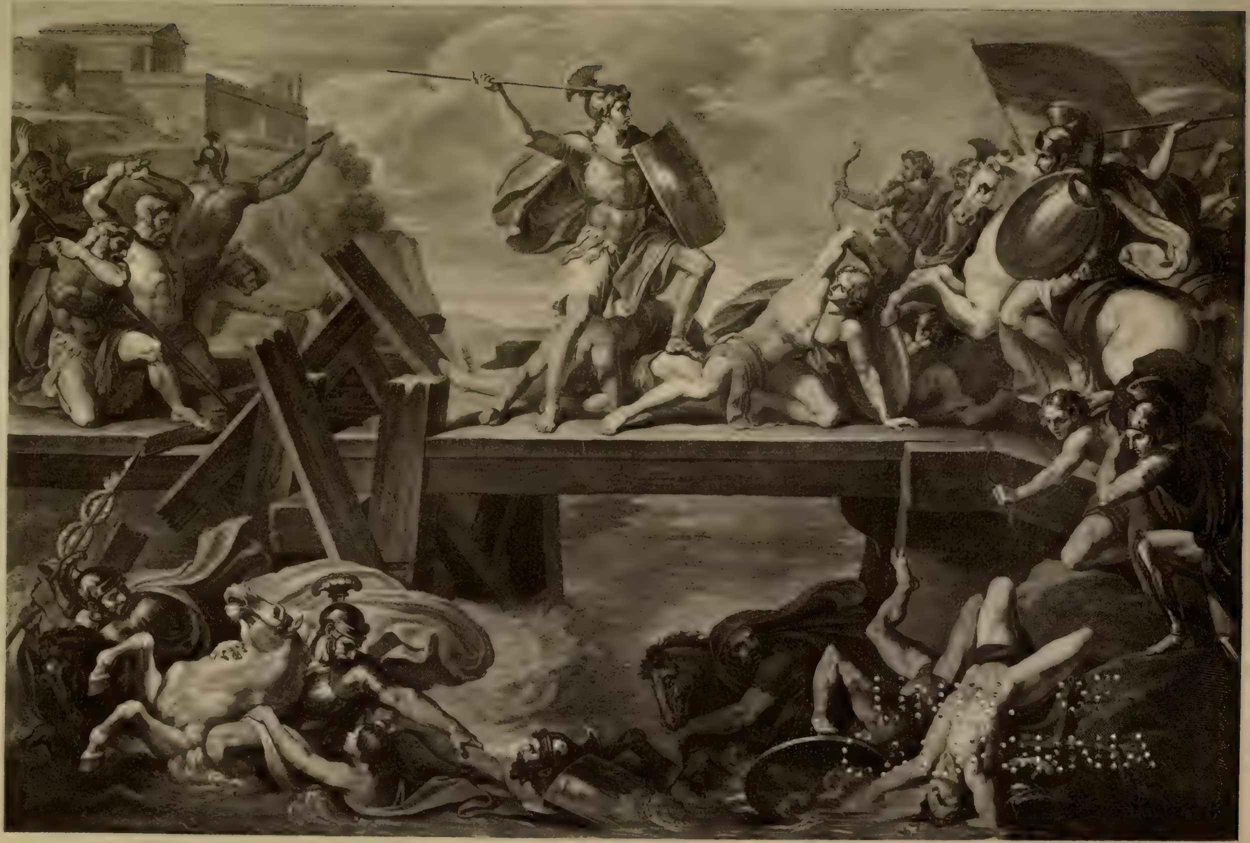
"No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

. . . .

"'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus,
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
We should have sacked the town!'
'Heaven help him!' quoth brave Porsina
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

"And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;



something to him in proportion to his private means, depriving himself of his own means of support.

Porsina, repulsed in his first attempt, having changed his plans to a siege of the city, and a blockade, and pitched his camp in the plain and on the bank of the Tiber, placed a garrison in the Janiculum. Then, sending for boats from all parts, both to guard the river, so as to prevent any provisions being conveyed up stream to Rome, and also that his soldiers might get across to plunder in different places as opportunity offered, in a short time he so harassed all the country round Rome, that not only was everything else conveyed out of the country, but even the cattle were driven into the city, and nobody ventured to drive them without the gates. This liberty of action was granted to the Etruscans, not more from fear than from design: for the consul Valerius, eager for an opportunity of falling unawares upon a number of them together in loose order, careless of taking vengeance in trifling matters, reserved himself as a serious avenger for more important occasions. Accordingly, in order to draw out the pillagers, he ordered a large body of his men to drive out their cattle the next day by the Esquiline gate, which was farthest from the enemy, thinking that they would get intelligence of it, because during the blockade and scarcity of provisions some of the slaves would turn traitors and desert. And in fact they did learn by the information of a deserter, and parties far more numerous than usual crossed the river in the hope of seizing all the booty at once. Then Publius Valerius commanded Titus Herminius, with a small force, to lie in ambush at the second milestone on the road to Gabii, and Spurius Larcius, with a party of light-armed youths, to post himself at the Colline gate while the enemy was passing by, and then to throw himself in their way to cut off their return to the river. The other consul, Titus Lucretius, marched out of the Nævian

And now with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

. . . .

"When the goodman mends his armour,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old."

gate with some companies of soldiers, while Valerius himself led some chosen cohorts down from the Cœlian Mount. These were the first who were seen by the enemy. Herminius, when he perceived the alarm, rushed from his ambush and fell upon the rear of the Etruscans, who had turned against Valerius. The shout was returned on the right and left, from the Colline gate on the one side and the Nævian on the other. Thus the plunderers were put to the sword between both, being neither their match in strength for fighting, and all the ways being blocked up to prevent escape: this put an end to the disorderly raids of the Etruscans.

The blockade, however, was carried on none the less, and corn was both scarce and very dear. Porsina still entertained the hope that, by continuing the blockade, he would be able to reduce the city, when Gaius Mucius, a young noble, who considered it a disgrace that the Roman people, who, even when in a state of slavery, while under the kings, had never been confined within their walls during any war, or blockaded by any enemy, should now, when a free people, be blockaded by these very Etruscans whose armies they had often routed—and thinking that such disgrace ought to be avenged by some great and daring deed, at first designed on his own responsibility to make his way into the enemy's camp. Then, being afraid that, if he went without the permission of the consuls, and unknown to all, he might perhaps be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter, since the circumstances of the city at the time rendered such a charge credible, he approached the senate. "Fathers," said he, "I desire to cross the Tiber, and enter the enemy's camp, if I may be able, not as a plunderer, nor as an avenger to exact retribution for their devastations: a greater deed is in my mind, if the gods assist." The senate approved. He set out with a dagger concealed under his garment. When he reached the camp, he stationed himself where the crowd was thickest, near the king's tribunal. There, as the soldiers happened to be receiving their pay, and the king's secretary, sitting by him, similarly attired, was busily engaged, and generally addressed by the soldiers, he killed the secretary, against whom chance blindly directed the blow, instead of the king, being afraid to ask which of the two was Porsina, lest, by displaying his ignorance of the king, he should disclose who he himself was. As he was moving off in the direction where with his bloody dagger he had made a way for himself through the dismayed multitude, the crowd ran up on hearing the noise, and he was immediately seized and brought back by the king's guards: being set before the king's tribunal, even then, amid the perilous fortune that threatened him, more capable of inspiring dread than of feeling it, "I am," said he, "a Roman citizen; men call me Gaius Mucius; an enemy, I wished to slay an enemy, nor have I less courage to suffer death than I had to inflict it. Both to do and to suffer bravely is a Roman's part. Nor have I alone harboured such feelings toward you; there follows after me a long succession of aspirants to the same honour. Therefore, if you choose, prepare yourself for this peril, to be in danger of your life from hour to hour: to find the sword and the enemy at the very entrance of your tent: such is the war we, the youth of Rome, declare against you; dread not an army in the field, nor a battle; you will have to contend alone and with each of us one by one." When the king, furious with rage, and at the same time terrified at the danger, threateningly commanded fires to be kindled about him, if he did not speedily disclose the plots, at which in his threats he had darkly hinted, Mucius said, "See here, that you may understand of how little account the body is to those who have great glory in view"; and immediately thrust his right hand into the fire that was lighted for sacrifice. When he allowed it to burn as if his spirit were quite insensible to any feeling of pain, the king, well-nigh astounded at this surprising sight, leaped from his seat and commanded the young man to be removed from the altar. "Depart," said he, "thou who hast acted more like an enemy toward thyself than toward me. I would bid thee go on and prosper in thy valour, if that valour were on the side of my country. I now dismiss thee unharmed and unhurt, exempt from the right of war." Then Mucius, as if in return for the kindness, said: "Since bravery is held in honour with you, that you may obtain from me by your kindness that which you could not obtain by threats, know that we are three hundred, the chief of the Roman youth, who have conspired to attack you in this manner. The lot fell upon me first. The rest will be with you each in his turn, according to the fortune that shall befall me who drew the first lot, until fortune on some favourable opportunity shall have delivered you into their hands."

Mucius, to whom the surname of Scævola[1] was afterward given from the loss of his right hand, was let go and ambassadors from Porsina followed him to Rome. The danger of the first attempt, in which nothing had protected him but the mistake of his secret assailant, and the thought of the risk of life he would have to run so often in proportion to the number of surviving conspirators that remained, made so strong an impression upon him that of his own accord he offered terms of peace to the Romans. In these terms the restoration of the Tarquins to the throne was proposed and discussed without success, rather because he felt he could not refuse that to the Tarquins, than from ignorance that it would be refused him by the Romans. In regard to the restoration of territory to the Veientines his request was granted, and the obligation of giving hostages, if they wished the garrison to be withdrawn from the Janiculum, was extorted from the Romans. Peace being concluded on these terms, Porsina led his troops down from the Janiculum, and withdrew from Roman territory. The fathers bestowed upon Gaius Mucius, in reward for his valour, some land on the other side of the Tiber, which was afterward called the Mucian meadows. By this honour paid to valour women also were roused to deeds that brought glory to the state. Among others, a young woman named Clœlia, one of the hostages, escaped her keepers, and, as the camp of the Etruscans had been pitched not far from the bank of the Tiber, swam over the river, amid the darts of the enemy, at the head of a band of maidens, and brought them all back in safety to their relations at Rome. When news of this was brought to the king, at first, furious with rage, he sent deputies to Rome to demand the hostage Clœlia, saying that he did not set great store by the rest: afterward, his feelings being changed to admiration, he said that this deed surpassed those of men like Cocles and Mucius, and further declared that, as he would consider the treaty broken if the hostage were not delivered up, so, if she were given up, he would send her back unharmed and unhurt to her friends. Both sides kept faith: the Romans restored their pledge of peace according to treaty: and with the Etruscan king valour found not only security, but also honour; and, after praising the maiden, he promised to give her, as a present, half the hostages, allowing her to choose whom she pleased. When they had all been led forth, she is said to have picked out those below the age of puberty, a choice which both reflected honour upon her maiden delicacy, and was one likely to be approved of by consent of the hostages themselves—that those who were of such an age as was most exposed to injury should above all others be delivered from the enemy. Peace being renewed, the Romans rewarded this instance of bravery uncommon in a woman with an uncommon kind of honour: an equestrian statue, which, representing a maiden sitting on horseback, was erected at the top of the Via Sacra.[1]

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[1] Of the left hand.—D. O.

The custom handed down from the ancients, and which has continued down to our times among other usages at public sales, that of selling the goods of King Porsina, is inconsistent with this account of so peaceful a departure of the Etruscan king from the city. The origin of this custom must either have arisen during the war, and not been abandoned in time of peace, or it must have grown from a milder beginning than the form of expression seems, on the face of it, to indicate, of selling the goods as if taken from an enemy. Of the accounts handed down, the most probable is, that Porsina, when retiring from the Janiculum, made a present to the Romans of his camp rich with stores of provisions conveyed from the neighbouring fertile fields of Etruria, as the city was then exhausted owing to the long siege: that then, to prevent its contents being plundered as if it belonged to an enemy when the people were admitted, they were sold, and called the goods of Porsina, the expression rather conveying the idea of a thankworthy gift than an auction of the king's property, seeing that this never even came into the power of the Roman people. Porsina, having abandoned the war against the Romans, that his army might not seem to have been led into those parts to no purpose, sent his son Arruns with part of his forces to besiege Aricia. The unexpected occurrence at first terrified the Aricians: afterward aid, which had been sent for, both from the people of Latium and from Cumæ,[2] inspired such hope that they ventured to try the issue of a pitched battle. At the beginning of the battle the Etruscans attacked so furiously that they routed the Aricians at the first onset. But the Cuman cohorts, employing stratagem against force, moved off a little to one side, and when the enemy were carried beyond them in loose array, they wheeled round and attacked them in the rear. By this means the Etruscans, when on the point of victory, were hemmed in and cut to pieces. A very small number of them, having lost their general, and having no nearer refuge, came to Rome without their arms, in the plight and guise of suppliants. There they were kindly received and distributed in different lodgings. When their wounds had been attended to, some went home and recounted the kind hospitality they had met with. Affection for their hosts and for the city caused many others to remain at Rome: a quarter was assigned them to dwell in, which has ever since been called the Tuscan Street.[1]

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[1] Probably where the Cliva Capitolina begins to ascend the slope of the Capitol.—D. O.

[2] The most ancient of the Greek colonies in Italy. Its ruins are on the coast north of the Promontory of Miseno.—D. O.

Spurius Lucretius and Publius Valerius Publicola were next elected consuls. In that year ambassadors came from Porsina for the last time, to discuss the restoration of Tarquin to the throne. And when answer had been given them, that the senate would send deputies to the king, the most distinguished of that order were forthwith despatched to explain that it was not because the answer could not have been given in a few words—that the royal family would not be received—that select members of the senate had been deputed to him, rather than an answer given to his ambassadors at Rome, but in order that all mention of the matter might be put an end to forever, and that their minds might not be disturbed amid so many mutual acts of kindness on both sides, by his asking what was adverse to the liberty of the Roman people, and by their refusing him (unless they were willing to promote their own destruction) whom they would willingly refuse nothing. That the Roman people were not now under a kingly government, but in the enjoyment of freedom, and were accordingly resolved to open their gates to enemies sooner than to kings. That it was the wish of all, that the end of their city's freedom might also be the end of the city itself. Wherefore, if he wished Rome to be safe, they entreated him to suffer it to be free. The king, overcome by feelings of respect, replied: " Since that is your firm and fixed resolve, I will neither annoy you by importunities, by urging the same request too often to no purpose, nor will I disappoint the Tarquins by holding out hopes of aid, which it is not in my power to give them; whether they have need of peace, or of war, let them go hence and seek another place of exile, that nothing may hinder the peace between us." To kindly words he added deeds still more friendly: he delivered up the remainder of the hostages, and restored to them the land of the Veientines, which had been taken from them by the treaty concluded at the Janiculum. Tarquin, now that all hope of return was cut off, went into exile to Tusculum[2] to his son-in-law Octavius Mamilius. Thus a lasting peace was concluded between Porsina and the Romans.

The next consuls were Marcus Valerius and Publius Postumius. During that year war was carried on successfully against the Sabines; the consuls received the honour of a triumph. Upon this the Sabines made preparations for war on a larger scale. To make head against them, and to prevent any sudden danger arising from Tusculum, from which quarter war, though not openly declared, was suspected, Publius Valerius was created consul a fourth time, and Titus Lucretius a second time. A disturbance that arose among the Sabines between the advocates of war and of peace, transferred considerable strength from them to the Romans. For Attius Clausus, who was afterward called Appius Claudius at Rome, being himself an advocate of peace, when hard pressed by the agitators for war, and being no match for the party, fled from Regillum to Rome, accompanied by a great number of dependents. The rights of citizenship and land on the other side of the Anio were bestowed on them. This settlement was called the old Claudian tribe, and was subsequently increased by the addition of new tribesmen who kept arriving from that district. Appius, being chosen into the senate, was soon after advanced to the rank of the highest in that order. The consuls entered the territories of the Sabines with a hostile army, and when, both by laying waste their country, and afterward by defeating them in battle, they had so weakened the power of the enemy that for a long time there was no reason to dread the renewal of the war in that quarter, they returned to Rome in triumph. The following year, Agrippa Menenius and Publius Postumius being consuls, Publius Valerius, by universal consent the ablest man in Rome, in the arts both of peace and war, died covered with glory, but in such straitened private circumstances that there was not enough to defray the expenses of a public funeral: one was given him at the public charge. The matrons mourned for him as they had done for Brutus. The same year two Latin colonies, Pometia and Cora,[1] revolted to the Auruncans.[2] War was commenced against the Auruncans, and after a large army, which boldly met the consuls as they were entering their frontiers, had been defeated, all the operations of the Auruncan war were concentrated at Pometia. Nor, after the battle was over, did they refrain from slaughter any more than when it was going on: the number of the slain was considerably greater than that of the prisoners, and the latter they put to death indiscriminately. Nor did the wrath of war spare even the hostages, three hundred in

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[1] Leading from the forum to the Velabrum.

[2] It was situated in the Alban Hills about ten miles from Rome, on the site of the modern Frascati.—D. O.

[1] Suessa-Pometia, mentioned in former note. Cora is now Cori.—D. O.

[2] Their home was in Campania.—D. O.

number, whom they had received. This year also the consuls celebrated a triumph at Rome.

The succeeding consuls, Opiter Verginius and Spurius Cassius, first endeavoured to take Pometia by storm, and afterward by means of mantlets[1] and other works. But the Auruncans, stirred up against them more by an irreconcilable hatred than induced by any hopes of success, or by a favourable opportunity, having sallied forth, more of them armed with lighted torches than swords, filled all places with fire and slaughter. Having fired the mantlets, slain and wounded many of the enemy, they almost succeeded in slaying one of the consuls, who had been thrown from his horse and severely wounded: which of them it was, authorities do not mention. Upon this the Romans returned to the city unsuccessful: the consul was taken back with many more wounded, with doubtful hope of his recovery. After a short interval, sufficient for attending to their wounds and recruiting their army, they attacked Pometia with greater fury and increased strength. When, after the mantlets and the other military works had been repaired, the soldiers were on the point of mounting the walls, the town surrendered. Yet, though the town had surrendered, the Auruncans were treated with no less cruelty than if it had been taken by assault: the chief men were beheaded: the rest, who were colonists, were sold by auction, the town was razed, and the land sold. The consuls obtained a triumph more from having violently gratified their[2] resentment than in consequence of the importance of the war thus concluded.

In the following year Postumus Cominius and Titus Larcius were consuls. In that year, during the celebration of the games at Rome, as some courtesans were being carried off by some of the Sabine youth in wanton frolic, a crowd assembled, a quarrel ensued, and almost a battle: and in consequence of this trifling occurrence the whole affair seemed to point to a renewal of hostilities, which inspired even more apprehension than a Latin war. Their fears were further increased, because it was known for certain that thirty different states had already entered into a confederacy against them, at the instigation of Octavius Mamilius. While the state was troubled during the expectation of such important events, the idea of nominating a dictator was mentioned for the first time.

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[1] Wooden roofs covered with earth or wet hides, and rolled forward on wheels for the protection of those engaged in battering or mining the walls.—D. O.

[2] That is, the Romans.

But in what year, or who the consuls were in whom confidence was not reposed, because they belonged to the party of the Tarquins—for that also is reported—or who was elected dictator for the first time, is not satisfactorily established. Among the oldest authorities, however, I find that Titus Larcius was appointed the first dictator, and Spurius Cassius master of the horse. They chose men of consular dignity: so the law, that was passed for the election of a dictator, ordained. For this reason, I am more inclined to believe that Larcius, who was of consular rank, was attached to the consuls as their director and superior, rather than Manius Valerius, the son of Marcus and grandson of Volesus, who had not yet been consul. Moreover, had they intended a dictator to be chosen from that family under any circumstances, they would much rather have chosen his father, Marcus Valerius, a man of consular rank, and of approved merit. On the first creation of the dictator at Rome, when they saw the axes carried before him, great awe came upon the people,[1] so that they became more attentive to obey orders. For neither, as was the case under the consuls, who possessed equal power, could the assistance of one of them be invoked, nor was there any appeal, nor any chance of redress but in attentive submission. The creation of a dictator at Rome also terrified the Sabines, and the more so because they thought he was created on their account. Accordingly, they sent ambassadors to treat concerning peace. To these, when they earnestly entreated the dictator and senate to pardon a youthful offence, the answer was given, that the young men might be forgiven, but not the old, seeing that they were continually stirring up one war after another. Nevertheless they continued to treat about peace, which would have been granted, if the Sabines had brought themselves to make good the expenses incurred during the war, as was demanded. War was proclaimed; a truce, however, with the tacit consent of both parties, preserved peace throughout the year.

Servius Sulpicius and Manius Tullius were consuls the next year: nothing worth mentioning happened. Titus Æbutius and Gaius Vetusius succeeded. In their consulship Fidenæ[2] was besieged, Crustumeria taken, and Præneste[3] revolted from the Latins to the Romans. Nor was the Latin war, which had now been fomenting for several years, any longer deferred. Aulus Postumius the dictator, and Titus Æbutius his master of the horse, setting out with a numerous army of horse and foot, met the enemy's forces at the Lake Regillus,[1] in the territory of Tusculum, and, because it was rumoured that the Tarquins were in the army of the Latins, their rage could not be restrained, so that they immediately came to an engagement. Accordingly, the battle was considerably more severe and fierce than others. For the generals were present not only to direct matters by their instructions, but, exposing their own persons, they met in combat. And there was hardly one of the principal officers of either army who came off unwounded, except the Roman dictator. As Postumius was encouraging his men in the first line, and drawing them up in order, Tarquinius Superbus, though now advanced in years and enfeebled, urged on his horse to attack him: and, being wounded in the side, he was carried off by a party of his men to a place of safety. In like manner, on the other wing, Æbutius, master of the horse, had charged Octavius Mamilius; nor was his approach unobserved by the Etruscan general, who in like manner spurred his horse against him. And such was their impetuosity as they advanced with lances couched, that Æbutius was pierced through the arm and Mamilius run through the breast. The Latins received the latter into their second line; Æbutius, as he was unable to wield his lance with his wounded arm, retired from the battle. The Latin general, no way discouraged by his wound, stirred up the fight: and, because he saw that his own men were disheartened, sent for a company of Roman exiles, commanded by the son of Lucius Tarquinius. This body, inasmuch as they fought with greater fury, owing to the loss of their country, and the seizure of their estates, for a while revived the battle.

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[1] Perhaps because the twenty-four axes of both consuls went to the dictator.—D. O.

[2] On the Tiber, about five miles from Rome. Now Castel-Giubileo.

[3] Now Palestrina.

When the Romans were now beginning to give ground in that quarter, Marcus Valerius, brother of Publicola, having observed young Tarquin boldly parading himself at the head of his exiles, fired besides with the renown of his house, that the family, which had gained glory by having expelled the kings, might also have the glory of destroying them, put spurs to his horse, and with his javelin couched made toward Tarquin. Tarquin retreated before his infuriated foe to a battalion of his own men. As Valerius rode rashly into the line of the exiles, one of them attacked him and ran him sideways through the body, and as the horse was in no way impeded by the wound of his rider, the Roman sank to the ground expiring, with his arms falling over his body. Postumius the dictator, seeing the fall of so distinguished a man, and that the exiles were advancing boldly at a run, and his own men disheartened and giving ground, gave the signal to his own cohort, a chosen body of men which he kept for the defence of his person, to treat every Roman soldier, whom they saw fleeing from the battle, as an enemy. Upon this the Romans, in fear of the danger on both sides, turned from flight and attacked the enemy, and the battle was restored. The dictator's cohort then for the first time engaged in the fight, and with persons and courage unimpaired, fell on the wearied exiles, and cut them to pieces. There another engagement took place between the leading officers. The Latin general, on seeing the cohort of the exiles almost surrounded by the Roman dictator, hurried up some companies of reserves to the front. Titus Herminius, a lieutenant-general, seeing them advancing in a body, and recognising Mamilius, distinguished among them by his armour and dress, encountered the leader of the enemy with violence so much greater than the master of the horse had shown a little before, that at one thrust he ran him through the side and slew him. While stripping the body of his enemy, he himself received a wound with a javelin, and, though brought back to the camp victorious, died while it was being dressed. Then the dictator hurried up to the cavalry, entreating them, as the infantry were tired out, to dismount and take up the fight. They obeyed his orders, dismounted, flew to the front, and, taking the place of the first line, covered themselves with their targets. The infantry immediately recovered their courage when they saw the young nobles sustaining a share of the danger with them, the mode of fighting being now the same for all. Then at length the Latins were beaten back, and their line, disheartened, gave way. The horses were then brought up to the cavalry, that they might pursue the enemy: the infantry likewise followed. Thereupon the dictator, disregarding nothing that held out hope of divine or human aid, is said to have vowed a temple to Castor, and to have promised rewards to the first and second of the soldiers who should enter the enemy's camp. Such was the ardour of the Romans that they took the camp with the same impetuosity wherewith they had routed the enemy in the field. Such was the engagement at the Lake Regillus.[1] The dictator and master of the horse returned to the city in triumph.

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[1] See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome": The Battle of Lake Regillus.

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[1] The details of Macaulay's story in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," that both Castor and Pollux appeared mounted on white horses and, after de-

For the next three years there was neither settled peace nor open war. The consuls were Quintus Clœlius and Titus Larcius: they were succeeded by Aulus Sempronius and Marcus Minucius. During their consulship a temple was dedicated to Saturn, and the Saturnalia[1] appointed to be kept as a day of festival. Then Aulus Postumius and Titus Verginius were chosen consuls. In some authors I find that the battle at the Lake Regillus was not fought till this year, and that Aulus Postumius, because the fidelity of his colleague was suspected, laid down his office, and was thereupon created dictator. Such great mistakes about dates perplex the inquirer, the magistrates being arranged differently in different writers, that one can neither determine the order of succession of the consuls, nor what took place and in what year, by reason of the great antiquity, not only of the facts, but also of the historians. Then Appius Claudius and Publius Servilius were elected consuls. This year was remarkable for the announcement of Tarquin's death. He died at Cumæ, whither he had betaken himself to the tyrant Aristodemus, after the power of the Latins had been broken. The senate and people were elated by this news. But in the case of the senators their satisfaction was too extravagant, for oppression began to be practised by the chief among them upon the people, to whom they had up to that day paid court to the utmost of their power. The same year the colony of Signia, which King Tarquin had sent out, was recruited by filling up the number of the colonists, and a second colony sent out. The tribes at Rome were increased to twenty-one. A temple of Mercury[2] was dedicated on the fifteenth of May.

During the Latin war there had been neither peace nor war with the nation of the Volscians;[3] for both the Volscians had raised auxiliary troops to send to the Latins, and they would have been sent had not despatch been used by the Roman dictator—the reason for such despatch on his part being, that he might not have to contend in one and the same battle with both Latins and Volscians. Resenting this, the consuls marched their army into the Volscian territory; this

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ciding the victory, rode to Rome and announced it, are taken from Dionysius.—D. O.

[1] It took place toward the end of December. Slaves were relieved from their toils, wore their masters' clothes and the pileus or cap of freedom, were granted full freedom of speech, and even waited on by their masters at the banquet.—D. O.

[2] Near the Circus Maximus.

[3] These inhabited for the most part southern Latium between the territories of the Hernicans and the Auruncans.—D. O.

unexpected proceeding alarmed the Volscians, who apprehended no chastisement for the mere intention; without thought of arms, they gave three hundred children of the principal men of Cora and Pometia[1] as hostages. Upon this the legions were withdrawn without an engagement. Not long after the Volscians, freed from their fears, returned to their former frame of mind: they again made secret preparations for war, having taken the Hernicans into an offensive alliance with them. They also sent ambassadors in every direction to stir up Latium. But, on account of the defeat recently sustained at the Lake Regillus, the Latins could scarcely be restrained from offering violence to the ambassadors, through resentment and hatred of any one who advised them to take up arms. The Volscians were seized and brought to Rome. They were there delivered up to the consuls, and information was given that the Volscians and Hernicans[2] were making preparations for war against the Romans. The matter being reported to the senate, it was so gratifying to the senators that they both sent back six thousand prisoners to the Latins, and referred to the new magistrates the matter of the treaty, which had been almost finally refused them. Then indeed the Latins were heartily glad at what they had done: the advisers of peace were held in high esteem. They sent a crown of gold to the Capitol as an offering to Jupiter. Along with the ambassadors and the offering came a great crowd, consisting of the prisoners who had been sent back to their friends. They proceeded to the houses of those persons with whom they had severally been in servitude, and returned thanks for having been generously treated and cared for during their misfortune, and afterward entered into treaties of hospitality. Never at any former time was the Latin nation more closely united to the Roman state, either by public or private ties.

Meanwhile both the Volscian war was threatening, and the state, at variance with itself, was inflamed with internal animosity between the senate and people, chiefly on account of those who had entered into an obligation for debt. They complained loudly that, while fighting abroad for liberty and dominion, they had been imprisoned and cruelly treated at home by their fellow-citizens, and that the liberty of the people was more secure in time of war than of peace, more secure among enemies than among their fellow-citizens. This feeling of discontent, increasing of itself, was still further aggravated by the striking sufferings of an individual. A man advanced in years rushed into the forum with the tokens of his utter misery upon him. His clothes were covered with filth, his personal appearance still more pitiable, pale, and emaciated. In addition, a long beard and hair gave a wild look to his countenance. Notwithstanding his wretched appearance, however, he was recognised, and people said that he had been a centurion, and, compassionating him, recounted other distinctions that he had gained in war: he himself exhibited scars on his breast in front, which bore witness to honourable battles in several places. When they repeatedly inquired the reason of his plight, and wretched appearance, a crowd having now gathered round him almost like a regular assembly, he said, that, while serving in the Sabine war, because he had not only been deprived of the produce of his land in consequence of the depredations of the enemy, but his residence had also been burned down, all his effects pillaged, his cattle driven off, and a tax imposed on him at a time when it pressed most hardly upon him, he had got into debt: that this debt, increased by exorbitant interest, had stripped him first of his father's and grandfather's farm, then of all his other property; lastly that, like a wasting sickness, it had reached his person: that he had been dragged by his creditor, not into servitude, but into a house of correction and a place of torture. He then showed his back disfigured with the marks of recent scourging. At this sight and these words a great uproar arose. The tumult now no longer confined itself to the forum, but spread everywhere through the entire city. The nexi,[1] both those who were imprisoned, and those who were now at liberty, hurried into the streets from all quarters and implored the protection of the Quirites. Nowhere was there lack of volunteers to join the disturbance. They ran in crowds through all the streets, from all points, to the forum with loud shouts. Such of the senators as happened to be in the forum fell in with this mob at great peril to themselves ; and it might not have refrained from actual violence had not the consuls, Publius Servilius and Appius Claudius, hastily interfered to quell the disturbance. The multitude, however, turning toward them, and showing their chains and other marks of wretchedness, said that they deserved all this,[2] mentioning, each of them, in reproachful terms, the military services performed by himself, by one in one place, by another in another. They called upon them with menaces, rather than entreaties, to assemble the senate, and stood round the senate-house in a body, determined themselves to be witnesses and directors of the public resolves. Very few of the senators, whom chance had thrown in the way, were got together by the consuls; fear kept the rest away not only from the senate-house, but even from the forum, and no business could be transacted owing to their small attendance. Then indeed the people began to think they were being tricked, and put off: and that such of the senators as absented themselves did so not through accident or fear, but with the express purpose of obstructing business: that the consuls themselves were shuffling, that their miseries were without doubt held up to ridicule. Matters had now almost come to such a pass that not even the majesty of the consuls could restrain the violence of the people. Wherefore, uncertain whether they would incur greater danger by staying at home, or venturing abroad, they at length came into the senate; but, though the house was now by this time full, not only were the senators unable to agree, but even the consuls themselves. Appius, a man of violent temperament, thought the matter ought to be settled by the authority of the consuls, and that, if one or two were seized, the rest would keep quiet. Servilius, more inclined to moderate remedies, thought that, while their minds were in this state of excitement, they could be bent with greater ease and safety than they could be broken.

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[1] Apparently these cities had been rebuilt.—D. O.

[2] They occupied the valley of the Trerus and the mountainous region of central Latium between the Volscians and Æquans.—D. O.

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[1] The bound (by the law of debt) from nexo, to join or connect.—D. O.

[2] That is, for allowing themselves to suffer it and yet fight for their oppressors.—D. O.

Meanwhile an alarm of a more serious nature presented itself. Some Latin horse came full speed to Rome, with the alarming news that the Volscians were marching with a hostile army to besiege the city. This announcement—so completely had discord split the state into two—affected the senators and people in a far different manner. The people exulted with joy, and said that the gods were coming to take vengeance on the tyranny of the patricians. They encouraged one another not to give in their names,[1] declaring that it was better that all should perish together than that they should perish alone. Let the patricians serve as soldiers, let the patricians take up arms, so that those who reaped the advantages of war should also undergo its dangers. But the senate, dejected and confounded by the double alarm they felt, inspired both by their own countryman and by the enemy, entreated the consul Servilius, whose disposition was more inclined to favour the people, that he would extricate the commonwealth, beset as it was with so great terrors. Then the consul, having dismissed the senate, came forward into the assembly. There he declared that the senate were solicitous that the interests of the people should be consulted: but that alarm for the safety of the whole commonwealth had interrupted their deliberation regarding that portion of the state, which, though indeed the largest portion, was yet only a portion: nor could they, seeing that the enemy were almost at the gates, allow anything to take precedence of the war: nor, even though there should be some respite, was it either to the credit of the people not to have taken up arms in defence of their country unless they first received pay, nor consistent with the dignity of the senators to have adopted measures of relief for the distressed fortunes of their countrymen through fear rather than afterward of their own free will. He then further gave his speech the stamp of sincerity by an edict, by which he ordained that no one should detain a Roman citizen either in chains or in prison, so that he would thereby be deprived of the opportunity of enrolling his name under the consuls, and that no one should either take possession of or sell the goods of any soldier, while on service, or detain his children or grandchildren in custody for debt. On the publication of this edict, both the debtors who were present immediately gave in their names, and crowds of persons, hastening from all quarters of the city from private houses, as their creditors had no right to detain their persons, ran together into the forum, to take the military oath. These made up a considerable body of men, nor did any others exhibit more conspicuous bravery or activity during the Volscian war. The consul led out his forces against the enemy, and pitched his camp at a little distance from them.

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[1] For military service.

The next night the Volscians, relying on the dissension among the Romans, made an attempt on their camp, to see if there were any chance of desertion or treachery during the night. The sentinels on guard perceived them: the army was called up, and, the signals being given, they ran to arms. Thus the attempt of the Volscians was frustrated; the remainder of the night was given up to repose on both sides. The next morning at daybreak the Volscians, having filled the trenches, attacked the rampart. And already the fortifications were being demolished on every side, when the consul, after having delayed a little while for the purpose of testing the feelings of the soldiers, although all from every quarter, and before all the debtors, were crying out for him to give the signal, at length, when their great eagerness became unmistakable, gave the signal for sallying forth, and let out the soldiery impatient for the fight. At the very first onset the enemy were routed; the fugitives were harassed in the rear, as far as the infantry were able to follow them: the cavalry drove them in consternation up to their camp. In a short time the legions having been drawn around it, the camp itself was taken and plundered, since panic had driven the Volscians even from thence also. On the next day the legions were led to Suessa Pometia, whither the enemy had retreated. In a few days the town was taken, and, after being taken, was given up for plunder, whereby the needs of the soldiers were somewhat relieved. The consul led back his victorious army to Rome with the greatest renown to himself. On his departure for Rome, he was met by the deputies of the Ecetrans, a tribe of the Volscians, who were alarmed for the safety of their state after the capture of Pometia. By a decree of the senate peace was granted them, but they were deprived of their land.

Immediately after this the Sabines also frightened the Romans: for it was rather an alarm than a war. News was brought into the city during the night that a Sabine army had advanced as far as the river Anio, plundering the country: that the country houses there were being pillaged and set fire to indiscriminately. Aulus Postumius, who had been dictator in the Latin war, was immediately sent thither with all the cavalry forces. The consul Servilius followed him with a picked body of infantry. The cavalry cut off most of the stragglers; nor did the Sabine legions make any resistance against the battalion of infantry when it came up with them. Tired both by their march and nightly raids, surfeited with eating and drinking in the country houses, a great number of them had scarcely sufficient strength to flee. Thus the Sabine war was heard of and finished in a single night. On the following day, when all were sanguine that peace had been secured in every quarter, ambassadors from the Auruncans presented themselves before the senate, threatening to declare war unless the troops were withdrawn from the Volscian territory. The army of the Auruncans had set out from home at the same time as the ambassadors, and the report that this army had been seen not far from Aricia threw the Romans into such a state of confusion that neither could the senate be consulted in regular form, nor could the Romans, while themselves taking up arms, give a pacific answer to those who were advancing to attack them. They marched to Aricia in hostile array, engaged with the Auruncans not far from that town, and in one battle the war was ended.

After the defeat of the Auruncans, the people of Rome, victorious in so many wars within a few days, were looking to the consul to fulfil his promises, and to the senate to keep their word, when Appius, both from his natural pride, and in order to undermine the credit of his colleague, issued a decree concerning borrowed money in the harshest possible terms. From this time, both those who had been formerly in confinement were delivered up to their creditors, and others also were taken into custody. Whenever this happened to any soldier, he appealed to the other consul. A crowd gathered about Servilius: they threw his promises in his teeth, severally upbraiding him with their services in war, and the scars they had received. They called upon him either to lay the matter before the senate, or, as consul, to assist his fellow-citizens, as commander, his soldiers. These remonstrances affected the consul, but the situation of affairs obliged him to act in a shuffling manner: so completely had not only his colleague, but the whole of the patrician party, enthusiastically taken up the opposite cause. And thus, by playing a middle part, he neither escaped the odium of the people, nor gained the favour of the senators. The patricians looked upon him as wanting in energy and a popularity-hunting consul, the people, as deceitful: and it soon became evident that he had become as unpopular as Appius himself. A dispute had arisen between the consuls, as to which of them should dedicate the Temple of Mercury. The senate referred the matter from themselves to the people, and ordained that, to whichever of them the task of dedication should be intrusted by order of the people, he should preside over the markets, establish a guild of merchants,[1] and perform the ceremonies in presence of the Pontifex Maximus. The people intrusted the dedication of the temple to Marcus Lætorius, a centurion of the first rank, which, as would be clear to all, was done not so much out of respect to a person on whom an office above his rank had been conferred, as to affront the consuls. Upon this one of the consuls particularly, and the senators, were highly incensed: however, the people had gained fresh courage, and proceeded in quite a different manner to what they had at first intended. For when they despaired of redress from the consuls and senate, whenever they saw a debtor led into court, they rushed together from all quarters. Neither could the decree of the consul be heard distinctly for the noise and shouting, nor, when he had pronounced the decree, did any one obey it. Violence was the order of the day, and apprehension and danger in regard to personal liberty was entirely transferred from the debtors to the creditors, who were individually maltreated by the crowd before the very eyes of the consul. In addition, the dread of the Sabine war spread, and when a levy was decreed, nobody gave in his name: Appius was enraged, and bitterly inveighed against the self-seeking conduct of his colleague, in that he, by the inactivity he displayed to win the favour of the people, was betraying the republic, and, besides not having enforced justice in the matter of debt, likewise neglected even to hold a levy, in obedience to the decree of the senate. Yet he declared that the commonwealth was not entirely deserted, nor the consular authority altogether degraded: that he, alone and unaided, would vindicate both his own dignity and that of the senators. When day by day the mob, emboldened by license, stood round him, he commanded a noted ringleader of the seditious outbreaks to be arrested. He, as he was being dragged off by the lictors, appealed to the people; nor would the consul have allowed the appeal, because there was no doubt regarding the decision of the people, had not his obstinacy been with difficulty overcome, rather by the advice and influence of the leading men, than by the clamours of the people; with such a superabundance of courage was he endowed to support the weight of public odium. The evil gained ground daily, not only by open clamours, but, what was far more dangerous, by secession and by secret conferences. At length the consuls, so odious to the commons, resigned office, Servilius liked by neither party, Appius highly esteemed by the senators.

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[1] Known as Mercuriales. Mercury was the patron of merchants.—D. O.

Then Aulus Verginius and Titus Vetusius entered on the consulship. Upon this the commons, uncertain what sort of consuls they were likely to have, held nightly meetings, some of them upon the Esquiline, and others upon the Aventine, lest, when assembled in the forum, they should be thrown into confusion by being obliged to adopt hasty resolutions, and proceed inconsiderately and at hap-hazard. The consuls, judging this proceeding to be of dangerous tendency, as it really was, laid the matter before the senate. But, when it was laid before them, they could not get them to consult upon it regularly; it was received with an uproar on all sides, and by the indignant shouts of the fathers, at the thought that the consuls threw on the senate the odium for that which should have been carried out by consular authority. Assuredly, if there were real magistrates in the republic, there would have been no council at Rome but a public one. As it was, the republic was divided and split into a thousand senate-houses and assemblies, some meetings being held on the Esquiline, others on the Aventine. One man, like Appius Claudius—for such a one was of more value than a consul—would have dispersed those private meetings in a moment. When the consuls, thus rebuked, asked them what it was that they desired them to do, declaring that they would carry it out with as much energy and vigour as the senators wished, the latter issued a decree that they should push on the levy as briskly as possible, declaring that the people had become insolent from want of employment. When the senate had been dismissed, the consuls assembled the tribunal and summoned the younger men by name. When none of them answered to his name, the people, crowding round after the manner of a general assembly, declared that the people could no longer be imposed on: that they should never enlist one single soldier unless the engagement made publicly with the people were fulfilled: that liberty must be restored to each before arms should be given, that so they might fight for their country and fellow-citizens, and not for lords and masters. The consuls understood the orders of the senate, but saw none of those who talked so big within the walls of the senate-house present themselves to share the odium they would incur. In fact, a desperate contest with the commons seemed at hand. Therefore, before they had recourse to extremities, they thought it advisable to consult the senate a second time. Then indeed all the younger senators almost flew to the chairs of the consuls, commanding them to resign the consulate, and lay aside an office which they lacked the courage to support.

Both plans having been sufficiently made proof of, the consuls at length said: "Conscript fathers, that you may not say that you have not been forewarned, know that a great disturbance is at hand. We demand that those who accuse us most loudly of cowardice, shall assist us when holding the levy; we will proceed according to the resolution of the most intrepid among you, since it so pleases you." Returning to their tribunal, they purposely commanded one of the leaders of the disturbance, who were in sight, to be summoned by name. When he stood without saying a word, and a number of men stood round him in a ring, to prevent violence being offered, the consuls sent a lictor to seize him, but he was thrust back by the people. Then, indeed, those of the fathers who attended the consuls, exclaiming against it as an intolerable insult, hurried down from the tribunal to assist the lictor. But when the violence of the people was turned from the lictor, who had merely been prevented from arresting the man, against the fathers, the riot was quelled by the interposition of the consuls, during which, however, without the use of stones or weapons, there was more noise and angry words than actual injury inflicted. The senate, summoned in a tumultuous manner, was consulted in a manner still more tumultuous, those who had been beaten demanding an inquiry, and the most violent of them attempting to carry their point, not so much by votes as by clamour and bustle. At length, when their passion had subsided, and the consuls reproached them that there was no more presence of mind in the senate than in the forum, the matter began to be considered in order. Three different opinions were held. Publius Verginius was against extending relief to all. He voted that they should consider only those who, relying on the promise of Publius Servilius the consul, had served in the war against the Volscians, Auruncans, and Sabines. Titus Larcius was of opinion, that it was not now a fitting time for services only to be rewarded: that all the people were overwhelmed with debt, and that a stop could not be put to the evil, unless measures were adopted for the benefit of all: nay, further, if the condition of different parties were different, discord would thereby rather be inflamed than healed. Appius Claudius, being naturally of a hard disposition, and further infuriated by the hatred of the commons on the one hand, and the praises of the senators on the other, insisted that such frequent riots were caused not by distress, but by too much freedom: that the people were rather insolent than violent: that this mischief, in fact, took its rise from the right of appeal; since threats, not authority, was all that remained to the consuls, while permission was given to appeal to those who were accomplices in the crime. "Come," added he, "let us create a dictator from whom there lies no appeal, and this madness, which has set everything ablaze, will immediately subside. Then let me see the man who will dare to strike a lictor, when he shall know that that person, whose authority he has insulted, has sole and absolute power to flog and behead him."

To many the opinion of Appius appeared, as in fact it was, harsh and severe. On the other hand, the proposals of Verginius and Larcius appeared injurious, from the precedent they established: that of Larcius they considered especially so, as one that would destroy all credit. The advice of Verginius was reckoned to be most moderate, and a happy medium between the other two. But through party spirit and men's regard for their private interest, which always has and always will stand in the way of public councils, Appius prevailed, and was himself near being created dictator—a step which would certainly have alienated the commons at a most dangerous juncture, when the Volscians, the Æquans, and the Sabines all happened to be in arms at the same time. But the consuls and elders of the senate took care that this command, in its own nature uncontrollable, should be intrusted to a man of mild disposition. They elected Marcus Valerius, son of Volesus, dictator. The people, though they saw that this magistrate was appointed against themselves, yet, as they possessed the right of appeal by his brother's law, had nothing harsh or tyrannical to fear from that family. Afterward an edict published by the dictator, which was almost identical in terms with that of the consul Servilius, further inspirited them. But, thinking reliance could be more safely placed both in the man and in his authority,[1] they abandoned the struggle and gave in their names. Ten legions were raised, a larger army than had ever been raised before.[2] Of these, each of the consuls had three legions assigned him; the dictator commanded four.

The war could not now be any longer deferred. The Æquans had invaded the territory of the Latins: the deputies of the latter begged the senate either to send them assistance, or to allow them to arm themselves for the purpose of defending their own frontiers. It seemed safer that the Latins should be defended without their being armed, than to allow them to handle arms again. Vetusius the consul was sent to their assistance: thereby a stop was put to the raids. The Æquans retired from the plains, and depending more on the advantages of position than on their arms, secured themselves on the heights of the mountains. The other consul, having set out against the Volscians, lest he in like manner might waste time,[3] provoked the enemy to pitch their camp nearer, and to risk a regular engagement, by ravaging their lands. Both armies stood ready to advance, in front of their lines, in hostile array, in a plain between the two camps. The Volscians had considerably the advantage in numbers: accordingly, they entered into battle in loose order, and in a spirit of contempt. The Roman consul neither advanced his forces, nor allowed the enemy's shouts to be returned, but ordered his men to stand with their spears fixed in the ground, and whenever the enemy came to a hand-to-hand encounter, to draw their swords, and attacking them with all their force, to carry on the fight. The Volscians, wearied with running and shouting, attacked the Romans, who appeared to them paralyzed with fear; but when they perceived the vigorous resistance that was made, and saw the swords glittering before their eyes, just as if they had fallen into an ambuscade, they turned and fled in confusion. Nor had they sufficient strength even to flee, as they had entered into action at full speed. The Romans, on the other hand, as they had quietly stood their ground at the beginning of the action, with physical vigour unimpaired, easily overtook the weary foe, took their camp by assault, and, having driven them from it, pursued them to Velitræ,[1] into which city conquered and conquerors together rushed in one body. By the promiscuous slaughter of all ranks, which there ensued, more blood was shed than in the battle itself. Quarter was given to a few, who threw down their arms and surrendered.

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[1] That is, over the senate.—D. O.

[2] About 40,000 men.—D. O.

[3] That is, in watching the Æquans, who uncrippled were lying in their mountain fastnesses in northern Latium, waiting a chance to renew their ravages.—D. O.

While these operations were going on among the Volscians, the dictator routed the Sabines, among whom by far the most important operations of the war were carried on, put them to flight, and stripped them of their camp. By a charge of cavalry he had thrown the centre of the enemy's line into confusion, in the part where, owing to the wings being extended too widely, they had not properly strengthened their line with companies in the centre. The infantry fell upon them in their confusion: by one and the same charge the camp was taken and the war concluded. There was no other battle in those times more memorable than this since the action at the Lake Regillus. The dictator rode into the city in triumph. Besides the usual honours, a place in the circus was assigned to him and his descendants, to see the public games: a curule chair[2] was fixed in that place. The territory of Velitræ was taken from the conquered Volscians: colonists were sent from Rome to Velitræ, and a colony led out thither. Some considerable time afterward an engagement with the Æquans took place, but against the wish of the consul, because they had to approach the enemy on unfavourable ground: the soldiers, however, complaining that the affair was being purposely protracted, in order that the dictator might resign his office before they themselves returned to the city, and so his promises might come to nothing, like those of the consul before, forced him at all hazards to march his army up the hills. This imprudent step, through the cowardice of the enemy, turned out successful: for, before the Romans came within range, the Æquans, amazed at their boldness, abandoned their camp, which they had pitched in a very strong position, and ran down into the valleys that lay behind them. There abundant plunder was found: the victory was a bloodless one. While military operations had thus proved successful in three quarters, neither senators nor people had dismissed their anxiety in regard to the issue of domestic questions. With such powerful influence and such skill had the usurers made arrangements, so as to disappoint not only the people, but even the dictator himself. For Valerius, after the return of the consul Vetusius, of all the measures brought before the senate, made that on behalf of the victorious people the first, and put the question, what it was their pleasure should be done with respect to the debtors. And when his report was disallowed, he said: "As a supporter of reconciliation, I am not approved of. You will ere long wish, depend on it, that the commons of Rome had supporters like myself. For my part, I will neither further disappoint my fellow-citizens, nor will I be dictator to no purpose. Intestine dissessions and foreign wars have caused the republic to stand in need of such a magistrate. Peace has been secured abroad, it is impeded at home. I will be a witness to the disturbance as a private citizen rather than as dictator." Accordingly, quitting the senate-house, he resigned his dictatorship. The reason was clear to the people: that he had resigned his office from indignation at their treatment. Accordingly, as if his promise had been fully kept, since it had not been his fault that his word had not been made good, they escorted him on his return home with favouring shouts of acclamation.

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[1] Modern Velletri.

[2] A chair-shaped Ӿ. Its use was an insignia first of royalty, then of the higher magistracies.—D. O.

Fear then seized the senators lest, if the army were disbanded, secret meetings and conspiracies would be renewed; accordingly, although the levy had been held by the dictator, yet, supposing that, as they had sworn obedience to the consuls, the soldiers were bound by their oath, they ordered the legions to be led out of the city, under the pretext of hostilities having been renewed by the Æquans. By this course of action the sedition was accelerated. And indeed it is said that it was at first contemplated to put the consuls to death, that the legions might be discharged from their oath: but that, being afterward informed that no religious obligation could be rendered void by a criminal act, they, by the advice of one Sicinius, retired, without the orders of the consuls, to the

Sacred Mount,[1] beyond the river Anio, three miles from the city: this account is more commonly adopted than that which Piso[2] has given, that the secession was made to the Aventine. There, without any leader, their camp being fortified with a rampart and trench, remaining quiet, taking nothing but what was necessary for subsistence, they remained for several days, neither molested nor molesting. Great was the panic in the city, and through mutual fear all was in suspense. The people, left by their fellows in the city, dreaded the violence of the senators: the senators dreaded the people who remained in the city, not feeling sure whether they preferred them to stay or depart. On the other hand, how long would the multitude which had seceded, remain quiet? what would be the consequences hereafter, if, in the meantime, any foreign war should break out? they certainly considered there was no hope left, save in the concord of the citizens: that this must be restored to the state at any price. Under these circumstances it was resolved that Agrippa Menenius, an eloquent man, and a favourite with the people, because he was sprung from them, should be sent to negotiate with them. Being admitted into the camp, he is said to have simply related to them the following story in an old-fashioned and unpolished style: "At the time when the parts of the human body did not, as now, all agree together, but the several members had each their own counsel, and their own language, the other parts were indignant that, while everything was provided for the gratification of the belly by their labour and service, the belly, resting calmly in their midst, did nothing but enjoy the pleasures afforded it. They accordingly entered into a conspiracy, that neither should the hands convey food to the mouth, nor the mouth receive it when presented, nor the teeth have anything to chew: while desiring, under the influence of this indignation, to starve out the belly, the individual members themselves and the entire body were reduced to the last degree of emaciation. Thence it became apparent that the office of the belly as well was no idle one; that it did not receive more nourishment than it supplied, sending, as it did, to all parts of the body that blood from which we derive life and vigour, distributed equally through the veins when perfected by the digestion of the food."[3] By drawing a comparison from this, how like was the internal sedition of the body to the resentment of the people against the senators, he succeeded in persuading the minds of the multitude.

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[1] Supposed to be the hill beyond and to the right of the Ponte Nomentano.—D. O.

[2] Lucius Calpurnius Piso, the historian.

[3] This fable is of very great antiquity. Max Müller says it is found among the Hindus.

Then the question of reconciliation began to be discussed, and a compromise was effected on certain conditions: that the commons should have magistrates of their own, whose persons should be inviolable, who should have the power of rendering assistance against the consuls, and that no patrician should be permitted to hold that office. Accordingly, two tribunes of the commons were created, Gaius Licinius and Lucius Albinus. These created three colleagues for themselves. It is clear that among these was Sicinius, the ringleader of the sedition; with respect to the other two, there is less agreement who they were. There are some who say that only two tribunes were elected on the Sacred Mount, and that there the lex sacrata [1] was passed.

During the secession of the commons, Spurius Cassius and Postumus Cominius entered on the consulship. During their consulate, a treaty was concluded with the Latin states. To ratify this, one of the consuls remained at Rome: the other, who was sent to take command in the Volscian war, routed and put to flight the Volscians of Antium,[2] and pursuing them till they had been driven into the town of Longula, took possession of the walls. Next he took Polusca, also a city of the Volscians: he then attacked Corioli [3] with great violence. There was at that time in the camp, among the young nobles, Gnæus Marcius, a youth distinguished both for intelligence and courage, who was afterward surnamed Coriolanus. While the Roman army was besieging Corioli, devoting all its attention to the townspeople, who were kept shut up within the walls, and there was no apprehension of attack threatening from without, the Volscian legions, setting out from Antium, suddenly attacked them, and the enemy sallied forth at the same time from the town. Marcius at that time happened to be on guard. He, with a chosen body of men, not only beat back the attack of those who had sallied forth, but boldly rushed in through the open gate, and, having cut down all who were in the part of the city nearest to it, and hastily seized some blazing torches, threw them into the houses adjoining the wall. Upon this, the shouts of the townsmen, mingled with the wailings of the women and children occasioned at first by fright, as is usually the case, both increased the courage of the Romans, and naturally dispirited the Volscians who had come to bring help, seeing that the city was taken. Thus the Volscians of Antium were defeated, and the town of Corioli was taken. And so much did Marcius by his valour eclipse the reputation of the consul, that, had not the treaty concluded with the Latins by Spurius Cassius alone, in consequence of the absence of his colleagues, and which was engraved on a brazen column, served as a memorial of it, it would have been forgotten that Postumus Cominius had conducted the war with the Volscians. In the same year died Agrippa Menenius, a man all his life equally a favourite with senators and commons, endeared still more to the commons after the secession. This man, the mediator and impartial promoter of harmony among his countrymen, the ambassador of the senators to the commons, the man who brought back the commons to the city, did not leave enough to bury him publicly. The people buried him by the contribution of a sextans[1] per man.

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[1] The law which declared the persons of the tribunes inviolate, and him who transgressed it accursed.—D. O.

[2] Modern Angir, south of Ostia on the coast of Latium.—D. O.

[3] Between Ardea and Aricia.

Titus Geganius and Publius Minucius were next elected consuls. In this year, when abroad there was complete rest from war, and at home dissensions were healed, another far more serious evil fell upon the state: first, dearness of provisions, a consequence of the lands lying untilled owing to the secession of the commons; then a famine, such as attacks those who are besieged. And matters would certainly have ended in the destruction of the slaves and commons, had not the consuls adopted precautionary measures, by sending persons in every direction to buy up corn, not only into Etruria on the coast to the right of Ostia, and through the territory of the Volscians along the coast on the left as far as Cumæ, but into Sicily also, in quest of it. To such an extent had the hatred of their neighbours obliged them to stand in need of assistance from distant countries. When corn had been bought up at Cumæ, the ships were detained as security for the property of the Tarquinians by the tyrant Aristodemus, who was their heir. Among the Volscians and in the Pomptine territory it could not even be purchased. The corn dealers themselves incurred danger from the violence of the inhabitants. Corn was brought from Etruria by way of the Tiber: by means of this the people were supported. In such straitened resources they would have been harassed by a most inopportune war, had not a dreadful pestilence attacked the Volscians when on the point of beginning hostilities. The minds of the enemy being so terrified by this calamity, that they felt a certain alarm, even after it had abated, the Romans both augmented the number of their colonists at Velitræ, and despatched a new colony to the mountains of Norba,[1] to serve as a stronghold in the Pomptine district. Then in the consulship of Marcus Minucius and Aulus Sempronius, a great quantity of corn was imported from Sicily, and it was debated in the senate at what price it should be offered to the commons. Many were of opinion that the time was come for crushing the commons, and recovering those rights which had been wrested from the senators by secession and violence. In particular, Marcius Coriolanus, an enemy to tribunician power, said: "If they desire corn at its old price, let them restore to the senators their former rights. Why do I, like a captive sent under the yoke, as if I had been ransomed from robbers, behold plebeian magistrates, and Sicinius invested with power? Am I to submit to these indignities longer than is necessary? Am I, who have refused to endure Tarquin as king, to tolerate Sicinius? Let him now secede, let him call away the commons. The road lies open to the Sacred Mount and to other hills. Let them carry off the corn from our lands, as they did three years since. Let them have the benefit of that scarcity which in their mad folly they have themselves occasioned. I venture to say, that, overcome by these sufferings, they will themselves become tillers of the lands, rather than, taking up arms, and seceding, prevent them from being tilled." It is not so easy to say whether it should have been done, but I think that it might have been practicable for the senators, on the condition of lowering the price of provisions, to have rid themselves of both the tribunician power, and all the regulations imposed on them against their will.

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[1] The sixth part of the as, the Roman money unit, which, there being no coinage at this time, represented a pound's weight of copper.—D. O.

This proposal both appeared to the senate too harsh, and from exasperation well-nigh drove the people to arms: they complained that they were now being attacked with famine, as if they were enemies, that they were being robbed of food and sustenance, that the corn brought from foreign countries, the only support with which fortune had unexpectedly furnished them, was being snatched from their mouth, unless the tribunes were delivered in chains to Gnæus Marcius, unless satisfaction were exacted from the backs of the commons of Rome. That in him a new executioner had arisen, one to bid them either die or be slaves. He would have been attacked as he was leaving the senate-house, had not the tribunes very opportunely appointed him a day for trial: thereupon their rage was suppressed, every one saw himself become the judge, the arbiter of the life and death of his foe. At first Marcius listened to the threats of the tribunes with contempt, saying that it was the right of affording aid, not of inflicting punishment, that had been conferred upon that office: that they were tribunes of the commons and not of the senators. But the commons had risen with such violent determination, that the senators felt themselves obliged to sacrifice one man to arrive at a settlement. They resisted, however, in spite of opposing odium, and exerted, collectively, the powers of the whole order, as well as, individually, each his own. At first, an attempt was made to see if, by posting their clients [1] in several places, they could quash the whole affair, by deterring individuals from attending meetings and cabals. Then they all proceeded in a body—one would have said that all the senators were on their trial—earnestly entreating the commons that, if they would not acquit an innocent man, they would at least for their sake pardon, assuming him guilty, one citizen, one senator. As he did not attend in person on the day appointed, they persisted in their resentment. He was condemned in his absence, and went into exile among the Volscians, threatening his country, and even then cherishing all the resentment of an enemy.[2] The Volscians received him kindly on his arrival, and treated him still more kindly every day, in proportion as his resentful feelings toward his countrymen became more marked, and at one time frequent complaints, at another threats, were heard. He enjoyed the hospitality of Attius Tullius, who was at that time by far the chief man of the Volscian people, and had always been a determined enemy of the Romans. Thus, while long-standing animosity stimulated the one, and recent resentment the other, they concerted schemes for bringing about a war with Rome. They did not readily believe that their own people could be persuaded to take up arms, so often unsucessfully tried, seeing that by many frequent wars, and lastly, by the loss of their youth in the pestilence, their spirits were now broken; they felt that in a case where animosity had now died away from length of time they must proceed by scheming, that their feelings might become exasperated under the influence of some fresh cause for resentment.

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[1] Its ruins lie on the road to Terracina, near Norma, and about forty-five miles from Rome.—D. O.

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[1] The clientes formed a distinct class; they were the hereditary dependents of certain patrician families (their patroni) to whom they were under various obligations; they naturally sided with the patricians.

[2] Dionysius and Plutarch give an account of the prosecution much more favourable to the defendant.—D. O.

It happened that preparations were being made at Rome for a renewal of the great games.[1] The cause of this renewal was as follows: On the day of the games, in the morning, when the show had not yet begun, a certain head of a family had driven a slave of his through the middle of the circus, while he was being flogged, tied to the fork:[2] after this the games had been begun, as if the matter had nothing to do with any religious difficulty. Soon afterward Titus Latinius, a plebeian, had a dream, in which Jupiter appeared to him and said, that the person who danced before the games had displeased him; unless those games were renewed on a splendid scale, danger would threaten the city: let him go and announce this to the consuls. Though his mind was not altogether free from religious awe, his reverence for the dignity of the magistrates, lest he might become a subject for ridicule in the mouths of all, overcame his religious fear. This delay cost him dear, for he lost his son within a few days; and, that there might be no doubt about the cause of this sudden calamity, the same vision, presenting itself to him in the midst of his sorrow of heart, seemed to ask him, whether he had been sufficiently requited for his contempt of the deity; that a still heavier penalty threatened him, unless he went immediately and delivered the message to the consuls. The matter was now still more urgent. While, however, he still delayed and kept putting it off, he was attacked by a severe stroke of disease, a sudden paralysis. Then indeed the anger of the gods frightened him. Wearied out therefore by his past sufferings and by those that threatened him, he convened a meeting of his friends and relatives, and, after he had detailed to them all he had seen and heard, and the fact of Jupiter having so often presented himself to him in his sleep, and the threats and anger of Heaven speedily fulfilled in his own calamities, he was, with the unhesitating assent of all who were present, conveyed in a litter into the forum to the presence of the consuls. From the forum, by order of the consuls, he was carried into the senate-house, and, after he had recounted the same story to the senators, to the great surprise of all, behold another miracle: he who had been carried into the senate-house deprived of the use of all his limbs, is reported to have returned home on his own feet, after he had discharged his duty.

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[1] Celebrated annually in the Circus Maximus, September 4th to 12th, in honour of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, or, according to some authorities, of Consus and Neptunus Equestus.—D. O.

[2] A >-shaped yoke placed on the slave's neck, with his hands tied to the ends.—D. O.

The senate decreed that the games should be celebrated on as magnificent a scale as possible. To those games a great number of Volscians came at the suggestion of Attius Tullius. Before the games had commenced, Tullius, as had been arranged privately with Marcius, approached the consuls, and said that there were certain matters concerning the commonwealth about which he wished to treat with them in private. When all witnesses had been ordered to retire, he said: "I am reluctant to say anything of my countrymen that may seem disparaging. I do not, however, come to accuse them of any crime actually committed by them, but to see to it that they do not commit one. The minds of our people are far more fickle than I could wish. We have learned that by many disasters; seeing that we are still preserved, not through our own merits, but thanks to your forbearance. There is now here a great multitude of Volscians; the games are going on: the city will be intent on the exhibition. I remember what was done in this city on a similar occasion by the youth of the Sabines. My mind shudders at the thought that anything should be done inconsiderately and rashly. I have deemed it right that these matters should be mentioned beforehand to you, consuls, both for your sakes and ours. With regard to myself, it is my determination to depart hence home immediately, that I may not be tainted with the suspicion of any word or deed if I remain." Having said this, he departed. When the consuls had laid the matter before the senate, a matter that was doubtful, though vouched for by a thoroughly reliable authority, the authority, more than the matter itself, as usually happens, urged them to adopt even needless precautions; and a decree of the senate having been passed that the Volscians should quit the city, criers were sent in different directions to order them all to depart before night. They were at first smitten with great panic, as they ran in different directions to their lodgings to carry away their effects. Afterward, when setting out, indignation arose in their breasts, to think that they, as if polluted with crime and contaminated, had been driven away from the games on festival days, a meeting, so to speak, both of gods and men.

As they went along in an almost unbroken line, Tullius, who had preceded them to the fountain of Ferentina,[1] received the chief men, as each arrived, and, complaining and giving vent to expressions of indignation, led both those, who eagerly listened to language that favoured their resentment, and through them the rest of the multitude, into a plain adjoining the road. There, having begun an address after the manner of a public harangue, he said: "Though you were to forget the former wrongs inflicted upon you by the Roman people, the calamities of the nation of the Volscians, and all other such matters, with what feelings, pray, do you regard this outrage offered you to-day, whereby they have opened the games by insulting us? Did you not feel that a triumph has been gained over you this day? that you, when leaving, were the observed of all, citizens, foreigners, and so many neighbouring states? that your wives, your children were led in mockery before the eyes of men? What do you suppose were the feelings of those who heard the voice of the crier? what of those who saw us departing? what of those who met this ignominious cavalcade? what, except that it is assuredly a matter of some offence against the gods: and that, because, if we were present at the show, we should profane the games, and be guilty of an act that would need expiation, for this reason we are driven away from the dwellings of these pious people, from their meeting and assembly? what then? does it not occur to you that we still live, because we have hastened our departure?—if indeed this is a departure and not rather a flight. And do you not consider this to be the city of enemies, in which, if you had delayed a single day, you must all have died? War has been declared against you, to the great injury of those who declared it, if you be men." Thus, being both on their own account filled with resentment, and further incited by this harangue, they severally departed to their homes, and by stirring up each his own state, succeeded in bringing about the revolt of the entire Volscian nation.

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[1] In a grove at the foot of the Alban Hill.—D. O.

The generals selected to take command in that war by the unanimous choice of all the states were Attius Tullius and Gnæus Marcius, an exile from Rome, in the latter of whom far greater hopes were reposed. These hopes he by no means disappointed, so that it was clearly seen that the Roman commonwealth was powerful by reason of its generals rather than its military force. Having marched to Circeii, he first expelled from thence the Roman colonists, and handed over that city in a state of freedom to the Volscians. From thence passing across the country through by-roads into the Latin way, he deprived the Romans of the following recently acquired towns, Satricum, Longula, Polusca, Corioli. He next made himself master of Lavinium, and then took in succession Corbio, Vitellia, Trebia, Labici, and Pedum.[1] Lastly he marched from Pedum toward Rome, and having pitched his camp at the Cluilian trenches five miles from the city, he openly ravaged the Roman territory, guards being sent among the devastators to preserve the lands of the patricians uninjured, whether it was that he was chiefly incensed against the plebeians, or whether his object was that dissension might arise between the senators and the people. And it certainly would have arisen—so powerfully did the tribunes, by inveighing against the leading men of the state, incite the plebeians, already exasperated in themselves—had not apprehension of danger from abroad, the strongest bond of union, united their minds, though distrustful and mutually hostile. The only matter in which they were not agreed was this: that, while the senate and consuls rested their hopes on nothing else but arms, the plebeians preferred anything to war, Spurius Nautius and Sextus Furius were now consuls. While they were reviewing the legions, posting guards along the walls and other places where they had determined that there should be outposts and watches, a vast multitude of persons demanding peace terrified them first by their seditious clamouring, and then compelled them to convene the senate, to consider the question of sending ambassadors to Gnæus Marcius. The senate approved the proposal, when it was evident that the spirits of the plebeians were giving way; ambassadors, sent to Marcius to treat concerning peace, brought back the haughty answer: If their lands were restored to the Volscians, the question of peace might then be considered; if they were minded to enjoy the plunder of war at their ease, he, remembering both the injurious treatment of his countrymen, as well as the kindness of strangers, would do his utmost to make it appear that his spirit was irritated by exile, not crushed. The same envoys, being sent a second time, were not admitted into the camp. It is recorded that the priests also, arrayed in the vestments of their office, went as suppliants to the enemy's camp, but that they did not influence his mind any more than the ambassadors.

Then the matrons assembled in a body around Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife, Volumnia: whether that was the result of public counsel, or of women's fear, I can not clearly ascertain. Anyhow, they succeeded in inducing Veturia, a woman advanced in years, and Volumnia, with her two sons by Marcius, to go into the camp of the enemy, and in prevailing upon women to defend the city by entreaties and tears, since men were unable to defend it by arms. When they reached the camp, and it was announced to Coriolanus that a great crowd of women was approaching, he, as one who had been affected neither by the public majesty of the state, as represented by its ambassadors, nor by the sanctity of religion so strikingly spread before his eyes and understanding in the person of its priests, was at first much more obdurate against women's tears. Then one of his acquaintances, who had recognised Veturia, distinguished beyond all the rest by her sorrowful mien, standing in the midst with her daughter-in-law and grandchildren, said, "Unless my eyes deceive me, your mother, and wife and children, are at hand." Coriolanus, bewildered, almost like one who had lost his reason, rushed from his seat, and offered to embrace his mother as she met him; but she, turning from entreaties to wrath, said: "Before I permit your embrace, let me know whether I have come to an enemy or to a son, whether I am in your camp a captive or a mother? Has length of life and a hapless old age reserved me for this—to behold you first an exile, then an enemy? Have you had the heart to lay waste this land, which gave you birth and nurtured you? Though you had come in an incensed and vengeful spirit, did not your resentment abate when you entered its borders? When Rome came within view, did not the thought enter your mind—within those walls are my house and household gods, my mother, wife, and children? So then, had I not been a mother, Rome would not now be besieged: had I not a son, I might have died free in a free country. But I can now suffer nothing that will not bring more disgrace on you than misery on me; nor, most wretched as I am, shall I be so for long. Look to these, whom, if you persist, either an untimely death or lengthened slavery awaits." Then his wife and children embraced him: and the lamentation proceeding from the entire crowd of women and their bemoaning their own lot and their country's, at length overcame the man. Then, having embraced his family, he sent them away; he himself withdrew his camp from the city. After he had drawn off his troops from Roman territory, they say that he died overwhelmed by the hatred excited against him on account of this act; different writers give different accounts of his death: I find in

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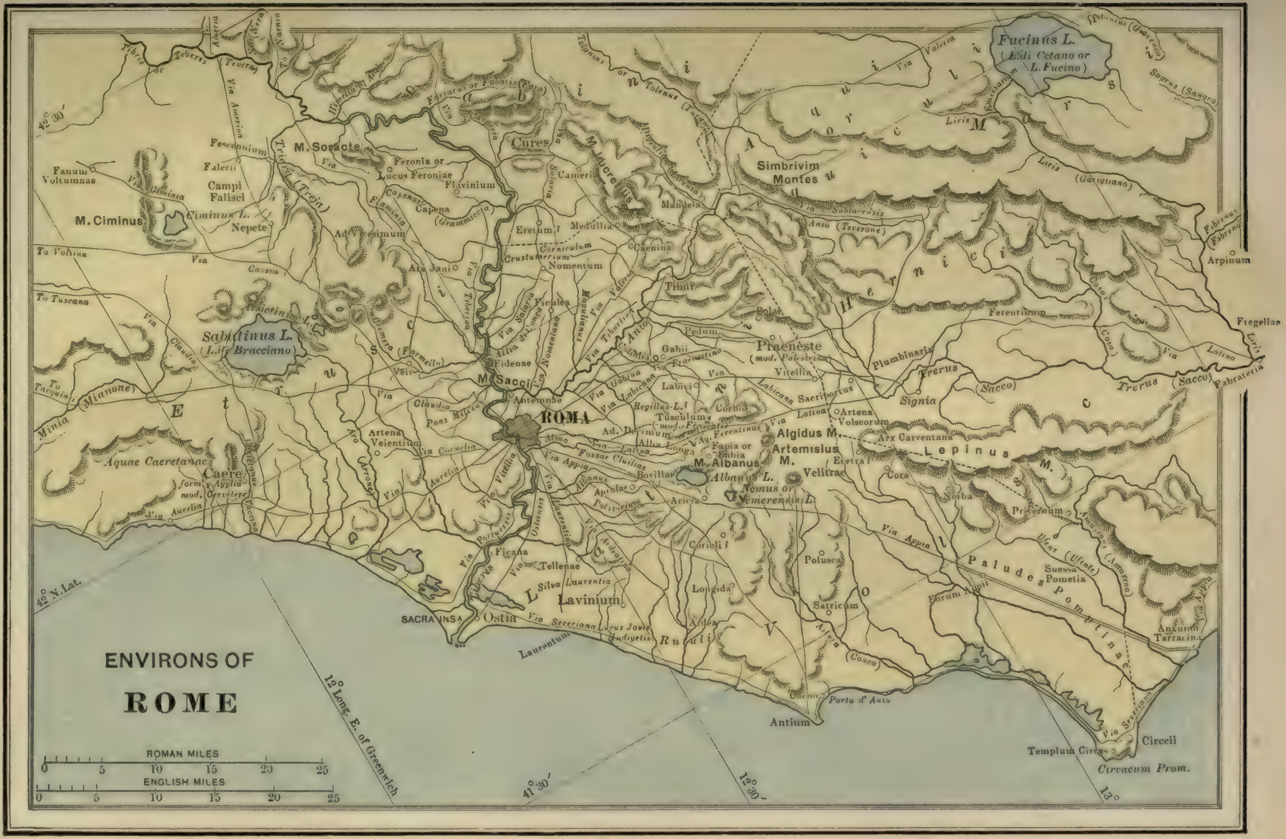
[1] There seems to be something wrong here, as Satricum, etc., were situated west of the Via Appia, while Livy places them on the Via Latina. Niebuhr thinks that the words "passing across . . . Latin way," should be transposed, and inserted after the words "he then took in succession." For the position of these towns, see Map.



ENVIRONS OF

ROME

ROMA
Ostia
SACRA INSA
Laurentum
Lavinium
Silva Laurentia
Tellenae
Ficana
Ardea
Rutuli
Antium
Portu d'Anzo
Satricum
Longula
Corioli
Pollusca
Aricia
Bovillae
Albanus L.
M. Albanus
Nemus or Nemerensis L.
Velitrae
Artemisius M.
Algidus M.
Artena Volscorum
Arx Carventana
Lepinus M.
Cora
Norba
Signia
Privernum
Suessa Pometia
Paludes Pomptinae
Forum Appii
Anxur Tarracina
Circeii
Templum Circes
Circaeum Prom.
Tusculum (mod. Frascati)
Alba Longa
Labici
Gabii
Praeneste (mod. Palestrina)
Pedum
Tibur
Bola
Vitellia
Sacriportus
Regillus L.
Corbio
Ferentinum
Hernici
Trerus (Sacco)
Fregellae
Fabrateria
Arpinum
Liris (Garigliano)
Fucinus L. (L. di Celano or L. Fucino)
Sagrus (Sangro)
Marsi
Aequi
Simbrivini Montes
Anio (Teverone)
Via Sublacensis
Via Valeria
Mandela
M. Lucretilis
Cures
Sabini
Cameria
Medullia
Eretum
Crustumerium
Corniculum
Nomentum
Caenina
Ficulea
Fidenae
Antemnae
M. Sacer
Allia
Veii
Artena Veientium
Cremera (Formello)
Arro (Arrone)
Sabatinus L. (L. di Bracciano)
Caere (form. Agylla, mod. Cerveteri)
Aquae Caeretanae
Minio (Mignone)
Etruria
Via Clodia
Via Cassia
Via Aurelia
Via Flaminia
Via Salaria
Via Nomentana
Via Tiburtina
Via Praenestina
Via Labicana
Via Latina
Via Appia
Via Ardeatina
Via Laurentina
Via Ostiensis
Via Portuensis
Via Severiana
Via Amerina
Capena
Lucus Feroniae
Flavinium
M. Soracte
Falerii
Campi Falisci
Fescennium
Nepete
Ciminus L.
M. Ciminus
Fanum Voltumnae
Ad Vicesimum
Ara Jani
Tiberis or Teveris (Tevere)
Narnia
Ameria
To Volsinii
To Tuscana
To Tarquinii
Latium
Volsci
ROMAN MILES
ENGLISH MILES
0 5 10 15 20 25
42° N. Lat.
42° 30′
41° 30′
12° Long. E. of Greenwich
12° 30′
13°

Fabius,[1] far the most ancient authority, that he lived to an advanced age: at any rate, this writer states, that in his old age he often made use of the expression, "that exile was far more miserable to the aged." The men of Rome were not grudging in the award of their due praise to the women, so truly did they live without disparaging the merit of others: a temple was built, and dedicated to female Fortune, to serve also as a record of the event.

The Volscians afterward returned, having been joined by the Æquans, into Roman territory: the latter, however, would no longer have Attius Tullius as their leader; hence from a dispute, whether the Volscians or the Æquans should give the general to the allied army, a quarrel, and afterward a furious battle, broke out. Therein the good fortune of the Roman people destroyed the two armies of the enemy, by a contest no less ruinous than obstinate. Titus Sicinius and Gaius Aquilius were made consuls. The Volscians fell to Sicinius as his province; the Hernicans—for they, too, were in arms—to Aquilius. That year the Hernicans were completely defeated; they met and parted with the Volscians without any advantage being gained on either side.

Spurius Cassius and Proculus Verginius were next made consuls; a treaty was concluded with the Hernicans; two thirds of their land were taken from them: of this the consul Cassius proposed to distribute one half among the Latins, the other half among the commons. To this donation he desired to add a considerable portion of land, which, though public property,[2] he alleged was possessed by private individuals. This proceeding alarmed several of the senators, the actual possessors, at the danger that threatened their property; the senators moreover felt anxiety on public grounds, fearing that the consul by his donation was establishing an influence dangerous to liberty. Then, for the first time, an agrarian law was proposed, which from that time down to the memory of our own days has never been discussed without the greatest civil disturbances. The other consul opposed the donation, supported by the senators, nor, indeed, were all the commons opposed to him: they had at first begun to feel disgust that this gift had been extended from the citizens to the allies, and thus rendered common: in the next place they frequently heard the consul Verginius in the assemblies as it were prophesying, that the gift of his colleague was pestilential: that those lands were sure to bring slavery to those who received them: that the way was being paved to a throne. Else why was it that the allies were thus included, and the Latin nation? What was the object of a third of the land that had been taken being restored to the Hernicans, so lately their enemies, except that those nations might have Cassius for their leader instead of Coriolanus? The dissuader and opposer of the agrarian law now began to be popular. Both consuls then vied with each other in humouring the commons. Verginius said that he would suffer the lands to be assigned, provided they were assigned to no one but a Roman citizen. Cassius, because in the agrarian donation he sought popularity among the allies, and was therefore lowered in the estimation of his countrymen, commanded, in order that by another gift he might win the affections of the citizens, that the money received for the Sicilian corn should be refunded to the people. That, however, the people spurned as nothing else than a ready money bribe for regal authority: so uncompromisingly were his gifts rejected, as if there was abundance of everything, in consequence of their inveterate suspicion that he was aiming at sovereign power. As soon as he went out of office, it is certain that he was condemned and put to death. There are some who represent that his father was the person who carried out the punishment: that he, having tried the case at home, scourged him and put him to death, and consecrated his son's private property to Ceres; that out of this a statue was set up and inscribed, "Presented out of the property of the Cassian family." In some authors I find it stated, which is more probable, that a day was assigned him to stand his trial for high treason, by the quæstors,[1] Cæso Fabius and Lucius Valerius, and that he was condemned by the decision of the people; that his house was demolished by a public decree: this is the spot where there is now an open space before the Temple of Tellus.[2] However, whether the trial was held in private or public, he was condemned in the consulship of Servius Cornelius and Quintus Fabius.

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[1] The historian.—D. O.

[2] The ager publicus consisted of the landed estates which had belonged to the kings, and were increased by land taken from enemies who had been conquered in war. The patricians, having the chief political power, gained exclusive occupation (possessio) of this ager publicus, for which they paid a nominal rent in the shape of produce and tithes. The nature of the charge brought by Cassius was not the fact of its being occupied by privati, but by patricians to the exclusion of plebeians.

The resentment of the people against Cassius was not lasting. The charm of the agrarian law, now that its proposer was removed, of itself entered their minds: and their desire of it was further kindled by the meanness of the senators, who, after the Volscians and Æquans had been completely defeated in that year, defrauded the soldiers of their share of the booty; whatever was taken from the enemy, was sold by the consul Fabius, and the proceeds lodged in the public treasury. All who bore the name of Fabius became odious to the commons on account of the last consul: the patricians, however, succeeded in getting Cæso Fabius elected consul with Lucius Æmilius. The commons, still further aggravated at this, provoked war abroad by exciting disturbance at home;[1] in consequence of the war civil dissensions were then discontinued. Patricians and commons uniting, under the command of Æmilius, overcame the Volscians and Æquans, who renewed hostilities, in a successful engagement. The retreat, however, destroyed more of the enemy than the battle; so perseveringly did the cavalry pursue them when routed. During the same year, on the ides of July,[2] the Temple of Castor was dedicated: it had been vowed during the Latin war in the dictatorship of Postumius: his son, who was elected duumvir for that special purpose, dedicated it.

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[1] "Quæstors," this is the first mention of these officers in Livy; in early times it appears to have been part of their duty to prosecute those who were guilty of treason, and to carry out the punishment.

[2] On the west slope of the Esquiline.—D. O.

In that year, also, the minds of the people were excited by the allurements of the agrarian law. The tribunes of the people endeavoured to enhance their authority, in itself agreeable to the people, by promoting a popular law. The patricians, considering that there was enough and more than enough frenzy in the multitude without any additional incitement, viewed with horror largesses and all inducements to ill-considered action: the patricians found in the consuls most energetic abettors in resistance. That portion of the commonwealth therefore prevailed; and not for the moment only, but for the coming year also they succeeded in securing the election of Marcus Fabius, Cæso's brother, as consul, and one still more detested by the commons for his persecution of Spurius Cassius—namely, Lucius Valerius. In that year also there was a contest with the tribunes. The law came to nothing, and the supporters of the law proved to be mere boasters, by their frequent promises of a gift that was never granted. The Fabian name was thenceforward held in high repute, after three successive consulates, and all as it were uniformly tested in contending with the tribunes; accordingly, the honour remained for a considerable time in that family, as being right well placed. A war with Veii was then begun: the Volscians also renewed hostilities; but, while their strength was almost more than sufficient for foreign wars, they only abused it by contending among themselves. In addition to the distracted state of the public mind prodigies from heaven increased the general alarm, exhibiting almost daily threats in the city and in the country, and the soothsayers, being consulted by the state and by private individuals, declared, at one time by means of entrails, at another by birds, that there was no other cause for the deity having been roused to anger, save that the ceremonies of religion were not duly performed. These terrors, however, terminated in this, that Oppia, a vestal virgin, being found guilty of a breach of chastity, suffered punishment.[1]

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[1] There seems to be something wrong in the text here, as the subterfuge was distinctively a patrician one, and the commons had nothing to gain and all to lose by it. If Livy means that the commons provoked war by giving cause for the patricians to seek refuge in it, he certainly puts it very vaguely.—D. O.

[2] July 15th.

Quintus Fabius and Gaius Julius were next elected consuls. During this year the dissension at home was not abated, while the war abroad was more desperate. The Æquans took up arms: the Veientines also invaded and plundered the Roman territory: as the anxiety about these wars increased, Cæso Fabius and Spurius Furius were appointed consuls. The Æquans were laying siege to Ortona, a Latin city. The Veientines, now sated with plunder, threatened to besiege Rome itself. These terrors, which ought to have assuaged the feelings of the commons, increased them still further: and the people resumed the practice of declining military service, not of their own accord, as before, but Spurius Licinius, a tribune of the people, thinking that the time had come for forcing the agrarian law on the patricians by extreme necessity, had undertaken the task of obstructing the military preparations. However, all the odium against the tribunician power was directed against the author of this proceeding: and even his own colleagues rose up against him as vigorously as the consuls; and by their assistance the consuls held the levy. An army was raised for the two wars simultaneously; one was intrusted to Fabius to be led against the Veientines, the other to Furius to operate against the Æquans. In regard to the latter, indeed, nothing took place worthy of mention. Fabius had considerably more trouble with his countrymen than with the enemy: that one man alone, as consul, sustained the commonwealth, which the army was doing its best to betray, as far as in it lay, from hatred of the consul. For when the consul, in addition to his other military talents, of which he had exhibited abundant instances in his preparations for and in his conduct of war, had so drawn up his line that he routed the enemy's army solely by a charge of his cavalry, the infantry refused to pursue them when routed: nor, although the exhortation of their general, whom they hated, had no effect upon them, could even their own infamy, and the immediate public disgrace and subsequent danger likely to arise, if the enemy recovered their courage, induce them to quicken their pace, or even, if nothing else, to stand in order of battle. Without orders they faced about, and with a sorrowful air (one would have thought them defeated) they returned to camp, execrating at one time their general, at another the vigour displayed by the cavalry. Nor did the general know where to look for any remedies for so harmful a precedent: so true is it that the most distinguished talents will be more likely found deficient in the art of managing a countryman, than in that of conquering an enemy. The consul returned to Rome, not having so much increased his military glory as irritated and exasperated the hatred of his soldiers toward him. The patricians, however, succeeded in keeping the consulship in the Fabian family. They elected Marcus Fabius consul; Gnæus Manlius was assigned as a colleague to Fabius.

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[1] By being buried alive. The idea being that the ceremonies could not be duly performed by an unchaste vestal.—D. O.

This year also found a tribune to support an agrarian law. This was Tiberius Pontificius, who, pursuing the same tactics, as if it had succeeded in the case of Spurius Licinius, obstructed the levy for a little time. The patricians being once more perplexed, Appius Claudius declared that the tribunician power had been put down the year before, for the moment by the fact, for the future by the precedent established, since it was found that it could be rendered ineffective by its own strength; for that there never would be wanting a tribune who would both be willing to obtain a victory for himself over his colleague, and the good-will of the better party to the advancement of the public weal: that more tribunes than one, if there were need of more than one, would be ready to assist the consuls: and that in fact one would be sufficient even against all.[1] Only let the consuls and leading members of the senate take care to win over, if not all, at least some of the tribunes, to the side of the commonwealth and the senate. The senators, instructed by the counsels of Appius, both collectively addressed the tribunes with kindness and courtesy, and the men of consular rank, according as each possessed private personal influence over them individually, and, partly by conciliation, partly by authority, prevailed so far as to make them consent that the powers of the tribunician office should be beneficial to the state; and by the aid of four tribunes against one obstructor of the public good, the consuls carried out the levy. They then set out to the war against Veii, to which auxiliaries had assembled from all parts of Etruria, not so much influenced by feelings of regard for the Veientines, as because they had formed a hope that the power of Rome could be destroyed by internal discord. And in the general councils of all the states of Etruria the leading men murmured that the power of Rome would last forever, unless they were distracted by disturbances among themselves: that this was the only poison, this the bane discovered for powerful states, to render mighty empires mortal: that this evil, a long time checked, partly by the wise measures of the patricians, partly by the forbearance of the commons, had now proceeded to extremities: that two states were now formed out of one: that each party had its own magistrates, its own laws: that, although at first they were accustomed to be turbulent during the levies, still these same individuals had notwithstanding ever been obedient to their commanders during war: that as long as military discipline was retained, no matter what might be the state of the city, the evil might have been withstood: but that now the custom of not obeying their officers followed the Roman soldier even to the camp: that in the last war, even in a regular engagement and in the very heat of battle, by consent of the army the victory had been voluntarily surrendered to the vanquished Æquans: that the standards had been deserted, the general abandoned on the field, and that the army had returned to camp without orders: without doubt, if they persevered, Rome might be conquered by means of her own soldiery: nothing else was necessary save a declaration and show of war: the fates and the gods would of themselves manage the rest. These hopes had armed the Etruscans, who by many changes of fortune had been vanquished and victors in turn.

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[1] By his power of veto.—D. O.

The Roman consuls also dreaded nothing else but their own strength and their own arms. The recollection of the most mischievous precedent set in the last war was a terrible warning to them not to let matters go so far that they would have two armies to fear at the same time. Accordingly, they kept within their camp, avoiding battle, owing to the twofold danger that threatened them, thinking that length of time and circumstances themselves would perchance soften down resentment, and bring them to a healthy frame of mind. The Veientine enemy and the Etruscans proceeded with proportionately greater precipitation; they provoked them to battle, at first by riding up to the camp and challenging them; at length, when they produced no effect, by reviling the consuls and the army alike, they declared that the pretence of internal dissension was assumed as a cloak for cowardice: and that the consuls rather distrusted the courage than disbelieved the sincerity of their soldiers: that inaction and idleness among men in arms were a novel form of sedition. Besides this they uttered insinuations, partly true and partly false, as to the upstart nature of their race and origin. While they loudly proclaimed this close to the very rampart and gates, the consuls bore it without impatience: but at one time indignation, at another shame, agitated the breasts of the ignorant multitude, and diverted their attention from intestine evils; they were unwilling that the enemy should remain unpunished; they did not wish success either to the patricians or the consuls; foreign and domestic hatred struggled for the mastery in their minds: at length the former prevailed, so haughty and insolent were the jeers of the enemy; they crowded in a body to the general's tent; they desired battle, they demanded that the signal should be given. The consuls conferred together as if to deliberate; they continued the conference for a long time: they were desirous of fighting, but that desire they considered should be checked and concealed, that by opposition and delay they might increase the ardour of the soldiery now that it was once roused. The answer was returned that the matter in question was premature, that it was not yet time for fighting: let them keep within their camp. They then issued a proclamation, that they should abstain from fighting: if any one fought without orders, they would punish him as an enemy. When they were thus dismissed, their eagerness for fighting increased in proportion as they believed the consuls were less disposed for it; the enemy, moreover, who now showed themselves with greater boldness, as soon as it was known that the consuls had determined not to fight, further kindled their ardour. For they supposed that they could insult them with impunity; that the soldiers were not trusted with arms; that the affair would explode in a violent mutiny; that an end had come to the Roman Empire. Relying on these hopes, they ran up to the gates, heaped abuse on the Romans, and with difficulty refrained from assaulting the camp. Then indeed the Romans could no longer endure their insults: they ran from every quarter of the camp to the consuls: they no longer, as formerly, put forth their demands with reserve, through the mediation of the centurions of the first rank, but all proceeded indiscriminately with loud clamours. The affair was now ripe; yet still they hesitated. Then Fabius, as his colleague was now inclined to give way in consequence of his dread of mutiny in face of the increasing uproar, having commanded silence by sound of trumpet, said: "I know that those soldiers are able to conquer, Gneius Manlius: by their own conduct they themselves have prevented me from knowing that they are willing. Accordingly, I have resolved and determined not to give the signal, unless they swear that they will return from this battle victorious. The soldier has once deceived the Roman consul in the field, the gods he will never deceive." There was a centurion, Marcus Flavoleius, one of the foremost in demanding battle: said he, "Marcus Fabius, I will return victorious from the field." He invoked upon himself, should he deceive them, the wrath of Father Jove, Mars Gradivus, and the other gods. After him in succession the whole army severally took the same oath. After they had been sworn, the signal was given: they took up arms and marched into battle, full of rage and of hope. They bade the Etruscans now utter their reproaches: now severally demanded that the enemy, so ready of tongue, should face them, now that they were armed. On that day, both commons and patricians alike showed distinguished bravery: the Fabian family shone forth most conspicuous: they were determined to recover in that battle the affections of the commons, estranged by many civil contests.

The army was drawn up in order of battle; nor did the Veientine foe and the Etruscan legions decline the contest. They entertained an almost certain hope that the Romans would no more fight with them than they had with the Æquans; that even some more serious attempt was not to be despaired of, considering the sorely irritated state of their feelings, and the critical condition of affairs. The result turned out altogether different: for never before in any other war did the Roman soldiers enter the field with greater fury, so exasperated were they by the taunts of the enemy on the one hand, and the dilatoriness of the consuls on the other. Before the Etruscans had time to form their ranks, their javelins having been rather thrown away at random, in the first confusion, than aimed at the enemy, the battle had become a hand-to-hand encounter, even with swords, in which the fury of war rages most fiercely. Among the foremost the Fabian family was distinguished for the sight it afforded and the example it presented to its fellow-citizens; one of these, Quintus Fabius, who had been consul two years before, as he advanced at the head of his men against a dense body of Veientines, and incautiously engaged amid numerous parties of the enemy, received a sword-thrust through the breast at the hands of a Tuscan emboldened by his bodily strength and skill in arms: on the weapon being extracted, Fabius fell forward on the wound. Both armies felt the fall of this one man, and the Romans in consequence were beginning to give way, when the consul Marcus Fabius leaped over the body of his prostrate kinsman, and, holding his buckler in front, cried out: "Is this what you swore, soldiers, that you would return to the camp in flight? are you so afraid of your most cowardly foes, rather than of Jupiter and Mars, by whom you have sworn? Well, then, I, who have taken no oath, will either return victorious, or will fall fighting here beside thee, Quintus Fabius." Then Cæso Fabius, the consul of the preceding year, addressed the consul: "Brother, is it by these words you think you will prevail on them to fight? the gods, by whom they have sworn, will bring it about. Let us also, as becomes men of noble birth, as is worthy of the Fabian name, kindle the courage of the soldiers by fighting rather than by exhortation." Thus the two Fabii rushed forward to the front with spears presented, and carried the whole line with them.

The battle being thus restored in one quarter, Gnæus Manlius, the consul, with no less ardour, encouraged the fight on the other wing, where the course of the fortune of war was almost identical. For, as the soldiers eagerly followed Quintus Fabius on the one wing, so did they follow the consul Manlius on this, as he was driving the enemy before him now nearly routed. When, having received a severe wound, he retired from the battle, they fell back, supposing that he was slain, and would have abandoned the position had not the other consul, galloping at full speed to that quarter with some troops of horse, supported their drooping fortune, crying out that his colleague was still alive, that he himself was now at hand victorious, having routed the other wing. Manlius also showed himself in sight of all to restore the battle. The well-known faces of the two consuls kindled the courage of the soldiers: at the same time, too, the enemy's line was now thinner, since, relying on their superior numbers, they had drawn off their reserves and despatched them to storm the camp. This was assaulted without much resistance: and, while they wasted time, bethinking themselves of plunder rather than fighting, the Roman triarii,[1] who had not been able to sustain the first shock, having sent a report to the consuls of the position of affairs, returned in a compact body to the prætorium,[2] and of their own accord renewed the battle. The consul Manlius also having returned to the camp, and posted soldiers at all the gates, had blocked up every passage against the enemy. This desperate situation aroused the fury rather than the bravery of the Etruscans; for when, rushing on wherever hope held out the prospect of escape, they had advanced with several fruitless efforts, a body of young men attacked the consul himself, who was conspicuous by his arms. The first missiles were intercepted by those who stood around him; afterward their violence could not be withstood. The consul fell, smitten with a mortal wound, and all around him were put to flight. The courage of the Etruscans increased. Terror drove the Romans in dismay through the entire camp; and matters would have come to extremities had not the lieutenants,[3] hastily seizing the body of the consul, opened a passage for the enemy at one gate.[4] Through this they rushed out; and going away in the utmost disorder, they fell in with the other consul, who had been victorious; there a second time they were cut down and routed in every direction. A glorious victory was won, saddened, however, by two such illustrious deaths. The consul, therefore, on the senate voting him a triumph, replied, that if the army could triumph without its general, he would readily accede to it in consideration of its distinguished service in that war: that for his own part, as his family was plunged in grief in consequence of the death of his brother Quintus Fabius, and the commonwealth in some degree bereaved by the loss of one of her consuls, he would not accept the laurel disfigured by public and private grief. The triumph thus declined was more illustrious than any triumph actually enjoyed; so true it is, that glory refused at a fitting moment sometimes returns with accumulated lustre. He next celebrated the two funerals of his colleague and brother, one after the other, himself delivering the funeral oration over both, wherein, by yielding up to them the praise that was his own due, he himself obtained the greatest share of it; and, not unmindful of that which he had determined upon at the beginning of his consulate, namely, the regaining the affection of the people, he distributed the wounded soldiers among the patricians to be attended to. Most of them were given to the Fabii: nor were they treated with greater attention anywhere else. From this time the Fabii began to be popular, and that not by aught save such conduct as was beneficial to the state.

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[1] These were veterans and formed the third line. The first were the "bastata," so called from their carrying long spears, which were later discarded for heavy javelins. The second were the "principes," the main line.—D. O.

[2] The space assigned for the general's tent.—D. O.

[3] The legati of a general were at once his council of war and his staff.—D. O.

[4] There is much in the description of this battle not easy to understand, and I am inclined to believe it was at least no better than drawn. The plundered camp, the defeat of the triarii, and the failure to mention pursuit or consequences, all favour this supposition.—D. O.

Accordingly, Cæso Fabius, having been elected consul with Titus Verginius not more with the good-will of the senators than of the commons, gave no attention either to wars, or levies, or anything else in preference, until, the hope of concord being now in some measure assured, the feelings of the commons should be united with those of the senators at the earliest opportunity. Accordingly, at the beginning of the year he proposed that before any tribune should stand forth as a supporter of the agrarian law, the patricians themselves should be beforehand in bestowing the gift unasked and making it their own: that they should distribute among the commons the land taken from the enemy in as equal a proportion as possible; that it was but just that those should enjoy it by whose blood and labour it had been won. The patricians rejected the proposal with scorn: some even complained that the once vigorous spirit of Cæso was running riot, and decaying through a surfeit of glory. There were afterward no party struggles in the city. The Latins, however, were harassed by the incursions of the Æquans. Cæso being sent thither with an army, crossed into the territory of the Æquans themselves to lay it waste. The Æquans retired into the towns, and kept themselves within the walls: on that account no battle worth mentioning was fought.

However, a reverse was sustained at the hands of the Veientine foe owing to the rashness of the other consul; and the army would have been all cut off, had not Cæso Fabius come to their assistance in time. From that time there was neither peace nor war with the Veientines: their mode of operation had now come very near to the form of brigandage. They retired before the Roman troops into the city; when they perceived that the troops were drawn off, they made incursions into the country, alternately mocking war with peace and peace with war. Thus the matter could neither be dropped altogether, nor brought to a conclusion. Besides, other wars were threatening either at the moment, as from the Æquans and Volscians, who remained inactive no longer than was necessary, to allow the recent smart of their late disaster to pass away, or at no distant date, as it was evident that the Sabines, ever hostile, and all Etruria would soon begin to stir up war: but the Veientines, a constant rather than a formidable enemy, kept their minds in a state of perpetual uneasiness by petty annoyances more frequently than by any real danger to be apprehended from them, because they could at no time be neglected, and did not suffer the Romans to turn their attention elsewhere. Then the Fabian family approached the senate: the consul spoke in the name of the family: "Conscript fathers, the Veientine war requires, as you know, an unremitting rather than a strong defence. Do you attend to other wars: assign the Fabii as enemies to the Veientines. We pledge ourselves that the majesty of the Roman name shall be safe in that quarter. That war, as if it were a family matter, it is our determination to conduct at our own private expense. In regard to it, let the republic be spared the expense of soldiers and money." The warmest thanks were returned to them. The consul, leaving the senate-house, accompanied by the Fabii in a body, who had been standing in the porch of the senate-house, awaiting the decree of the senate, returned home. They were ordered to attend on the following day in arms at the consul's gate: they then retired to their homes.

The report spread through the entire city; they extolled the Fabii to the skies: that a single family had undertaken the burden of the state; that the Veientine war had now become a private concern, a private quarrel. If there were two families of the same strength in the city, let them demand, the one the Volscians for itself, the other the Æquans; that all the neighbouring states could be subdued, while the Roman people all the time enjoyed profound peace. The day following, the Fabii took up arms; they assembled where they had been ordered. The consul, coming forth in his military robe, beheld the whole family in the porch drawn up in order of march; being received into the centre, he ordered the standards to be advanced. Never did an army march through the city, either smaller in number, or more distinguished in renown and more admired by all. Three hundred and six soldiers, all patricians, all of one family, not one of whom an honest senate would reject as a leader under any circumstances whatever, proceeded on their march, threatening the Veientine state with destruction by the might of a single family. A crowd followed, one part belonging to themselves, consisting of their kinsmen and comrades, who contemplated no half measures, either as to their hope or anxiety, but everything on a grand scale:[1] the other aroused by solicitude for the public weal, unable to express their esteem and admiration. They bade them proceed in their brave resolve, proceed with happy omens, and render the issue proportionate to the undertaking: thence to expect consulships and triumphs, all rewards, all honours from them. As they passed the Capitol and the citadel, and the other sacred edifices, they offered up prayers to all the gods that presented themselves to their sight, or to their mind, that they would send forward that band with prosperity and success, and soon send them back safe into their country to their parents. In vain were these prayers uttered. Having set out on their luckless road by the right-hand arch of the Carmental gate,[2] they arrived at the river Cremera:[3] this appeared a favourable situation for fortifying an outpost.

Lucius Æmilius and Gaius Servilius were then created consuls. And as long as there was nothing else to occupy them but mutual devastations, the Fabii were not only able to protect their garrison, but through the entire tract, where the Tuscan territory adjoins the Roman, they protected all their own districts and ravaged those of the enemy, spreading their forces along both frontiers. There was afterward a cessation, though not for long, of these depredations: while both the Veientines, having sent for an army from Etruria,[4] assaulted the outpost at the Cremera, and the Roman troops, brought up by the consul Lucius Æmilius, came to a close engagement in the field with the Etruscans; the Veientines, however, had scarcely time to draw up their line: for, during the first alarm, while they were entering the lines behind their colours, and they were stationing their reserves, a brigade of Roman cavalry, charging them suddenly in flank, deprived them of all opportunity not only of opening the fight, but even of standing their ground. Thus being driven back to the Red Rocks[5] (where they had pitched their camp), as suppliants they sued for peace; and, after it was granted, owing to the natural inconsistency of their minds, they regretted it even before the Roman garrison was withdrawn from the Cremera.

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[1] It was to be victory or annihilation.—D. O.

[2] So called from the altar of Carmenta, which stood near it. It was located in or near what is now the Piazza Montanara, and was always after considered a gate of evil omen.—D. O.

[3] Now the Valchetta.—D. O.

[4] Probably of mercenaries, as the Veientines are alluded to throughout the paragraph as commanding, and it was apparently not a case of alliance.—D. O.

[5] On the Via Flaminia (near the grotta rossa).

Again the Veientine state had to contend with the Fabii without any additional military armament: and not merely did they make raids into each other's territories, or sudden attacks upon those carrying on the raids, but they fought repeatedly on level ground, and in pitched battles: and one family of the Roman people oftentimes gained the victory over an entire Etruscan state, and a most powerful one for those times. This at first appeared mortifying and humiliating to the Veientines: then they conceived the design, suggested by the state of affairs, of surprising their daring enemy by an ambuscade; they were even glad that the confidence of the Fabii was increasing owing to their great success. Wherefore cattle were frequently driven in the path of the plundering parties, as if they had fallen in their way by accident, and tracts of land left abandoned by the flight of the peasants: and reserve bodies of armed men, sent to prevent the devastations, retreated more frequently in pretended than in real alarm. By this time the Fabii had conceived such contempt for the enemy that they believed that their arms, as yet invincible, could not be resisted either in any place or on any occasion: this presumption carried them so far that at the sight of some cattle at a distance from Cremera, with an extensive plain lying between, they ran down to them, in spite of the fact that some scattered bodies of the enemy were visible: and when, anticipating nothing, and in disorderly haste, they had passed the ambuscade placed on either side of the road itself, and, dispersed in different directions, had begun to carry off the cattle that were straying about, as is usual when frightened, the enemy started suddenly in a body from their ambuscade, and surrounded them both in front and on every side. At first the noise of their shouts, spreading, terrified them; then weapons assailed them from every side: and, as the Etruscans closed in, they also were compelled, hemmed in as they were by an unbroken body of armed men, to form themselves into a square of narrower compass the more the enemy pressed on: this circumstance rendered both their own scarcity of numbers noticeable and the superior numbers of the Etruscans, whose ranks were crowded in a narrow space. Then, having abandoned the plan of fighting, which they had directed with equal effort in every quarter, they all turned their forces toward one point; straining every effort in that direction, both with their arms and bodies, and forming themselves into a wedge, they forced a passage. The way led to a gradually ascending hill: here they first halted: presently, as soon as the higher ground afforded them time to gain breath, and to recover from so great a panic, they repulsed the foe as they ascended: and the small band, assisted by the advantages of the ground, was gaining the victory, had not a party of the Veientines, sent round the ridge of the hill, made their way to the summit: thus the enemy again got possession of the higher ground; all the Fabii were cut down to a man, and the fort was taken by assault: it is generally agreed that three hundred and six were slain; that one only, who had nearly attained the age of puberty, survived, who was to be the stock for the Fabian family, and was destined to prove the greatest support of the Roman people in dangerous emergencies on many occasions both at home and in war.[1]

At the time when this disaster was sustained, Gaius Horatius and Titus Menenius were consuls. Menenius was immediately sent against the Tuscans, now elated with victory. On that occasion also an unsuccessful battle was fought, and the enemy took possession of the Janiculum: and the city would have been besieged, since scarcity of provisions distressed them in addition to the war—for the Etruscans had passed the Tiber—had not the consul Horatius been recalled from the Volscians; and so closely did that war approach the very walls, that the first battle was fought near the Temple of Hope [2] with doubtful success, and a second at the Colline gate. There, although the Romans gained the upper hand by only a trifling advantage, yet that contest rendered the soldiers more serviceable for future battles by the restoration of their former courage.

Aulus Verginius and Spurius Servilius were next chosen consuls. After the defeat sustained in the last battle, the Veientines declined an engagement.[3] Ravages were committed, and they made repeated attacks in every direction upon the Roman territory from the Janiculum, as if from a fortress: nowhere were cattle or husbandmen safe. They were afterward entrapped by the same stratagem as that by which they had entrapped the Fabii: having pursued some cattle which had been intentionally driven on in all directions to decoy them, they fell into an ambuscade; in proportion as they were more numerous,[1] the slaughter was greater. The violent resentment resulting from this disaster was the cause and beginning of one still greater: for having crossed the Tiber by night, they attempted to assault the camp of the consul Servilius; being repulsed from thence with great slaughter, they with difficulty made good their retreat to the Janiculum. The consul himself also immediately crossed the Tiber, and fortified his camp at the foot of the Janiculum: at daybreak on the following morning, being both somewhat elated by the success of the battle of the day before, more, however, because the scarcity of corn forced him to adopt measures, however dangerous, provided only they were more expeditious, he rashly marched his army up the steep of the Janiculum to the camp of the enemy, and, being repulsed from thence with more disgrace than when he had repulsed them on the preceding day, he was saved, both himself and his army, by the intervention of his colleague. The Etruscans, hemmed in between the two armies, and presenting their rear to the one and the other by turns, were completely destroyed. Thus the Veientine war was crushed by a successful piece of audacity.[2]

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[1] This story has been much questioned by learned commentators. I see nothing improbable in it if we pare down the exploits a little, and the evidence, such as it is, is all pro.—D. O.

[2] As this temple was about a mile from the city, it is probable the Romans were defeated, and that the second fight at the gate means simply that they repulsed an assault on the walls.—D. O.

[3] That is, did not renew their assault on the walls.—D. O.

Together with peace, provisions came in to the city in greater abundance, both by reason of corn having been brought in from Campania, and, as soon as the fear of want, which every one felt was likely to befall himself, left them, by the corn being brought out, which had been stored. Then their minds once more became wanton from plenty and ease, and they sought at home their former subjects of complaint, now that there was none abroad; the tribunes began to excite the commons by their poisonous charm, the agrarian law: they roused them against the senators who opposed it, and not only against them as a body, but against particular individuals. Quintus Considius and Titus Genucius, the proposers of the agrarian law, appointed a day of trial for Titus Menenius: the loss of the fort of Cremera, while the consul had his standing camp at no great distance from thence, was the cause of his unpopularity. This crushed him, though both the senators had exerted themselves in his behalf with no less earnestness than in behalf of Coriolanus, and the popularity of his father Agrippa was not yet forgotten. The tribunes, however, acted leniently in the matter of the fine: though they had arraigned him for a capital offence, they imposed on him, when found guilty, a fine of only two thousand asses. This proved fatal to him. They say that he could not brook the disgrace and anguish of mind: and that, in consequence, he was carried off by disease. Another senator, Spurius Servilius, was soon after arraigned, as soon as he went out of office, a day of trial having been appointed for him by the tribunes, Lucius Cædicius and Titus Statius, immediately at the beginning of the year, in the consulship of Gaius Nautius and Publius Valerius: he did not, however, like Menenius, meet the attacks of the tribunes with supplications on the part of himself and the patricians, but with firm reliance on his own integrity and his personal popularity. The battle with the Tuscans at the Janiculum was also the charge brought against him: but being a man of impetuous spirit, as he had formerly done in time of public peril, so now in the danger which threatened himself, he dispelled it by boldly meeting it, by confuting not only the tribunes but the commons also, in a haughty speech, and upbraiding them with the condemnation and death of Titus Menenius, by the good offices of whose father the commons had formerly been re-established, and now had those magistrates and enjoyed those laws, by virtue of which they then acted so insolently: his colleague Verginius also, who was brought forward as a witness, aided him by assigning to him a share of his own glory: however—so had they changed their mind—the condemnation of Menenius was of greater service to him.

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[1] Evidently only a small detachment, nevertheless they were in condition to assault a fortified consular camp despite their defeat.—D. O.

[2] The story of this war is much more doubtful than the exploit of the Fabii, and Livy, as usual, furnishes the material for his own criticism.—D. O.

The contests at home were now concluded. A war against the Veientines, with whom the Sabines had united their forces, broke out afresh. The consul Publius Valerius, after auxiliaries had been sent for from the Latins and Hernicans, being despatched to Veii with an army, immediately attacked the Sabine camp, which had been pitched before the walls of their allies, and occasioned such great consternation that, while scattered in different directions, they sallied forth in small parties to repel the assault of the enemy, the gate which he first attacked was taken: then within the rampart a massacre rather than a battle took place. From within the camp the alarm spread also into the city; the Veientines ran to arms in as great a panic as if Veii had been taken: some came up to the support of the Sabines, others fell upon the Romans, who had directed all their force against the camp. For a little while they were disconcerted and thrown into confusion; then they in like manner formed two fronts and made a stand: and the cavalry, being commanded by the consul to charge, routed the Tuscans and put them to flight; and in the self-same hour two armies and two of the most influential and powerful of the neighbouring states were vanquished. While these events were taking place at Veii, the Volscians and Æquans had pitched their camp in Latin territory, and laid waste their frontiers. The Latins, being joined by the Hernicans, without either a Roman general or Roman auxiliaries, by their own efforts, stripped them of their camp. Besides recovering their own effects, they obtained immense booty. The consul Gaius Nautius, however, was sent against the Volscians from Rome. The custom, I suppose, was not approved of, that the allies should carry on wars with their own forces and according to their own plans without a Roman general and troops. There was no kind of injury and petty annoyance that was not practised against the Volscians; they could not, however, be prevailed on to come to an engagement in the field.

Lucius Furius and Gaius Manlius were the next consuls. The Veientines fell to Manlius as his province. No war, however, followed: a truce for forty years was granted them at their request, but they were ordered to provide corn and pay for the soldiers. Disturbance at home immediately followed in close succession on peace abroad: the commons were goaded by the spur employed by the tribunes in the shape of the agrarian law. The consuls, no whit intimidated by the condemnation of Menenius, nor by the danger of Servilius, resisted with their utmost might; Gnæus Genucius, a tribune of the people, dragged the consuls before the court on their going out of office. Lucius Æmilius and Opiter Verginius entered upon the consulate. Instead of Verginius I find Vopiscus Julius given as consul in some annals. In this year (whoever were the consuls) Furius and Manlius, being summoned to trial before the people, in sordid garb solicited the aid of the younger patricians as much as that of the commons: they advised, they cautioned them to keep themselves from public offices and the administration of public affairs, and indeed to consider the consular fasces, the toga prætexta and curule chair, as nothing else but a funeral parade: that when decked with these splendid insignia, as with fillets,[1] they were doomed to death. But if the charms of the consulate were so great, they should even now rest satisfied that the consulate was held in captivity and crushed by the tribunician power; that everything had to be done by the consul, at the beck and command of the tribune, as if he were a tribune's beadle. If he stirred, if he regarded the patricians at all, if he thought that there existed any other party in the state but the commons, let him set before his eyes the banishment of Gnæus Marcius, the condemnation and death of Menenius. Fired by these words, the patricians from that time held their consultations not in public, but in private houses, and remote from the knowledge of the majority, at which, when this one point only was agreed on, that the accused must be rescued either by fair means or foul, the most desperate proposals were most approved; nor did any deed, however daring, lack a supporter.[1] Accordingly, on the day of trial, when the people stood in the forum on tiptoe of expectation, they at first began to feel surprised that the tribune did not come down; then, the delay now becoming more suspicious, they believed that he was hindered by the nobles, and complained that the public cause was abandoned and betrayed. At length those who had been waiting before the entrance of the tribune's residence, announced that he had been found dead in his house. As soon as rumour spread the news through the whole assembly, just as an army disperses on the fall of its general, so did they scatter in different directions. Panic chiefly seized the tribunes, now taught by their colleague's death how utterly ineffectual was the aid the devoting laws afforded them.[2] Nor did the patricians display their exultation with due moderation; and so far was any of them from feeling compunction at the guilty act, that even those who were innocent wished to be considered to have perpetrated it, and it was openly declared that the tribunician power ought to be subdued by chastisement.

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[1] After the manner of animals about to be sacrificed.—D. O.

Immediately after this victory, that involved a most ruinous precedent, a levy was proclaimed; and, the tribunes being now overawed, the consuls accomplished their object without any opposition. Then indeed the commons became enraged more at the inactivity of the tribunes than at the authority of the consuls: they declared there was an end of their liberty: that things had returned to their old condition: that the tribunician power had died along with Genucius and was buried with him; that other means must be devised and adopted, by which the patricians might be resisted: and that the only means to that end was for the people to defend themselves, since they had no other help: that four-and-twenty lictors waited on the consuls, and they men of the common people: that nothing could be more despicable, or weaker, if only there were persons to despise them; that each person magnified those things and made them objects of terror to himself. When they had excited one another by these words, a lictor was despatched by the consuls to Volero Publilius, a man belonging to the commons, because he declared that, having been a centurion, he ought not to be made a common soldier. Volero appealed to the tribunes. When no one came to his assistance, the consuls ordered the man to be stripped and the rods to be got ready. "I appeal to the people," said Volero, "since the tribunes prefer to see a Roman citizen scourged before their eyes, than themselves to be butchered by you each in his bed." The more vehemently he cried out, the more violently did the lictor tear off his clothes and strip him. Then Volero, being both himself a man of great bodily strength, and aided by his partisans, having thrust back the lictor, retired into the thickest part of the crowd, where the outcry of those who expressed their indignation was loudest, crying out: "I appeal, and implore the protection of the commons; assist me, fellow-citizens: assist me, fellow-soldiers: it is no use to wait for the tribunes, who themselves stand in need of your aid." The men, excited, made ready as if for battle: and it was clear that a general crisis was at hand, that no one would have respect for anything, either public or private right. When the consuls had faced this violent storm, they soon found out that authority unsupported by strength had but little security; the lictors being maltreated, and the fasces broken, they were driven from the forum into the senate-house, uncertain how far Volero would follow up his victory. After that, the disturbance subsiding, having ordered the members to be summoned to the senate, they complained of the insults offered to themselves, of the violence of the people, of the daring conduct of Volero. After many violent measures had been proposed, the older members prevailed, who did not approve of the rash behaviour of the commons being met by the resentment of the patricians.

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[1] This was probably the origin of the "clubs" of young patricians, to which so much of the later violence was due.—D. O.

[2] The lex sacrata, which declared their persons inviolate.—D. O.

The commons having warmly espoused the cause of Volero, at the next meeting, secured his election as tribune of the people for that year, in which Lucius Pinarius and Publius Furius were consuls: and, contrary to the opinion of all, who thought that he would make free use of his tribuneship to harass the consuls of the preceding year, postponing private resentment to the public interest, without the consuls being attacked even by a single word, he brought a bill before the people, that plebeian magistrates should be elected at the comitia tributa.[1] A measure of no small importance was now proposed, under an aspect at first sight by no means alarming; but one of such a nature that it really deprived the patricians of all power of electing whatever tribunes they pleased by the suffrages of their clients. The patricians resisted to the utmost this proposal, which met with the greatest approval of the commons: and though none of the college[2] could be induced by the influence either of the consuls or of the chief members of the senate to enter a protest against it, which was the only means of effectual resistance, yet the matter, a weighty one from its own importance, was spun out by party struggles for a whole year. The commons re-elected Volero as tribune. The senators, considering that the matter would end in a desperate struggle, elected as consul Appius Claudius, the son of Appius, who was both hated by and had hated the commons, ever since the contests between them and his father. Titus Quinctius was assigned to him as his colleague. Immediately, at the beginning of the year,[3] no other question took precedence of that regarding the law. But like Volero, the originator of it, so his colleague, Lætorius, was both a more recent, as well as a more energetic, supporter of it. His great renown in war made him overbearing, because, in the age in which he lived, no one was more prompt in action. He, while Volero confined himself to the discussion of the law, avoiding all abuse of the consuls, broke out into accusations against Appius and his family, as having ever been most overbearing and cruel toward the Roman commons, contending that he had been elected by the senators, not as consul, but as executioner, to harass and torture the people: his tongue, unskilled in speech, as was natural in a soldier, was unable to give adequate expression to the freedom of his sentiments. When, therefore, language failed him, he said: "Romans, since I do not speak with as much readiness as I make good what I have spoken, attend here to-morrow. I will either die before your eyes, or will carry the law." On the following day the tribunes took possession of the platform: the consuls and the nobles took their places together in the assembly to obstruct the law. Lætorius ordered all persons to be removed, except those going to vote. The young nobles kept their places, paying no regard to the officer; then Lætorius ordered some of them to be seized. The consul Appius insisted that the tribune had no jurisdiction over any one except a plebeian; for that he was not a magistrate of the people in general, but only of the commons; and that even he himself could not, according to the usage of their ancestors, by virtue of his authority remove any person, because the words were as follows: "If ye think proper, depart, Quirites." He was easily able to disconcert Lætorius by discussing his right thus contemptuously. The tribune, therefore, burning with rage, sent his officer to the consul; the consul sent his lictor to the tribune, exclaiming that he was a private individual, without military office and without civil authority: and the tribune would have been roughly handled, had not both the entire assembly risen up with great warmth in behalf of the tribune against the consul, and a crowd of people belonging to the excited multitude, rushed from all parts of the city into the forum. Appius, however, withstood this great storm with obstinacy, and the contest would have ended in a battle, not without bloodshed, had not Quinctius, the other consul, having intrusted the men of consular rank with the task of removing his colleague from the forum by force, if they could not do so in any other way, himself now assuaged the raging people by entreaties, now implored the tribunes to dismiss the assembly. Let them, said he, give their passion time to cool: delay would not in any respect deprive them of their power, but would add prudence to strength; and the senators would be under the control of the people, and the consul under that of the senators.

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[1] The assembly of the plebeians by tribes.—D. O.

[2] Of tribunes.

[3] The consular year.

The people were with difficulty pacified by Quinctius; the other consul with much more difficulty by the patricians. The assembly of the people having been at length dismissed, the consuls convened the senate; in which, though fear and resentment by turns had produced a diversity of opinions, the more their minds were called off, by lapse of time, from passion to reflection, the more adverse did they become to contentiousness, so that they returned thanks to Quinctius, because it was owing to his exertions that the disturbance had been quieted. Appius was requested to give his consent that the consular dignity should be merely so great as it could be in a state if it was to be united: it was declared that, as long as the tribunes and consuls claimed all power, each for his own side, no strength was left between: that the commonwealth was distracted and torn asunder: that the object aimed at was rather to whom it should belong, than that it should be safe. Appius, on the contrary, called gods and men to witness that the commonwealth was being betrayed and abandoned through cowardice; that it was not the consul who had failed to support the senate, but the senate the consul: that more oppressive conditions were now being submitted to than had been submitted to on the Sacred Mount. Overcome, however, by the unanimous feeling of the senators, he desisted: the law was carried without opposition.

Then for the first time the tribunes were elected in the comitia tributa. Piso is the authority for the statement that three were added to the number, as if there had been only two before. He also gives the names of the tribunes, Gnæus Siccius, Lucius Numitorius, Marcus Duellius, Spurius Icilius, Lucius Mecilius. During the disturbance at Rome, a war broke out with the Volscians and Æquans, who had laid waste the country, so that, if any secession of the people took place, they might find a refuge with them. Afterward, when matters were settled, they moved back their camp. Appius Claudius was sent against the Volscians; the Æquans fell to Quinctius as his province. Appius exhibited the same severity in war as at home, only more unrestrained, because it was free from the control of the tribunes. He hated the commons with a hatred greater than that inherited from his father: he had been defeated by them: when he had been chosen consul as the only man able to oppose the influence of the tribunes, a law had been passed, which former consuls had obstructed with less effect, amid hopes of the senators by no means so great as those now placed in him. His resentment and indignation at this stirred his imperious temper to harass the army by the severity of his command; it could not, however, be subdued by any exercise of authority, with such a spirit of opposition were the soldiers filled. They carried out all orders slowly, indolently, carelessly, and stubbornly: neither shame nor fear restrained them. If he wished the march to be accelerated, they designedly went more slowly: if he came up to them to encourage them in their work, they all relaxed the energy which they had before exerted of their own accord: they cast down their eyes in his presence, they silently cursed him as he passed by; so that that spirit, unconquered by plebeian hatred, was sometimes moved. Every kind of severity having been tried without effect, he no longer held any intercourse with the soldiers; he said the army was corrupted by the centurions; he sometimes gibingly called them tribunes of the people and Voleros.

None of these circumstances were unknown to the Volscians, and they pressed on with so much the more vigour, hoping that the Roman soldiers would entertain the same spirit of opposition against Appius as they had formerly exhibited against the consul Fabius. However, they showed themselves still more embittered against Appius than against Fabius. For they were not only unwilling to conquer, like the army of Fabius, but even wished to be conquered. When led forth into the field, they made for their camp in ignominious flight, and did not stand their ground until they saw the Volscians advancing against their fortifications, and the dreadful havoc in the rear of their army. Then they were compelled to put forth their strength for battle, in order that the now victorious enemy might be dislodged from their lines; while, however, it was sufficiently clear that the Roman soldiers were only unwilling that the camp should be taken, in regard to all else they gloried in their own defeat and disgrace. When the haughty spirit of Appius, in no wise broken by this behaviour of the soldiers, purposed to act with still greater severity, and summoned a meeting, the lieutenants and tribunes flocked around him, recommending him by no means to decide to put his authority to the proof, the entire strength of which lay in unanimous obedience, saying that the soldiers generally refused to come to the assembly, and that their voices were heard on all sides, demanding that the camp should be removed from the Volscian territory: that the victorious enemy were but a little time ago almost at the very gates and rampart, and that not merely a suspicion but the visible form of a grievous disaster presented itself to their eyes. Yielding at last—since they gained nothing save a respite from punishment—having prorogued the assembly, and given orders that their march should be proclaimed for the following day, at daybreak he gave the signal for departure by sound of trumpet. At the very moment when the army, having got clear of the camp, was forming itself, the Volscians, as if they had been aroused by the same signal, fell upon those in the rear: from these the alarm spreading to the van, threw both the battalions and companies into such a state of consternation, that neither could the general's orders be distinctly heard, nor the lines drawn up. No one thought of anything but flight. In such loose order did they make their way through heaps of dead bodies and arms, that the enemy ceased their pursuit sooner than the Romans their flight. The soldiers having at length rallied from their disordered flight, the consul, after he had in vain followed his men, bidding them return, pitched his camp in a peaceful part of the country; and having convened an assembly, after inveighing not without good reason against the army, as traitors to military discipline, deserters of their posts, asking them, one by one, where were their standards, where their arms, he first beat with rods and then beheaded those soldiers who had thrown down their arms, the standard-bearers who had lost their standards, and also the centurions, and those who received double allowance,[1] who had deserted their ranks. With respect to the rest of the rank and file, every tenth man was drawn by lot for punishment.

On the other hand, the consul and soldiers among the Æquans vied with each other in courtesy and acts of kindness: Quinctius was naturally milder in disposition, and the ill-fated severity of his colleague had caused him to give freer vent to his own good temper. This remarkable agreement between the general and his army the Æquans did not venture to meet, but suffered the enemy to go through their country committing devastations in every direction. Nor were depredations committed more extensively in that quarter in any preceding war. The whole of the booty was given to the soldiers. In addition, they received praise, in which the minds of soldiers find no less pleasure than in rewards. The army returned more reconciled both to their general, and also, thanks to the general, to the patricians, declaring that a parent had been given to them, a tyrant to the other army by the senate. The year which had passed with varied success in war, and violent dissensions at home and abroad, was rendered memorable chiefly by the elections of tribes, a matter which was more important from the victory in the contest[2] that was undertaken than from any real advantage; for more dignity was withdrawn from the elections themselves by the fact that the patricians were excluded from the council, than influence either added to the commons or taken from the patricians.[3]

A still more stormy year followed, when Lucius Valerius and Titus Æmilius were consuls, both by reason of the struggles between the different orders concerning the agrarian law, as well as on account of the trial of Appius Claudius, for whom Marcus Duilius and Gnæus Siccius appointed a day of trial, as a most active opposer of the law, and one who supported the cause of the possessors of the public land, as if he were a third consul.[1] Never before was an accused person so hateful to the commons brought to trial before the people, overwhelmed with their resentment against himself and also against his father. The patricians too seldom made equal exertions so readily on one's behalf: they declared that the champion of the senate, and the upholder of their dignity, set up as a barrier against all the storms of the tribunes and commons, was exposed to the resentment of the commons, although he had only exceeded the bounds of moderation in the contest. Appius Claudius himself was the only one of the patricians who made light both of the tribunes and commons and his own trial. Neither the threats of the commons, nor the entreaties of the senate, could ever persuade him even to change his garb, or accost persons as a suppliant, or even to soften or moderate his usual harshness of speech in the least degree, when his cause was to be pleaded before the people. The expression of his countenance was the same; the same stubbornness in his looks, the same spirit of pride in his language: so that a great part of the commons felt no less awe of Appius when on his trial than they had felt for him when consul. He pleaded his cause only once, and in the same haughty style of an accuser which he had been accustomed to adopt on all occasions: and he so astounded both the tribunes and the commons by his intrepidity, that, of their own accord, they postponed the day of trial, and then allowed the matter to die out. No long interval elapsed: before, however, the appointed day came, he died of some disease; and when the tribunes of the people endeavoured to put a stop to his funeral panegyric, the commons would not allow the burial day of so great a man to be defrauded of the customary honours: and they listened to his eulogy when dead as patiently as they had listened to the charges brought against him when living, and attended his obsequies in vast numbers.

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[1] One of the rewards of good conduct was double rations.—D. O.

[2] That is, the contest to obtain the reform.—D. O.

[3] While the plebeians lost the dignity conferred on the assembly by the presence of distinguished patricians, they gained nothing, as, in the mere matter of votes, they already had a majority; and the patricians lost nothing, as the number of their votes would not be sufficient to render them of much importance.

In the same year the consul Valerius, having marched with an army against the Æquans, and being unable to draw out the enemy to an engagement, proceeded to attack their camp. A dreadful storm coming down from heaven accompanied by thunder and hail prevented him. Then, on a signal for a retreat being given, their surprise was excited by the return of such fair weather, that they felt scruples about attacking a second time a camp which was defended as it were by some divine power: all the violence of the war was directed to plundering the country. The other consul, Æmilius, conducted the war in Sabine territory. There also, because the enemy confined themselves within their walls, the lands were laid waste. Then the Sabines, roused by the burning not only of the farms, but of the villages also, which were thickly inhabited, after they had fallen in with the raiders retired from an engagement the issue of which was left undecided, and on the following day removed their camp into a safer situation. This seemed a sufficient reason to the consul why he should leave the enemy as conquered, and depart thence, although the war was as yet unfinished.

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[1] There were other specific charges, but Livy confines himself to the spirit of the prosecution.—D. O.

During these wars, while dissensions still continued at home, Titus Numicius Priscus and Aulus Verginius were elected consuls. The commons appeared determined no longer to brook the delay in accepting the agrarian law, and extreme violence was on the point of being resorted to, when it became known by the smoke from the burning farms and the flight of the peasants that the Volscians were at hand: this circumstance checked the sedition that was now ripe and on the point of breaking out. The consuls, under the immediate compulsion of the senate, led forth the youth from the city to war, and thereby rendered the rest of the commons more quiet. And the enemy indeed, having merely filled the Romans with fear that proved groundless, departed in great haste. Numicius marched to Antium against the Volscians, Verginius against the Æquans. There, after they had nearly met with a great disaster in an attack from an ambuscade, the bravery of the soldiers restored their fortunes, which had been endangered through the carelessness of the consul. Affairs were conducted better in the case of the Volscians. The enemy were routed in the first engagement, and driven in flight into the city of Antium, a very wealthy place, considering the times: the consul, not venturing to attack it, took from the people of Antium another town, Cæno,[1] which was by no means so wealthy. While the Æquans and Volscians engaged the attention of the Roman armies, the Sabines advanced in their depredations even to the gates of the city: then they themselves, a few days later, sustained from the two armies heavier losses than they had inflicted, both the consuls having entered their territories under the influence of exasperation.

At the close of the year to some extent there was peace, but, as frequently at other times, a peace disturbed by contests between the patricians and commons. The exasperated commons refused to attend the consular elections: Titus Quinctius and Quintus Servilius were elected consuls through the influence of the patricians and their dependents: the consuls had a year similar to the preceding, disturbed at the beginning, and afterward tranquil by reason of war abroad. The Sabines crossing the plains of Crustumerium by forced marches, after carrying fire and sword along the banks of the Anio, being repulsed when they had nearly come up to the Colline gate and the walls, drove off, however, great booty of men and cattle: the consul Servilius, having pursued them with an army bent on attacking them, was unable to overtake the main body itself in the level country: he, however, extended his devastations over such a wide area, that he left nothing unmolested by war, and returned after having obtained booty many times greater than that carried off by the enemy. The public cause was also extremely well supported among the Volscians by the exertions both of the general and the soldiers. First a pitched battle was fought, on level ground, with great slaughter and much bloodshed on both sides: and the Romans, because their small numbers caused their loss to be more keenly felt, would have given way, had not the consul, by a well-timed fiction, reanimated the army, by crying out that the enemy was in flight on the other wing; having charged, they, by believing themselves victorious, became so. The consul, fearing lest, by pressing on too far, he might renew the contest, gave the signal for retreat. A few days intervened, both sides resting as if by tacit suspension of hostilities: during these days a vast number of persons from all the states of the Volscians and Æquans came to the camp, feeling no doubt that the Romans would depart during the night, if they perceived them. Accordingly, about the third watch,[1] they came to attack the camp. Quinctius having allayed the confusion which the sudden panic had occasioned, and ordered the soldiers to remain quiet in their tents, led out a cohort of the Hernicans for an advance guard: the trumpeters and horn-blowers he mounted on horseback, and commanded them to sound their trumpets before the rampart, and to keep the enemy in suspense till daylight: during the rest of the night everything was so quiet in the camp, that the Romans had even the opportunity of sleeping.[2] The sight of the armed infantry, whom they both considered to be more numerous than they were, and at the same time Romans, the bustle and neighing of the horses, which became restless, both from the fact of strange riders being mounted on them, and moreover from the sound of the trumpets frightening them, kept the Volscians intently awaiting an attack of the enemy.

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[1] The port of Antium, now Porto d'Anjo.

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[1] Midnight.—D. O.

[2] The rendering of the rest of this section is vague and unsatisfactory.—D. O.

When the day dawned, the Romans, invigorated and having enjoyed a full sleep, on being marched out to battle, at the first onset caused the Volscians to give way, wearied as they were from standing and keeping watch: though indeed the enemy rather retired than were routed, because in the rear there were hills to which the unbroken ranks behind the first line had a safe retreat. The consul, when he came to the uneven ground, halted his army; the infantry were kept back with difficulty: they loudly demanded to be allowed to pursue the discomfited foe. The cavalry were more violent: crowding round the general, they cried out that they would proceed in front of the first line. While the consul hesitated, relying on the valour of his men, yet having little confidence in the nature of the ground, they all cried out that they would proceed; and execution followed the shout. Fixing their spears in the ground, in order that they might be lighter to mount the heights, they advanced uphill at a run. The Volscians, having discharged their missile weapons at the first onset, hurled down the stones that lay at their feet upon the Romans as they were making their way up, and having thrown them into confusion by incessant blows, strove to drive them from the higher ground: thus the left wing of the Romans was nearly overborne, had not the consul dispelled their fear by rousing them to a sense of shame as they were on the point of retreating, chiding at the same time their temerity and their cowardice. At first they stood their ground with determined firmness; then, as they recovered their strength by still holding their position, they ventured to advance of themselves, and, renewing their shouts, they encouraged the whole body to advance: then having made a fresh attack, they forced their way up and surmounted the unfavourable ground. They were now on the point of gaining the summit of the hill, when the enemy turned their backs, and pursued and pursuer at full speed rushed into the camp almost in one body. During this panic the camp was taken; such of the Volscians as were able to make good their escape, made for Antium. The Roman army also was led thither; after having been invested for a few days, the town surrendered, not in consequence of any new efforts on the part of the besiegers, but because the spirits of the inhabitants had sunk ever since the unsuccessful battle and the loss of their camp.

BOOK III

THE DECEMVIRATE

AFTER the capture of Antium, Titus Æmilius and Quintus Fabius became consuls. This was the Fabius who was the sole survivor of the family that had been annihilated at the Cremera. Æmilius had already in his former consulship recommended the bestowal of land on the people. Accordingly, in his second consulship also, both the advocates of the agrarian law encouraged themselves to hope for the passing of the measure, and the tribunes took it up, thinking that a result, that had been frequently attempted in opposition to the consuls, might be obtained now that at any rate one consul supported it: the consul remained firm in his opinion. The possessors of state land [1]—and these a considerable part of the patricians—transferred the odium of the entire affair from the tribunes to the consul, complaining that a man, who held the first office in the state, was busying himself with proposals more befitting the tribunes, and was gaining popularity by making presents out of other people's property. A violent contest was at hand, had not Fabius compromised the matter by a suggestion disagreeable to neither party. That under the conduct and auspices of Titus Quinctius a considerable tract of land had been taken in the preceding year from the Volscians: that a colony might be sent to Antium, a neighbouring and conveniently situated maritime city: in this manner the commons would come in for lands without any complaints on the part of the present occupiers, and the state remain at peace. This proposition was accepted. He secured the appointment of Titus Quinctius, Aulus Verginius, and Publius Furius as triumvirs for distributing the land: such as wished to receive land were ordered to give in their names. The attainment of their object created disgust immediately, as usually happens, and so few gave in their names that Volscian colonists were added to fill up the number: the rest of the people preferred to ask for land in Rome, rather than to receive it elsewhere. The Æquans sued for peace from Quintus Fabius (he had gone thither with an army), and they themselves broke it by a sudden incursion into Latin territory.

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[1] The ager publicus or public land consisted of the landed estates which had belonged to the kings, and were increased by land taken from enemies who had been captured in war. The patricians had gained exclusive occupation of this, for which they paid a nominal rent in the shape of produce and tithes : the state, however, still retained the right of disposal of it. By degrees the ager publicus fell into the hands of a few rich individuals, who were continually buying up smaller estates, which were cultivated by slaves, thus reducing the number of free agricultural labourers.

In the following year Quintus Servilius (for he was consul with Spurius Postumius), being sent against the Æquans, pitched his camp permanently in Latin territory: unavoidable inaction held the army in check, since it was attacked by illness. The war was protracted to the third year, when Quintus Fabius and Titus Quinctius were consuls. To Fabius, because he, as conqueror, had granted peace to the Æquans, that sphere of action was assigned in an unusual manner.[1] He, setting out with a sure hope that his name and renown would reduce the Æquans to submission, sent ambassadors to the council of the nation, and ordered them to announce that Quintus Fabius, the consul, stated that he had brought peace to Rome from the Æquans, that from Rome he now brought them war, with that same right hand, but now armed, which he had formerly given to them in amity; that the gods were now witnesses, and would presently take vengeance on those by whose perfidy and perjury that had come to pass. That he, however, be matters as they might, even now preferred that the Æquans should repent of their own accord rather than suffer the vengeance of an enemy. If they repented, they would have a safe retreat in the clemency they had already experienced; but if they still took pleasure in perjury, they would wage war with the gods enraged against them rather than their enemies. These words had so little effect on any of them that the ambassadors were near being ill-treated, and an army was sent to Algidum[2] against the Romans. When news of this was brought to Rome, the indignity of the affair, rather than the danger, caused the other consul to be summoned from the city; thus two consular armies advanced against the enemy in order of battle, intending to come to an engagement at once. But as it happened that not much of the day remained, one of the advance guard of the enemy cried out: "This is making a show of war, Romans, not waging it: you draw up your army in line of battle, when night is at hand; we need a longer period of daylight for the contest which is to come. To-morrow at sunrise return to the field: you shall have an opportunity of fighting, never fear." The soldiers, stung by these taunts, were marched back into camp till the following day, thinking that a long night was approaching, which would cause the contest to be delayed. Then indeed they refreshed their bodies with food and sleep: on the following day, when it was light, the Roman army took up their position some considerable time before. At length the Æquans also advanced. The battle was hotly contested on both sides, because the Romans fought under the influence of resentment and hatred, while the Æquans were compelled by a consciousness of danger incurred by misconduct, and despair of any confidence being reposed in them hereafter, to venture and to have recourse to the most desperate efforts. The Æquans, however, did not withstand the attack of the Roman troops, and when, having been defeated, they had retired to their own territories, the savage multitude, with feelings not at all more disposed to peace, began to rebuke their leaders: that their fortunes had been intrusted to the hazard of a pitched battle, in which mode of fighting the Romans were superior. That the Æquans were better adapted for depredations and incursions, and that several parties, acting in different directions, conducted wars with greater success than the unwieldy mass of a single army.

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[1] Directly, rather than by lot as was usual.

[2] Monte Algido, the highest point of the Alban Mountains, not far from Ontanese.—D. O.

Accordingly, having left a guard over the camp, they marched out and attacked the Roman frontiers with such fury that they carried terror even to the city: the fact that this was unexpected also caused more alarm, because it was least of all to be feared that an enemy, vanquished and almost besieged in their camp, should entertain thoughts of depredation: and the peasants, rushing through the gates in a state of panic, cried out that it was not a mere raid, nor small parties of plunderers, but, exaggerating everything in their groundless fear, whole armies and legions of the enemy that were close at hand, and that they were hastening toward the city in hostile array. Those who were nearest carried to others the reports heard from these, reports vague and on that account more groundless: and the hurry and clamour of those calling to arms bore no distant resemblance to the panic that arises when a city has been taken by storm. It so happened that the consul Quinctius had returned to Rome from Algidum: this brought some relief to their terror; and, the tumult being calmed, after chiding them for their dread of a vanquished enemy, he set a guard on the gates. Then a meeting of the senate was summoned, and a suspension of business proclaimed by their authority: he himself, having set out to defend the frontiers, leaving behind Quintus Servilius as prefect of the city, found no enemy in the country. Affairs were conducted with distinguished success by the other consul; who, having attacked the enemy, where he knew that they would arrive, laden with booty, and therefore marching with their army the more encumbered, caused their depredation to prove their destruction. Few of the enemy escaped from the ambuscade; all the booty was recovered. Thus the return of the consul Quinctius to the city put an end to the suspension of business, which lasted four days. A census [1] was then held, and the lustrum [2] closed by Quinctius: the number of citizens rated is said to have been one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and fourteen, not counting orphans of both sexes. Nothing memorable occurred afterward among the Æquans; they retired into their towns, allowing their possessions to be consumed by fire and devastated. The consul, after he had repeatedly carried devastation with a hostile army through the whole of the enemy's country, returned to Rome with great glory and booty.

The next consuls were Aulus Postumius Albus and Spurius Furius Fusus. Furii is by some writers written Fusii; this I mention, to prevent any one thinking that the change, which is only in the names, is in the persons themselves. There was no doubt that one of the consuls was about to begin hostilities against the Æquans. The latter accordingly sought help from the Volscians of Ecetra; this was readily granted (so keenly did these states contend in inveterate hatred against the Romans), and preparations for war were made with the utmost vigour. The Hernicans came to hear of it, and warned the Romans that the Ecetrans had revolted to the Æquans: the colony of Antium also was suspected, because, after the town had been taken a great number of the inhabitants had fled thence for refuge to the Æquans: and these soldiers behaved with the very greatest bravery during the course of the war. After the Æquans had been driven into the towns, when this rabble returned to Antium, it alienated from the Romans the colonists who were already of their own accord disposed to treachery. The matter not yet being ripe, when it had been announced to the senate that a revolt was intended, the consuls were charged to inquire what was going on, the leading men of the colony being summoned to Rome. When they had attended without reluctance, they were conducted before the senate by the consuls, and gave such answers to the questions that were put to them that they were dismissed more suspected than they had come.

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[1] In later times the censor performed this office.—D. O.

[2] The ceremony of purification took place every five years, hence "lustrum" came to be used for a period of five years.

After this war was regarded as inevitable. Spurius Furius, one of the consuls to whom that sphere of action had fallen, having marched against the Æquans, found the enemy committing depredations in the country of the Hernicans; and being ignorant of their numbers, because they had nowhere been seen all together, he rashly hazarded an engagement with an army which was no match for their forces. Being driven from his position at the first onset, he retreated to his camp: nor was that the end of his danger: for both on the next night and the following day, his camp was beset and assaulted with such vigour that not even a messenger could be despatched thence to Rome. The Hernicans brought news both that an unsuccessful battle had been fought, and that the consul and army were besieged: and inspired the senate with such terror, that the other consul Postumius was charged to see to it that the commonwealth took no harm,[1] a form of decree which has ever been deemed to be one of extreme urgency. It seemed most advisable that the consul himself should remain at Rome to enlist all such as were able to bear arms: that Titus Quinctius should be sent as proconsul[2] to the relief of the camp with the army of the allies: to complete this army the Latins and Hernicans, and the colony of Antium were ordered to supply Quinctius with troops hurriedly raised —such was the name (subitarii) that they gave to auxiliaries raised for sudden emergencies.

During those days many manœuvres and many attacks were carried out on both sides, because the enemy, having the advantage in numbers, attempted to harass the Roman forces by attacking them on many sides, as not likely to prove sufficient to meet all attacks. While the camp was being besieged, at the same time part of the army was sent to devastate Roman territory, and to make an attempt upon the city itself, should fortune favour. Lucius Valerius was left to guard the city: the consul Postumius was sent to prevent the plundering of the frontiers. There was no abatement in any quarter either of vigilance or activity; watches were stationed in the city, outposts before the gates, and guards along the walls: and a cessation of business was observed for several days, as was necessary amid such general confusion. In the meantime the consul Furius, after he had at first passively endured the siege in his camp, sallied forth through the main gate[1] against the enemy when off their guard; and though he might have pursued them, he stopped through apprehension, that an attack might be made on the camp from the other side. The lieutenant Furius (he was also the consul's brother) was carried away too far in pursuit: nor did he, in his eagerness to follow them up, observe either his own party returning, or the attack of the enemy on his rear: being thus shut out, having repeatedly made many unavailing efforts to force his way to the camp, he fell, fighting bravely. In like manner the consul, turning about to renew the fight, on being informed that his brother was surrounded, rushing into the thick of the fight rashly rather than with sufficient caution, was wounded, and with difficulty rescued by those around him. This both damped the courage of his own men, and increased the boldness of the enemy; who, being encouraged by the death of the lieutenant, and by the consul's wound, could not afterward have been withstood by any force, as the Romans, having been driven into their camp, were again being besieged, being a match for them neither in hopes nor in strength, and the very existence of the state would have been imperilled, had not Titus Quinctius come to their relief with foreign troops, the Latin and Hernican army. He attacked the Æquans on their rear while their attention was fixed on the Roman camp, and while they were insultingly displaying the head of the lieutenant: and, a sally being made at the same time from the camp at a signal given by himself from a distance, he surrounded a large force of the enemy. Of the Æquans in Roman territory the slaughter was less, their flight more disorderly. As they straggled in different directions, driving their plunder before them, Postumius attacked them in several places, where he had posted bodies of troops in advantageous positions. They, while straying about and pursuing their flight in great disorder, fell in with the victorious Quinctius as he was returning with the wounded consul. Then the consular army by its distinguished bravery amply avenged the consul's wound, and the death of the lieutenant and the slaughter of the cohorts; heavy losses were both inflicted and received on both sides during those days. In a matter of such antiquity it is difficult to state, so as to inspire conviction, the exact number of those who fought or fell: Antias Valerius, however, ventures to give an estimate of the numbers: that in the Hernican territory there fell five thousand eight hundred Romans; that of the predatory parties of the Æquans, who strayed through the Roman frontiers for the purpose of plundering, two thousand four hundred were slain by the consul Aulus Postumius; that the rest of the body which fell in with Quinctius while driving its booty before them, by no means got off with a loss equally small: of these he asserts that four thousand, and by way of stating the number exactly, two hundred and thirty were slain. After their return to Rome, the cessation of business was abandoned. The sky seemed to be all ablaze with fire; and other prodigies either actually presented themselves before men's eyes, or exhibited imaginary appearances to their affrighted minds. To avert these terrors, a solemn festival for three days was proclaimed, during which all the shrines were filled with a crowd of men and women, earnestly imploring the favour of the gods. After this the Latin and Hernican cohorts were sent back to their respective homes, after they had been thanked by the senate for their spirited conduct in war. The thousand soldiers from Antium were dismissed almost with disgrace, because they had come after the battle too late to render assistance.

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[1] This decree was practically a bestowal of absolute power.—D. O.

[2] In later times the proconsul was the consul of the previous year, appointed to act as such over one of the provinces.—D. O.

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[1] This gate was on the west side, in the rear, farthest from the enemy: it was so called from the decumanus, a line drawn from east to west, which divided the camp into two halves: see note in revised edition of Prendeville's Livy.

The elections were then held: Lucius Æbutius and Publius Servilius were elected consuls, and entered on their office on the calends of August,[1] according to the practice of beginning the year on that date. It was an unhealthy season, and it so happened that the year[2] was pestilential to the city and country, and not more to men than to cattle; and they themselves increased the severity of the disease by admitting the cattle and the peasants into the city in consequence of their dread of devastation. This collection of animals of every kind mingled together both distressed the inhabitants of the city by the unusual stench, and also the peasants, crowded together into their confined dwellings, by heat and want of sleep, while their attendance on each other, and actual contact helped to spread disease. While they were hardly able to endure the calamities that pressed upon them, ambassadors from the Hernicans suddenly brought word that the Æquans and Volscians had united their forces, and pitched their camp in their territory: that from thence they were devastating their frontiers with an immense army. In addition to the fact that the small attendance of the senate was a proof to the allies that the state was prostrated by the pestilence, they further received this melancholy answer: That the Hernicans, as well as the Latins, must now defend their possessions by their own unaided exertions. That the city of Rome, through the sudden anger of the gods, was ravaged by disease. If any relief from that calamity should arise, that they would afford aid to their allies, as they had done the year before, and always on other occasions. The allies departed, carrying home, instead of the melancholy news they had brought, news still more melancholy, seeing that they were now obliged to sustain by their own resources a war, which they would have with difficulty sustained even if backed by the power of Rome. The enemy no longer confined themselves to the Hernican territory. They proceeded thence with determined hostility into the Roman territories, which were already devastated without the injuries of war. There, without any one meeting them, not even an unarmed person, they passed through entire tracts destitute not only of troops, but even uncultivated, and reached the third milestone on the Gabinian road.[1] Æbutius, the Roman consul, was dead: his colleague, Servilius, was dragging out his life with slender hope of recovery; most of the leading men, the chief part of the patricians, nearly all those of military age, were stricken down with disease, so that they not only had not sufficient strength for the expeditions, which amid such an alarm the state of affairs required, but scarcely even for quietly mounting guard. Those senators, whose age and health permitted them, personally discharged the duty of sentinels. The patrol and general supervision was assigned to the plebeian ædiles: on them devolved the chief conduct of affairs and the majesty of the consular authority.

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[1] August 1st.

[2] The consular year, not the civil one, which began in January: the time at which the consuls entered upon office varied very much until B. C. 153, when it was finally settled that the date of their doing so should be January 1st.

The commonwealth thus desolate, since it was without a head, and without strength, was saved by the guardian gods and good fortune of the city, which inspired the Volscians

[1] Called "Via Prænestina" beyond Gabii.

and Æquans with the disposition of freebooters rather than of enemies; for so far were their minds from entertaining any hope not only of taking but even of approaching the walls of Rome, and so thoroughly did the sight of the houses in the distance, and the adjacent hills, divert their thoughts, that, on a murmur arising throughout the entire camp—why should they waste time in indolence without booty in a wild and desert land, amid the pestilence engendered by cattle and human beings, when they could repair to places as yet unattacked—the Tusculan territory abounding in wealth? They suddenly pulled up their standards,[1] and, by cross-country marches, passed through the Lavican territory to the Tusculan hills: to that quarter the whole violence and storm of the war was directed. In the meantime the Hernicans and Latins, influenced not only by compassion but by a feeling of shame, if they neither opposed the common enemy who were making for the city of Rome with a hostile army, nor afforded any aid to their allies when besieged, marched to Rome with united forces. Not finding the enemy there, they followed their tracks in the direction they were reported to have taken, and met them as they were coming down from Tusculan territory into the Alban valley: there a battle was fought under circumstances by no means equal; and their fidelity proved by no means favourable to the allies for the time being. The havoc caused by pestilence at Rome was not less than that caused by the sword among the allies: the only surviving consul died, as well as other distinguished men, Marcus Valerius, Titus Verginius Rutilus, augurs: Servius Sulpicius, chief priest of the curies:[2] while among undistinguished persons the virulence of the disease spread extensively: and the senate, destitute of human aid, directed the people's attention to the gods and to vows: they were ordered to go and offer supplications with their wives and children, and to entreat the favour of Heaven. Besides the fact that their own sufferings obliged each to do so, when summoned by public authority, they filled all the shrines; the prostrate matrons in every quarter sweeping the temples with their hair, begged for a remission of the divine displeasure, and a termination to the pestilence.

From this time, whether it was that the favour of the gods was obtained, or that the more unhealthful season of the year was now over, the bodily condition of the people, now rid of disease, gradually began to be more healthy, and their attention being now directed to public concerns, after the expiration of several interregna, Publius Valerius Publicola, on the third day after he had entered on his office of interrex,[1] procured the election of Lucius Lucretius Tricipitinus, and Titus Veturius (or Vetusius) Geminus, to the consulship. They entered on their consulship on the third day before the ides of August,[2] the state being now strong enough not only to repel a hostile attack, but even to act itself on the offensive. Therefore when the Hernicans announced that the enemy had crossed over into their boundaries, assistance was readily promised: two consular armies were enrolled. Veturius was sent against the Volscians to carry on an offensive war. Tricipitinus, being posted to protect the territory of the allies from devastation, proceeded no further than into the country of the Hernicans. Veturius routed and put the enemy to flight in the first engagement. A party of plunderers, led over the Prænestine Mountains, and from thence sent down into the plains, was unobserved by Lucretius, while he lay encamped among the Hernicans. These laid waste all the country around Præneste and Gabii: from the Gabinian territory they turned their course toward the heights of Tusculum; great alarm was excited in the city of Rome also, more from the suddenness of the affair than because there was not sufficient strength to repel the attack. Quintus Fabius was in command of the city; he, having armed the young men and posted guards, made things secure and tranquil. The enemy, therefore, not venturing to approach the city, when they were returning by a circuitous route, carrying off plunder from the adjacent places, their caution being now more relaxed, in proportion as they removed to a greater distance from the enemy's city, fell in with the consul Lucretius, who had already reconnoitred his lines of march, and whose army was drawn up in battle array and resolved upon an engagement. Accordingly, having attacked them with predetermined resolution, though with considerably inferior forces, they routed and put to flight their numerous army, while smitten with sudden panic, and having driven them into the deep valleys, where means of egress were not easy, they surrounded them. There the power of the Volscians was almost entirely annihilated. In some annals, I find that thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy fell in battle and in flight, that one thousand seven hundred and fifty were taken alive, that twenty-seven military standards were captured: and although in these accounts there may have been some exaggeration in regard to numbers, undoubtedly great slaughter took place. The victorious consul, having obtained immense booty, returned to his former standing camp. Then the consuls joined camps. The Volscians and Æquans also united their shattered strength. This was the third battle in that year; the same good fortune gave them victory; the enemy was routed, and their camp taken.

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[1] That is, broke up camp.—D. O.

[2] The people of Rome had been divided in early times into thirty curies: each of these had an officiating priest, called curio, and the whole body was under the presidency of the curio maximus.

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[1] The ten leading senators held the office in rotation for five days each, until the consular comitia were held.—D. O.

[2] August 11th.

Thus the affairs of Rome returned to their former condition: and successes abroad immediately excited commotions in the city. Gaius Terentilius Harsa was tribune of the people in that year: he, considering that an opportunity was afforded for tribunician intrigues during the absence of the consuls, began, after railing against the arrogance of the patricians for several days before the people, to inveigh chiefly against the consular authority, as being excessive and intolerable for a free state: for that in name only was it less hateful, in reality it was almost more cruel than the authority of the kings: that forsooth in place of one, two masters had been accepted, with unbounded and unlimited power, who, themselves unrestrained and unbridled, directed all the terrors of the law, and all kinds of punishments against the commons. Now, in order that their unbounded license might not last forever, he would bring forward a law that five persons be appointed to draw up laws regarding the consular power, by which the consul should use that right which the people should have given him over them, not considering their own caprice and license as law. Notice having been given of this law, as the patricians were afraid, lest, in the absence of the consuls, they should be subjected to the yoke, the senate was convened by Quintus Fabius, prefect of the city, who inveighed so vehemently against the bill and its proposer that no kind of threats or intimidation was omitted by him, which both the consuls could supply, even though they surrounded the tribune in all their exasperation: That he had lain in wait, and, having seized a favourable opportunity, had made an attack on the commonwealth. If the gods in their anger had given them any tribune like him in the preceding year, during the pestilence and war, it could not have been endured: that, when both the consuls were dead, and the state prostrate and enfeebled, in the midst of the general confusion he would have proposed laws to abolish the consular government altogether from the state; that he would have headed the Volscians and Æquans in an attack on the city. What? if the consuls behaved in a tyrannical or cruel manner against any of the citizens, was it not open to him to appoint a day of trial for them, to arraign them before those very judges against any one of whom severity might have been exercised? That he by his conduct was rendering, not the consular authority, but the tribunician power hateful and insupportable: which, after having been in a state of peace, and on good terms with the patricians, was now being brought back anew to its former mischievous practices: nor did he beg of him not to proceed as he had begun. "Of you, the other tribunes," said Fabius, "we beg, that you will first of all consider that that power was appointed for the aid of individuals, not for the ruin of the community: that you were created tribunes of the commons, not enemies of the patricians. To us it is distressing, to you a source of odium, that the republic, now bereft of its chief magistrates, should be attacked; you will diminish not your rights, but the odium against you. Confer with your colleague, that he may postpone this business till the arrival of the consuls, to be then discussed afresh: even the Æquans and the Volscians, when our consuls were carried off by pestilence last year, did not harass us with a cruel and tyrannical war." The tribunes conferred with Terentilius, and the bill being to all appearance deferred, but in reality abandoned, the consuls were immediately sent for.

Lucretius returned with immense spoil, and much greater glory; and this glory he increased on his arrival, by exposing all the booty in the Campus Martius, so that each person might, for the space of three days, recognise what belonged to him and carry it away; the remainder, for which no owners were forthcoming, was sold. A triumph was by universal consent due to the consul: but the matter was deferred, as the tribune again urged his law; this to the consul seemed of greater importance. The business was discussed for several days, both in the senate and before the people: at last the tribune yielded to the majesty of the consul, and desisted; then their due honour was paid to the general and his army. He triumphed over the Volscians and Æquans: his troops followed him in his triumph. The other consul was allowed to enter the city in ovation [1] unaccompanied by his soldiers.

In the following year the Terentilian law, being brought forward again by the entire college, engaged the serious attention of the new consuls, who were Publius Volumnius and

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[1] A lesser form of triumph.

Servius Sulpicius. In that year the sky seemed to be on fire, and a violent earthquake took place: it was believed that an ox spoke, a phenomenon which had not been credited in the previous year: among other prodigies there was a shower of flesh, which a large flock of birds is said to have carried off by pecking at the falling pieces: that which fell to the ground is said to have lain scattered about just as it was for several days, without becoming tainted. The books were consulted[1] by the duumviri for sacred rites: dangers of attacks to be made on the highest parts of the city, and of consequent bloodshed, were predicted as threatening from an assemblage of strangers; among other things, admonition was given that all intestine disturbances should be abandoned.[2] The tribunes alleged that that was done to obstruct the law, and a desperate contest was at hand.

On a sudden, however, that the same order of events might be renewed each year, the Hernicans announced that the Volscians and the Æquans, in spite of their strength being much impaired, were recruiting their armies: that the centre of events was situated at Antium; that the colonists of Antium openly held councils at Ecetra: that there was the head —there was the strength—of the war. As soon as this announcement was made in the senate, a levy was proclaimed: the consuls were commanded to divide the management of the war between them; that the Volscians should be the sphere of action of the one, the Æquans of the other. The tribunes loudly declared openly in the forum that the story of the Volscian war was nothing but a got-up farce: that the Hernicans had been trained to act their parts: that the liberty of the Roman people was now not even crushed by manly efforts, but was baffled by cunning; because it was now no longer believed that the Volscians and the Æquans who were almost utterly annihilated, could of themselves begin hostilities, new enemies were sought for: that a loyal colony, and one in their very vicinity, was being rendered infamous: that war was proclaimed against the unoffending people of Antium, in reality waged with the commons of Rome, whom, loaded with arms, they were determined to drive out of the city with precipitous haste, wreaking their vengeance on the tribunes by the exile and expulsion of their fellow-citizens. That by these means—and let them not think that there was any other object contemplated—the law was defeated, unless, while the matter was still in abeyance, while they were still at home and in the garb of citizens, they took precautions, so as to avoid being driven out of possession of the city, or being subjected to the yoke. If they only had spirit, support would not be wanting: that all the tribunes were unanimous: that there was no apprehension from abroad, no danger. That the gods had taken care, in the preceding year, that their liberty could be defended with safety. Thus spoke the tribunes.

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[1] The Sibylline books, supposed to have been sold to Tarquinius Superbus by the Sibyl of Cumæ: they were written in Greek hexameter verses. In times of emergency and distress they were consulted and interpreted by special priests (the duumviri here mentioned).

[2] It will be frequently observed that the patricians utilized their monopoly of religious offices to effect their own ends.—D. O.

But, on the other side, the consuls, having placed their chairs[1] within view of them, were holding the levy; thither the tribunes hastened down, and carried the assembly along with them; a few[2] were summoned, as it were, by way of making an experiment, and instantly violence ensued. Whomsoever the lictor laid hold of by order of the consul, him the tribune ordered to be released; nor did his own proper jurisdiction set a limit to each, but they rested their hopes on force, and whatever they set their mind upon, was to be gained by violence. Just as the tribunes had behaved in impeding the levy, in the same manner did the consuls conduct themselves in obstructing the law which was brought forward on each assembly day. The beginning of the riot was, that the patricians refused to allow themselves to be moved away, when the tribunes ordered the people to proceed to give their vote. Scarcely any of the older citizens mixed themselves up in the affair, inasmuch as it was one that would not be directed by prudence, but was entirely abandoned to temerity and daring. The consuls also frequently kept out of the way, lest in the general confusion they might expose their dignity to insult. There was one Cæso Quinctius, a youth who prided himself both on the nobility of his descent, and his bodily stature and strength; to these endowments bestowed on him by the gods, he himself had added many brave deeds in war, and eloquence in the forum; so that no one in the state was considered readier either in speech or action. When he had taken his place in the midst of a body of the patricians, pre-eminent above the rest, carrying as it were in his eloquence and bodily strength dictatorships and consulships combined, he alone withstood the storms of the tribunes and the populace. Under his guidance the tribunes were frequently driven from the forum, the commons routed and dispersed; such as came in his way, came off ill-treated and stripped: so that it became quite clear that, if he were allowed to proceed in this way, the law was as good as defeated. Then, when the other tribunes were now almost thrown into despair, Aulus Verginius, one of the college, appointed a day for Cæso to take his trial on a capital charge. By this proceeding he rather irritated than intimidated his violent temper: so much the more vigorously did he oppose the law, harass the commons, and persecute the tribunes, as if in a regular war. The accuser suffered the accused to rush headlong to his ruin, and to fan the flame of odium and supply material for the charges he intended to bring against him: in the meantime he proceeded with the law, not so much in the hope of carrying it through, as with the object of provoking rash action on the part of Cæso. After that many inconsiderate expressions and actions of the younger patricians were put down to the temper of Cæso alone, owing to the suspicion with which he was regarded: still the law was resisted. Also Aulus Verginius frequently remarked to the people: "Are you now sensible, Quirites, that you can not at the same time have Cæso as a fellow-citizen, and the law which you desire? Though why do I speak of the law? he is a hindrance to your liberty; he surpasses all the Tarquins in arrogance. Wait till that man is made consul or dictator, whom, though but a private citizen, you now see exercising kingly power by his strength and audacity." Many agreed, complaining that they had been beaten by him: and, moreover, urged the tribune to go through with the prosecution.

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[1] Curule chairs of office.

[2] That is, recruits.—D. O.

The day of trial was now at hand, and it was evident that people in general considered that their liberty depended on the condemnation of Cæso: then, at length being forced to do so, he solicited the commons individually, though with a strong feeling of indignation; his relatives and the principal men of the state attended him. Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, who had been thrice consul, recounting many splendid achievements of his own, and of his family, declared that neither in the Quinctian family, nor in the Roman state, had there ever appeared such a promising genius displaying such early valour. That he himself was the first under whom he had served, that he had often in his sight fought against the enemy. Spurius Furius declared that Cæso, having been sent to him by Quinctius Capitolinus, had come to his aid when in the midst of danger; that there was no single individual by whose exertions he considered the common weal had been more effectually re-established. Lucius Lucretius, the consul of the preceding year, in the full splendour of recent glory, shared his own meritorious services with Cæso; he recounted his battles, detailed his distinguished exploits, both in expeditions and in pitched battle; he recommended and advised them to choose rather that a youth so distinguished, endowed with all the advantages of nature and fortune, and one who would prove the greatest support of whatsoever state he should visit, should continue to be a fellow-citizen of their own, rather than become the citizen of a foreign state: that with respect to those qualities which gave offence in him, hot-headedness and overboldness, they were such as increasing years removed more and more every day: that what was lacking, prudence, increased day by day: that as his faults declined, and his virtues ripened, they should allow so distinguished a man to grow old in the state. Among these his father, Lucius Quinctius, who bore the surname of Cincinnatus, without dwelling too often on his services, so as not to heighten public hatred, but soliciting pardon for his youthful errors, implored them to forgive his son for his sake, who had not given offence to any either by word or deed. But while some, through respect or fear, turned away from his entreaties, others, by the harshness of their answer, complaining that they and their friends had been ill-treated, made no secret of what their decision would be.

Independently of the general odium, one charge in particular bore heavily on the accused; that Marcus Volscius Fictor, who some years before had been tribune of the people, had come forward to bear testimony: that not long after the pestilence had raged in the city, he had fallen in with a party of young men rioting in the Subura;[1] that a scuffle had taken place: and that his elder brother, not yet perfectly recovered from his illness, had been knocked down by Cæso with a blow of his fist: that he had been carried home half dead in the arms of some bystanders, and that he was ready to declare that he had died from the blow: and that he had not been permitted by the consuls of former years to obtain redress for such an atrocious affair. In consequence of Volscius vociferating these charges, the people became so excited that Cæso was near being killed through the violence of the crowd. Verginius ordered him to be seized and dragged off to prison. The patricians opposed force to force. Titus Quinctius exclaimed that a person for whom a day of trial for a capital offence had been appointed, and whose trial was now close at hand, ought not to be outraged before he was condemned, and without a hearing. The tribune replied that he would not inflict punishment on him before he was condemned: that he would, however, keep him in prison until the day of trial, that the Roman people might have an opportunity of inflicting punishment on one who had killed a man.[1] The tribunes being appealed to, got themselves out of the difficulty in regard to their prerogative of rendering aid, by a resolution that adopted a middle course: they forbade his being thrown into confinement, and declared it to be their wish that the accused should be brought to trial, and that a sum of money should be promised to the people, in case he should not appear. How large a sum of money ought to be promised was a matter of doubt: the decision was accordingly referred to the senate. The accused was detained in public custody until the patricians should be consulted: it was decided that bail should be given: they bound each surety in the sum of three thousand asses; how many sureties should be given was left to the tribunes; they fixed the number at ten: on this number of sureties the prosecutor admitted the accused to bail.[2] He was the first who gave public sureties. Being discharged from the forum, he went the following night into exile among the Tuscans. When on the day of trial it was pleaded that he had withdrawn into voluntary exile, nevertheless, at a meeting of the comitia under the presidency of Verginius, his colleagues, when appealed to, dismissed the assembly:[3] the fine was rigorously exacted from his father, so that, having sold all his effects, he lived for a considerable time in an out-of-the-way cottage on the other side of the Tiber, as if in exile.

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[1] The worst quarter of the city—its Whitechapel, as it were. It lay, roughly speaking, from the Forum eastward along the valley between the Esquiline and Viminal Hills.—D. O.

This trial and the proposal of the law gave full employment to the state: in regard to foreign wars there was peace. When the tribunes, as if victorious, imagined that the law was all but passed owing to the dismay of the patricians at the banishment of Cæso, and in fact, as far as regarded the seniors of the patricians, they had relinquished all share in the administration of the commonwealth, the juniors, more especially those who were the intimate friends of Cæso, redoubled their resentful feelings against the commons, and did not allow their spirits to fail; but the greatest improvement was made in this particular, that they tempered their animosity by a certain degree of moderation. The first time when, after Cæso's banishment, the law began to be brought forward, these, arrayed and well prepared, with a numerous body of clients, so attacked the tribunes, as soon as they afforded a pretext for it by attempting to remove them, that no one individual carried home from thence a greater share than another, either of glory or ill-will, but the people complained that in place of one Cæso a thousand had arisen. During the days that intervened, when the tribunes took no proceedings regarding the law, nothing could be more mild or peaceable than those same persons; they saluted the plebeians courteously, entered into conversation with them, and invited them home: they attended them in the forum,[1] and suffered the tribunes themselves to hold the rest of their meetings without interruption: they were never discourteous to any one either in public or in private, except on occasions when the matter of the law began to be agitated. In other respects the young men were popular. And not only did the tribunes transact all their other affairs without disturbance, but they were even re-elected for the following year. Without even an offensive expression, much less any violence being employed, but by soothing and carefully managing the commons the young patricians gradually rendered them tractable. By these artifices the law was evaded through the entire year.

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[1] That is, to insure punishment and practically abnegate the right an accused person had of escaping sentence by voluntary exile.—D. O.

[2] Perhaps the first bail-bond historically noted.—D. O.

[3] That is, refused to accept the plea.

The consuls Gaius Claudius, the son of Appius, and Publius Valerius Publicola, took over the government from their predecessors in a more tranquil condition. The next year had brought with it nothing new: thoughts about carrying the law, or submitting to it, engrossed the attention of the state. The more the younger patricians strove to insinuate themselves into favour with the plebeians, the more strenuously did the tribunes strive on the other hand to render them suspicious in the eyes of the commons by alleging that a conspiracy had been formed; that Cæso was in Rome; that plans had been concerted for assassinating the tribunes, for butchering the commons. That the commission assigned by the elder members of the patricians was, that the young men should abolish the tribunician power from the state, and the form of government should be the same as it had been before the occupation of the Sacred Mount. At the same time a war from the Volscians and Æquans, which had now become a fixed and almost regular occurrence every year, was apprehended, and another evil nearer home started up unexpectedly. Exiles and slaves, to the number of two thousand five hundred, seized the Capitol and citadel during the night, under the command of Appius Herdonius, a Sabine. Those who refused to join the conspiracy and take up arms with them, were immediately massacred in the citadel: others, during the disturbance, fled in headlong panic down to the forum: the cries, "To arms!" and "The enemy are in the city!" were heard alternately. The consuls neither dared to arm the commons, nor to suffer them to remain unarmed; uncertain what sudden calamity had assailed the city, whether from without or within, whether arising from the hatred of the commons or the treachery of the slaves: they tried to quiet the disturbances, and while trying to do so they sometimes aroused them; for the populace, panic-stricken and terrified, could not be directed by authority. They gave out arms, however, but not indiscriminately; only so that, as it was yet uncertain who the enemy were, there might be a protection sufficiently reliable to meet all emergencies. The remainder of the night they passed in posting guards in suitable places throughout the city, anxious and uncertain who the enemy were, and how great their number. Daylight subsequently disclosed the war and its leader. Appius Herdonius summoned the slaves to liberty from the Capitol, saying, that he had espoused the cause of all the most unfortunate, in order to bring back to their country those who had been exiled and driven out by wrong, and to remove the grievous yoke from the slaves: that he had rather that were done under the authority of the Roman people. If there were no hope in that quarter, he would rouse the Volscians and Æquans, and would try even the most desperate remedies.

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[1] That is, defended them in court.

The whole affair now began to be clearer to the patricians and consuls; besides the news, however, which was officially announced, they dreaded lest this might be a scheme of the Veientines or Sabines; and, further, as there were so many of the enemy in the city, lest the Sabine and Etruscan troops might presently come up according to a concerted plan, and their inveterate enemies, the Volscians and Æquans should come, not to ravage their territories, as before, but even to the gates of the city, as being already in part taken. Many and various were their fears, the most prominent among which was their dread of the slaves, lest each should harbour an enemy in his own house, one whom it was neither sufficiently safe to trust, nor, by distrusting, to pronounce unworthy of confidence, lest he might prove a more deadly foe. And it scarcely seemed that the evil could be resisted by harmony: no one had any fear of tribunes or commons, while other troubles so predominated and threatened to swamp the state: that fear seemed an evil of a mild nature, and one that always arose during the cessation of other ills, and then appeared to be lulled to rest by external alarm. Yet at the present time that, almost more than anything else, weighed heavily on their sinking fortunes: for such madness took possession of the tribunes, that they contended that not war, but an empty appearance of war, had taken possession of the Capitol, to divert the people's minds from attending to the law: that these friends and clients of the patricians would depart in deeper silence than they had come, if they once perceived that, by the law being passed, they had raised these tumults in vain. They then held a meeting for passing the law, having called away the people from arms. In the meantime, the consuls convened the senate, another dread presenting itself by the action of the tribunes, greater than that which the nightly foe had occasioned.

When it was announced that the men were laying aside their arms, and quitting their posts, Publius Valerius, while his colleague still detained the senate, hastened from the senate-house, and went thence into the meeting-place to the tribunes. "What is all this," said he, "O tribunes? Are you determined to overthrow the commonwealth under the guidance and auspices of Appius Herdonius? Has he been so successful in corrupting you, he who, by his authority, has not even influenced your slaves? When the enemy is over our heads, is it your pleasure that we should give up our arms, and laws be proposed?" Then, directing his words to the populace: "If, Quirites, no concern for your city, or for yourselves, moves you, at least revere the gods of your country, now made captive by the enemy. Jupiter, best and greatest, Queen Juno, and Minerva, and the other gods and goddesses,[1] are being besieged; a camp of slaves now holds possession of the tutelary gods of the state. Does this seem to you the behaviour of a state in its senses? Such a crowd of enemies is not only within the walls, but in the citadel, commanding the forum and senate-house: in the meanwhile meetings are being held in the forum, the senate is in the senate-house: just as when tranquility prevails, the senator gives his opinion, the other Romans their votes. Does it not behoove all patricians and plebeians, consuls, tribunes, gods, and men of all classes, to bring aid with arms in their hands, to hurry into the Capitol, to liberate and restore to peace that most august residence of Jupiter, best and greatest? O Father Romulus! do thou inspire thy progeny with that determination of thine, by which thou didst formerly recover from these same Sabines this citadel, when captured by gold. Order them to pursue this same path, which thou, as leader, and thy army, pursued. Lo! I, as consul, will be the first to follow thee and thy footsteps, as far as I, a mortal, can follow a god." Then, in concluding his speech, he said that he was ready to take up arms, that he summoned every citizen of Rome to arms; if any one should oppose, that he, heedless of the consular authority, the tribunician power, and the devoting laws, would consider him as an enemy, whoever and wheresoever he might be, in the Capitol, or in the forum. Let the tribunes order arms to be taken up against Publius Valerius the consul, since they forbade it against Appius Herdonius; that he would dare to act in the case of the tribunes, as the founder of his family [1] had dared to act in the case of the kings. It was now clear that matters would come to violent extremities, and that a quarrel among Romans would be exhibited to the enemy. The law, however, could neither be carried, nor could the consul proceed to the Capitol. Night put an end to the struggle that had been begun; the tribunes yielded to the night, dreading the arms of the consuls.[2] When the ringleaders of the disturbances had been removed, the patricians went about among the commons, and, mingling in their meetings, spread statements suited to the occasion: they advised them to take heed into what danger they were bringing the commonwealth: that the contest was not one between patricians and commons, but that patricians and commons together, the fortress of the city, the temples of the gods, the guardian gods of the state and of private families, were being delivered up to the enemy. While these measures were being taken in the forum for the purpose of appeasing the disturbances, the consuls in the meantime had retired to visit the gates and the walls, fearing that the Sabines or the Veientine enemy might bestir themselves.

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[1] The Temple of Jupiter in the Capitol was divided into three parts: the middle was sacred to Jupiter, the right to Minerva, the left to Juno. By the "other gods" are meant Terminus, Fides, Juventas.

During the same night, messengers reached Tusculum with news of the capture of the citadel, the seizure of the Capitol, and also of the generally disturbed condition of the city. Lucius Mamilius was at that time dictator at Tusculum; he, having immediately convoked the senate and introduced the messengers, earnestly advised, that they should not wait until ambassadors came from Rome, suing for assistance; that the danger itself and importance of the crisis, the gods of allies, and the good faith of treaties, demanded it; that the gods would never afford them a like opportunity of obliging so powerful a state and so near a neighbour. It was resolved that assistance should be sent: the young men were enrolled, and arms given them. On their way to Rome at break of day, at a distance they exhibited the appearance of enemies. The Æquans or Volscians were thought to be coming. Then, after the groundless alarm was removed, they were admitted into the city, and descended in a body into the forum. There Publius Valerius, having left his colleague with the guards of the gates, was now drawing up his forces in order of battle. The great influence of the man produced an effect on the people, when he declared that, when the Capitol was recovered, and the city restored to peace, if they allowed themselves to be convinced what hidden guile was contained in the law proposed by the tribunes, he, mindful of his ancestors, mindful of his surname, and remembering that the duty of protecting the people had been handed down to him as hereditary by his ancestors, would offer no obstruction to the meeting of the people. Following him, as their leader, in spite of the fruitless opposition of the tribunes, they marched up the ascent of the Capitoline Hill. The Tusculan troops also joined them. Allies and citizens vied with each other as to which of them should appropriate to themselves the honour of recovering the citadel. Each leader encouraged his own men. Then the enemy began to be alarmed, and placed no dependence on anything but their position. While they were in this state of alarm, the Romans and allies advanced to attack them. They had already burst into the porch of the temple, when Publius Valerius was slain while cheering on the fight at the head of his men. Publius Volumnius, a man of consular rank, saw him falling. Having directed his men to cover the body, he himself rushed forward to take the place and duty of the consul. Owing to their excitement and impetuosity, this great misfortune passed unnoticed by the soldiers; they conquered before they perceived that they were fighting without a leader. Many of the exiles defiled the temple with their blood; many were taken prisoners: Herdonius was slain. Thus the Capitol was recovered. With respect to the prisoners, punishment was inflicted on each according to his station, as he was a freeman or a slave. The Tusculans received the thanks of the Romans: the Capitol was cleansed and purified. The commons are stated to have thrown every man a farthing into the consul's house, that he might be buried with more splendid obsequies.

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[1] Publicola, the father of Brutus.

[2] That is, personal violence from the young patricians.—D. O.

Order being thus established, the tribunes then urged the patricians to fulfil the promise given by Publius Valerius; they pressed on Claudius to free the shade of his colleague from breach of faith, and to allow the matter of the law to proceed. The consul asserted that he would not suffer the discussion of the law to proceed, until he had appointed a colleague to assist him. These disputes lasted until the time of the elections for the substitution of a consul. In the month of December, by the most strenuous exertions of the patricians, Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Cæso's father, was elected consul, to enter upon office without delay. The commons were dismayed at being about to have for consul a man incensed against them, powerful by the support of the patricians, by his own merit, and by reason of his three sons, not one of whom was inferior to Cæso in greatness of spirit, while they were his superiors in the exercise of prudence and moderation, whenever occasion required. When he entered upon office, in his frequent harangues from the tribunal, he was not more vehement in restraining the commons than in reproving the senate, owing to the listlessness of which body the tribunes of the commons, now become a standing institution, exercised regal authority, by means of their readiness of speech and prosecutions, not as if in a republic of the Roman people, but as if in an ill-regulated household. That with his son Cæso, valour, constancy, all the splendid qualifications of youth in war and in peace, had been driven and exiled from the city of Rome: that talkative and turbulent men, sowers of discord, twice and even thrice re-elected tribunes by the vilest intrigues, lived in the enjoyment of regal irresponsibility. "Does that Aulus Verginius," said he, "deserve less punishment than Appius Herdonius, because he was not in the Capitol? considerably more, by Hercules, if any one will look at the matter fairly. Herdonius, if nothing else, by avowing himself an enemy, thereby as good as gave you notice to take up arms: this man, by denying the existence of war, took arms out of your hands, and exposed you defenceless to the attack of slaves and exiles. And did you—I will speak with all due respect for Gaius Claudius and Publius Valerius, now no more—did you decide to advance against the Capitoline Hill before you expelled those enemies from the forum? I feel ashamed in the sight of gods and men. When the enemy were in the citadel, in the Capitol, when the leader of the exiles and slaves, after profaning everything, took up his residence in the shrine of Jupiter, best and greatest, arms were taken up at Tusculum sooner than at Rome. It was a matter of doubt whether Lucius Mamilius, the Tusculan leader, or Publius Valerius and Gaius Claudius, the consuls, recovered the Roman citadel, and we, who formerly did not suffer the Latins to touch arms, not even in their own defence, when they had the enemy on their very frontiers, should have been taken and destroyed now, had not the Latins taken up arms of their own accord. Tribunes, is this bringing aid to the commons, to expose them in a defenceless state to be butchered by the enemy? I suppose, if any one, even the humblest individual of your commons—which portion you have as it were broken off from the rest of the state, and created a country and a commonwealth of your own—if any one of these were to bring you word that his house was beset by an armed band of slaves, you would think that assistance should be afforded him: was then Jupiter, best and greatest, when hemmed in by the arms of exiles and of slaves, deserving of no human aid? And do these persons claim to be considered sacred and inviolable, to whom the gods themselves are neither sacred nor inviolable? Well but, loaded as you are with crimes against both gods and men, you proclaim that you will pass your law this year. Verily then, on the day I was created consul, it was a disastrous act of the state, much more so even than the day when Publius Valerius the consul fell, if you shall pass it. Now, first of all," said he, "Quirites, it is the intention of myself and of my colleague to march the legions against the Volscians and the Æquans. I know not by what fatality we find the gods more propitious when we are at war than in peace. How great the danger from those states would have been, had they known that the Capitol was besieged by exiles, it is better to conjecture from what is past, than to learn by actual experience."

The consul's harangue had a great effect on the commons: the patricians, recovering their spirits, believed the state re-established. The other consul, a more ardent partner than promoter of a measure, readily allowing his colleague to take the lead in measures of such importance, claimed to himself his share of the consular duty in carrying these measures into execution. Then the tribunes, mocking these declarations as empty, went on to ask how the consuls were going to lead out an army, seeing that no one would allow them to hold a levy? "But," replied Quinctius, "we have no need of a levy, since, at the time Publius Valerius gave arms to the commons to recover the Capitol, they all took an oath to him, that they would assemble at the command of the consul, and would not depart without his permission. We therefore publish an order that all of you, who have sworn, attend to-morrow under arms at the Lake Regillus." The tribunes then began to quibble, and wanted to absolve the people from their obligation, asserting that Quinctius was a private person at the time when they were bound by the oath. But that disregard of the gods, which possesses the present generation, had not yet gained ground: nor did every one accommodate oaths and laws to his own purposes, by interpreting them as it suited him, but rather adapted his own conduct to them. Wherefore the tribunes, as there was no hope of obstructing the matter, attempted to delay the departure of the army the more earnestly on this account, because a report had gone out, both that the augurs had been ordered to attend at the Lake Regillus, and that a place was to be consecrated, where business might be transacted with the people by auspices: and whatever had been passed at Rome by tribunician violence, might be repealed there in the assembly.[1] That all would order what the consuls desired: for that there was no appeal at a greater distance than a mile [2] from the city: and that the tribunes, if they should come there, would, like the rest of the Quirites, be subjected to the consular authority. This alarmed them: but the greatest anxiety which affected their minds was because Quinctius frequently declared that he would not hold an election of consuls. That the malady of the state was not of an ordinary nature, so that it could be stopped by the ordinary remedies. That the commonwealth required a dictator, so that whoever attempted to disturb the condition of the state, might feel that from the dictatorship there was no appeal.

The senate was assembled in the Capitol. Thither the tribunes came with the commons in a state of great consternation: the multitude, with loud clamours, implored the protection, now of the consuls, now of the patricians: nor could they move the consul from his determination, until the tribunes promised that they would submit to the authority of the senate. Then, on the consul's laying before them the demands of the tribunes and commons, decrees of the senate were passed: that neither should the tribunes propose the law during that year, nor should the consuls lead out the army from the city—that, for the future, the senate decided that it was against the interests of the commonwealth that the same magistrates should be continued and the same tribunes be reappointed. The consuls conformed to the authority of the senate: the tribunes were reappointed, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the consuls. The patricians also, that they might not yield to the commons in any particular, themselves proposed to re-elect Lucius Quinctius consul. No address of the consul was delivered with greater warmth during the entire year. "Can I be surprised," said he, "if your authority with the people is held in contempt, O conscript fathers? it is you yourselves who are weakening it. Forsooth, because the commons have violated a decree of the senate, by reappointing their magistrates, you yourselves also wish it to be violated, that you may not be outdone by the populace in rashness; as if greater power in the state consisted in the possession of greater inconstancy and liberty of action; for it is certainly more inconstant and greater folly to render null and void one's own decrees and resolutions, than those of others. Do you, O conscript fathers, imitate the unthinking multitude; and do you, who should be an example to others, prefer to transgress by the example of others, rather than that others should act rightly by yours, provided only I do not imitate the tribunes, nor allow myself to be declared consul, contrary to the decree of the senate. But as for you, Gaius Claudius, I recommend that you, as well as myself, restrain the Roman people from this licentious spirit, and that you be persuaded of this, as far as I am concerned, that I shall take it in such a spirit, that I shall not consider that my attainment of office has been obstructed by you, but that the glory of having declined the honour has been augmented, and the odium, which would threaten me if it were continued, lessened." Thereupon they issued this order jointly: That no one should support the election of Lucius Quinctius as consul: if any one should do so, that they would not allow the vote.

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[1] Their control over the auspices was a favourite weapon of the patricians, and one which could naturally be better used at a distance from Rome. The frequency of its use would seem to argue an adaptability in the devotional feelings of the nobles at least, which might modify our reliance upon the statement made above as to the respect for the gods then prevalent in Rome.—D. O.

[2] This was the limit of the tribunes' authority.—D. O.

The consuls elected were Quintus Fabius Vibulanus (for the third time), and Lucius Cornelius Maluginensis. The census was taken during that year; it was a matter of religious scruple that the lustrum should be closed, on account of the seizure of the Capitol and the death of the consul. In the consulship of Quintus Fabius and Lucius Cornelius, disturbances broke out immediately at the beginning of the year. The tribunes were urging on the commons. The Latins and Hernicans brought word that a formidable war was threatening on the part of the Volscians and Æquans; that the troops of the Volscians were now in the neighbourhood of Antium. Great apprehension was also entertained, that the colony itself would revolt: and with difficulty the tribunes were prevailed upon to allow the war to be attended to first. The consuls then divided their respective spheres of action. Fabius was commissioned to march the legions to Antium: to Cornelius was assigned the duty of keeping guard at Rome, lest any portion of the enemy's troops, as was the practice of the Æquans, should advance to commit depredations. The Hernicans and Latins were ordered to supply soldiers in accordance with the treaty; and of the army two thirds consisted of allies, the remainder of Roman citizens. When the allies arrived on the appointed day, the consul pitched his camp outside the porta Capena.[1] Then, after the army had been reviewed, he set out for Antium, and encamped not far from the town and fixed quarters of the enemy. There, when the Volscians, not venturing to risk an engagement, because the contingent from the Æquans had not yet arrived, were making preparations to see how they might protect themselves quietly within their ramparts, on the following day Fabius drew up not one mixed army of allies and citizens, but three bodies of the three states separately around the enemy's works. He himself occupied the centre with the Roman legions. He ordered them to watch for the signal for action, so that at the same time both the allies might begin the action together, and retire together if he should give orders to sound a retreat. He also posted the proper cavalry of each division behind the front line. Having thus assailed the camp at three different points, he surrounded it: and, pressing on from every side, he dislodged the Volscians, who were unable to withstand his attack, from the rampart. Having then crossed the fortifications, he drove out from the camp the crowd who were panic-stricken and inclining to make for one direction. Upon this the cavalry, who could not have easily passed over the rampart, having stood by till then as mere spectators of the fight, came up with them while flying in disorder over the open plain, and enjoyed a share of the victory, by cutting down the affrighted troops. Great was the slaughter of the fugitives, both in the camp and outside the lines; but the booty was still greater, because the enemy were scarcely able to carry off their arms with them; and the entire army would have been destroyed, had not the woods covered them in their flight.

While these events were taking place at Antium, the Æquans, in the meanwhile, sending forward the flower of their youth, surprised the citadel of Tusculum by night: and with the rest of their army sat down at no great distance from the walls of Tusculum, so as to divide the forces of the enemy.[1] News of this being quickly brought to Rome, and from Rome to the camp at Antium, affected the Romans no less than if it had been announced that the Capitol was taken; so recent was the service rendered by the Tusculans, and the very similarity of the danger seemed to demand a return of the aid that had been afforded. Fabius, giving up all thought of everything else, removed the booty hastily from the camp to Antium: and, having left a small garrison there, hurried on his army by forced marches to Tusculum. The soldiers were allowed to take with them nothing but their arms, and whatever baked provision was at hand. The consul Cornelius sent up provisions from Rome. The war was carried on at Tusculum for several months. With one part of his army the consul assailed the camp of the Æquans; he had given part to the Tusculans to aid in the recovery of their citadel. They could never have made their way up to it by force: at length famine caused the enemy to withdraw from it. When matters subsequently came to extremities, they were all sent under the yoke,[2] by the Tusculans, unarmed and naked. While returning home in ignominious flight, they were overtaken by the Roman consul at Algidum, and cut to pieces to a man.[3] After this victory, having marched back his army to Columen (so is the place named), he pitched his camp there. The other consul also, as soon as the Roman walls ceased to be in danger, now that the enemy had been defeated, set out from Rome. Thus the consuls, having entered the territories of the enemies on two different sides, in eager rivalry plundered the territory of the Volscians on the one hand, and of the Æquans on the other. I find it stated by several writers that the people of Antium revolted during the same year. That Lucius Cornelius, the consul, conducted that war and took the town, I would not venture to assert it for certain, because no mention is made of the matter in the older writers.

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[1] This gate, from which at a later date the Via Appia and the Via Latina started, stood near what is now the junction of the Via S. Gregorio with the Vi di Porta S. Sebastiano.—D. O.

This war being concluded, a tribunician war at home alarmed the senate. The tribunes held that the detention of the army abroad was due to a fraudulent motive: that that deception was intended to prevent the passing of the law; that they, however, would none the less go through with the matter they had undertaken. Publius Lucretius, however, the prefect of the city, so far prevailed, that the proceedings of the tribunes were postponed till the arrival of the consuls. A new cause of disturbance had also arisen. The quæstors,[1] Aulus Cornelius and Quintus Servilius, appointed a day of trial for Marcus Volscius, because he had come forward as a manifestly false witness against Cæso. For it was established by many proofs, that the brother of Volscius, from the time he first fell ill, had not only never been seen in public, but that he had not even left his bed after he had been attacked by illness, and that he had died of a wasting disease of several months' standing; and that at the time to which the witness had referred the commission of the crime, Cæso had not been seen at Rome: while those who had served in the army with him positively stated that at that time he had regularly attended at his post along with them without any leave of absence. Many, on their own account, proposed to Volscius to refer the matter to the decision of an arbitrator. As he did not venture to go to trial, all these points coinciding rendered the condemnation of Volscius no less certain than that of Cæso had been on the testimony of Volscius. The tribunes were the cause of delay, who said that they would not suffer the quæstors to hold the assembly concerning the accused, unless it were first held concerning the law. Thus both matters were spun out till the arrival of the consuls. When they entered the city in triumph with their victorious army, because nothing was said about the law, many thought that the tribunes were struck with dismay. But they in reality (for it was now the close of the year), being eager to obtain a fourth tribuneship, had turned away their efforts from the law to the discussion of the elections; and when the consuls, with the object of lessening their dignity, opposed the continuation of their tribuneship with no less earnestness than if the law in question had been proposed, the victory in the contest was on the side of the tribunes.

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[1] By drawing part of the Roman army to the defence of the allied city.—D. O.

[2] Two spears were set upright and a third lashed across. To pass through and under this "yoke" was, among the Italian states, the greatest indignity that could be visited upon a captured army. It symbolized servitude in arms.—D. O.

[3] This would seem to augur some treachery, unless we are to believe that only the young men taken in the citadel were sent under the yoke, while the slaughter took place among the flying besiegers.—D. O.

In the same year peace was granted to the Æquans on their suing for it. The census, begun in the preceding year, was completed: this is said to have been the tenth lustrum that was completed from the date of the foundation of the city. The number of citizens rated was one hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and nineteen. The consuls obtained great glory this year both at home and in war, because they established peace abroad, while at home, though the state was not in a condition of absolute harmony, yet it was less harassed by dissensions than at other times.

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[1] "Quæstors," these officers are first mentioned in Book II, ch. xli: in early times it appears to have been part of their duty to prosecute those guilty of treason, and to carry the punishment into execution.

Lucius Minucius and Gaius Nautius being next elected consuls, took up the two causes which remained undecided from the preceding year. As before, the consuls obstructed the law, the tribunes the trial of Volscius: but in the new quæstors there was greater power and greater influence. With Marcus Valerius, son of Manius and grandson of Volesus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, who had been thrice consul, was appointed quæstor. Since Cæso could neither be restored to the Quinctian family, nor to the state, though a most promising youth, he, justly, and as in duty bound, prosecuted the false witness who had deprived an innocent person of the power of pleading his cause. When Verginius, more than any of the tribunes, busied himself about the passing of the law, the space of two months was allowed the consuls to examine into the law: on condition that, when they had satisfied the people as to what secret designs were concealed under it,[1] they should then allow them to give their votes. The granting of this respite established tranquility in the city. The Æquans, however, did not allow them long rest: in violation of the treaty which had been made with the Romans the year before, they conferred the chief command on Gracchus Clœlius. He was then by far the chief man among the Æquans. Under the command of Gracchus they advanced with hostile depredations into the district of Labici, from thence into that of Tusculum, and, laden with booty, pitched their camp at Algidum. To that camp came Quintus Fabius, Publius Volumnius, Aulus Postumius, ambassadors from Rome, to complain of the wrongs committed, and to demand restitution in accordance with the treaty. The general of the Æquans commanded them to deliver to the oak the message they brought from the Roman senate; that he in the meantime would attend to other matters. An oak, a mighty tree, whose shade formed a cool resting-place, overhung the general's tent. Then one of the ambassadors, when departing, cried out: "Let both this consecrated oak and all the gods hear that the treaty has been broken by you, and both lend a favourable ear to our complaints now, and assist our arms presently, when we shall avenge the rights of gods and men that have been violated simultaneously." As soon as the ambassadors returned to Rome, the senate ordered one of the consuls to lead his army into Algidum against Gracchus, to the other they assigned as his sphere of action the devastation of the country of the Æquans. The tribunes, after their usual manner, attempted to obstruct the levy, and probably would have eventually succeeded in doing so, had not a new and additional cause of alarm suddenly arisen.

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[1] Evidently a new pretext for delay.—D. O.

A large force of Sabines, committing dreadful devastation, advanced almost up to the walls of the city. The fields were laid waste, the city was smitten with terror. Then the commons cheerfully took up arms; two large armies were raised, the remonstrances of the tribunes being of no avail. Nautius led one against the Sabines, and, having pitched his camp at Eretum,[1] by trifling incursions, mostly by night, he so desolated the Sabine territory that, in comparison with it, the Roman borders seemed almost undamaged by the war. Minucius neither had the same good fortune nor displayed the same energy in conducting his operations: for after he had pitched his camp at no great distance from the enemy, without having experienced any reverse of importance, he kept himself through fear within the camp. When the enemy perceived this, their boldness increased, as usually happens, from the fears of others; and, having attacked his camp by night, when open force availed little, they drew lines of circumvallation around it on the following day. Before these could close the means of egress, by a rampart thrown up on all sides, five horsemen, despatched between the enemies' posts, brought news to Rome, that the consul and his army were besieged. Nothing could have happened so unexpected nor so unlooked-for. Accordingly, the panic and the alarm were as great as if the enemy were besieging the city, not the camp. They summoned the consul Nautius; and when there seemed to be but insufficient protection in him, and it was determined that a dictator should be appointed to retrieve their shattered fortunes, Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus was appointed by universal consent.

It is worth while for those persons who despise all things human in comparison with riches, and who suppose that there is no room either for exalted honour, or for virtue, except where riches abound in great profusion, to listen to the following: Lucius Quinctius, the sole hope of the empire of the Roman people, cultivated a farm of four acres on the other side of the Tiber, which is called the Quinctian meadows, exactly opposite the place where the dock-yard now is. There, whether leaning on a stake while digging a trench, or while ploughing, at any rate, as is certain, while engaged on some work in the fields, after mutual exchange of salutations had taken place, being requested by the ambassadors to put on his toga, and listen to the commands of the senate (with wishes that it might turn out well both for him and the commonwealth), he was astonished, and, asking whether all was well, bade his wife Racilia immediately bring his toga from the hut. As soon as he had put it on and come forward, after having first wiped off the dust and sweat, the ambassadors, congratulating him, united in saluting him as dictator: they summoned him into the city, and told him what terror prevailed in the army. A vessel was prepared for Quinctius by order of the government, and his three sons, having come out to meet him, received him on landing at the other side; then his other relatives and his friends: then the greater part of the patricians. Accompanied by this numerous attendance, the lictors going before him, he was conducted to his residence.[1] There was a numerous concourse of the commons also: but they by no means looked on Quinctius with the same satisfaction, as they considered both that he was vested with excessive authority, and was likely to prove still more arbitrary by the exercise of that same authority. During that night, however, nothing was done except that guards were posted in the city.

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[1] A little beyond Crustumerium, on the Via Salaria.—D. O.

On the next day the dictator, having entered the forum before daylight, appointed as his master of the horse Lucius Tarquitius, a man of patrician family, but who, though he had served his campaigns on foot by reason of his scanty means, was yet considered by far the most capable in military matters among the Roman youth. With his master of the horse he entered the assembly, proclaimed a suspension of public business, ordered the shops to be closed throughout the city, and forbade any one to attend to any private affairs. Then he commanded all who were of military age to attend under arms, in the Campus Martius, before sunset, with dressed provisions for five days and twelve stakes apiece: those whose age rendered them unfit for active service were ordered to prepare victuals for the soldiers near them, while the latter were getting their arms ready, and procuring stakes. Accordingly, the young men ran in all directions to procure the stakes; they took them whatever was nearest to each: no one was prevented from doing so: all attended readily according to the dictator's order. Then, the troops being drawn up, not more suitably for a march than for an engagement, should occasion require it, the dictator himself marched at the head of the legions, the master of the horse at the head of his cavalry. In both bodies such exhortations were delivered as circumstances required: that they should quicken their pace; that there was need of despatch, that they might reach the enemy by night; that the consul and the Roman army were besieged; that they had now been shut up for three days; that it was uncertain what each day or night might bring with it; that the issues of the most important affairs often depended on a moment of time. The soldiers, to please their leaders, exclaimed among themselves: " Standard-bearer, hasten; follow, soldier." At midnight they reached Algidum: and, as soon as they perceived that they were near the enemy, they halted.

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[1] Possibly to one assigned to him officially. Freese regards the expression as inconsistent with his alleged poverty.—D. O.

There the dictator, riding about, and having observed, as far as could be ascertained by night, what the extent of the camp was, and what was its nature, commanded the tribunes of the soldiers to order the baggage to be thrown into one place, and that the soldiers with their arms and bundles of stakes should return to their ranks. His orders were executed. Then, with the regularity which they had observed on the march, he drew the entire army in a long column around the enemy's camp, and directed that, when the signal was given, they should all raise a shout, and that, on the shout being raised, each man should throw up a trench before his post, and fix his palisade. The orders being issued, the signal followed: the soldiers carried out their instructions; the shout echoed around the enemy: it then passed beyond the camp of the enemy, and reached that of the consul: in the one it occasioned panic, in the other great joy. The Romans, observing to each other with exultation that this was the shout of their countrymen, and that aid was at hand, took the initiative, and from their watch-guards and outposts dismayed the enemy. The consul declared that there must be no delay; that by that shout not only their arrival was intimated, but that hostilities were already begun by their friends; and that it would be a wonder if the enemy's camp were not attacked on the farther side. He therefore ordered his men to take up arms and follow him. The battle was begun during the night. They gave notice by a shout to the dictator's legions that on that side also the decisive moment had arrived. The Æquans were now preparing to prevent the works from being drawn around them, when, the battle being begun by the enemy from within, having turned their attention from those employed on the fortifications to those who were fighting on the inside, lest a sally should be made through the centre of their camp, they left the night free for the completion of the work, and continued the fight with the consul till daylight. At daybreak they were now encompassed by the dictator's works, and were scarcely able to maintain the fight against one army. Then their lines were attacked by the army of Quinctius, which, immediately after completing its work, returned to arms. Here a new engagement pressed on them: the former one had in no wise slackened. Then, as the danger that beset them on both sides pressed them hard, turning from fighting to entreaties, they implored the dictator on the one hand, the consul on the other, not to make the victory their total destruction, and to suffer them to depart without arms. They were ordered by the consul to apply to the dictator: he, incensed against them, added disgrace to defeat. He gave orders that Gracchus Clœlius, their general, and the other leaders should be brought to him in chains, and that the town of Corbio should be evacuated; he added that he did not desire the lives of the Æquans: that they were at liberty to depart; but that a confession might at last be wrung from them that their nation was defeated and subdued, they would have to pass under the yoke. The yoke was formed of three spears, two fixed in the ground, and one tied across between the upper ends of them. Under this yoke the dictator sent the Æquans.

The enemy's camp, which was full of all their belongings—for he had sent them out of the camp half naked—having been taken, he distributed all the booty among his own soldiers only: rebuking the consul's army and the consul himself, he said: "Soldiers, you shall not enjoy any portion of the spoil taken from that enemy to whom you yourselves nearly became a spoil: and you, Lucius Minucius, until you begin to assume a spirit worthy of a consul, shall command these legions only as lieutenant." Minucius accordingly resigned his office of consul, and remained with the army, as he had been commanded. But so meekly obedient were the minds of men at that time to authority combined with superior merit, that this army, remembering his kindness, rather than their own disgrace, both voted a golden crown of a pound weight to the dictator, and saluted him as their preserver when he set out. The senate at Rome, convened by Quintus Fabius, prefect of the city, ordered Quinctius to enter the city in triumph, in the order of march in which he was coming. The leaders of the enemy were led before his car:

the military standards were carried before him: his army followed laden with spoil. Banquets are said to have been spread before the houses of all, and the soldiers, partaking of the entertainment, followed the chariot with the triumphal hymn and the usual jests,[1] after the manner of revellers. On that day the freedom of the state was granted to Lucius Mamilius of Tusculum, amid universal approbation. The dictator would have immediately laid down his office had not the assembly for the trial of Marcus Volscius, the false witness, detained him; the fear of the dictator prevented the tribunes from obstructing it. Volscius was condemned and went into exile at Lanuvium. Quinctius laid down his dictatorship on the sixteenth day, having been invested with it for six months. During those days the consul Nautius engaged the Sabines at Eretum with distinguished success: besides the devastation of their lands, this additional blow also befell the Sabines. Fabius was sent to Algidum as successor to Minucius. Toward the end of the year the tribunes began to agitate concerning the law; but, because two armies were away, the patricians carried their point, that no proposal should be made before the people. The commons succeeded in electing the same tribunes for the fifth time. It is said that wolves seen in the Capitol were driven away by dogs, and that on account of that prodigy the Capitol was purified. Such were the transactions of that year.

Quintus Minucius and Gaius Horatius Pulvillus were the next consuls. At the beginning of this year, when there was peace abroad, the same tribunes and the same law occasioned disturbances at home; and matters would have proceeded further—so highly were men's minds inflamed—had not news been brought, as if for the very purpose, that by a night attack of the Æquans the garrison at Corbio had been cut off. The consuls convened the senate: they were ordered to raise a hasty levy and to lead it to Algidum. Then, the struggle about the law being abandoned, a new dispute arose regarding the levy. The consular authority was on the point of being overpowered by tribunician influence, when an additional cause of alarm arose: that the Sabine army had made a descent upon Roman territory to commit depredations, and from thence was advancing toward the city. This fear influenced the tribunes to allow the soldiers to be enrolled, not without a stipulation, however, that since they themselves had been foiled for five years, and as the present college was but inadequate protection for the commons, ten tribunes of the people should henceforward be elected. Necessity extorted this concession from the patricians: they only exacted this proviso, that they should not hereafter see the same men tribunes. The election for the tribunes was held immediately, lest that measure also, like others, might remain unfulfilled after the war. In the thirty-sixth year after the first tribunes, ten were elected, two from each class; and provision was made that they should be elected in this manner for the future. The levy being then held, Minucius marched out against the Sabines, but found no enemy. Horatius, when the Æquans, having put the garrison at Corbio to the sword, had taken Ortona also, fought a battle at Algidum, in which he slew a great number of the enemy and drove them not only from Algidum, but from Corbio and Ortona. He also razed Corbio to the ground for having betrayed the garrison.

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[1] A curious feature of a triumph were the disrespectful and often scurrilous verses chanted by the soldiers at the expense of their general.—D. O.

Marcus Valerius and Spurius Verginius were next elected consuls. Quiet prevailed at home and abroad. The people were distressed for provisions on account of the excessive rains. A law was proposed to make Mount Aventine public property.[1] The same tribunes of the people were re-elected. In the following year, Titus Romilius and Gaius Veturius being consuls, they strongly recommended the law in all their harangues, declaring that they were ashamed that their number had been increased to no purpose, if that matter should be neglected during their two years in the same manner as it had been during the whole preceding five. While they were most busily employed in these matters, an alarming message came from Tusculum, that the Æquans were in Tusculan territory. The recent services of that state made them ashamed of delaying relief. Both the consuls were sent with an army, and found the enemy in their usual post in Algidum. There a battle was fought: upward of seven thousand of the enemy were slain, the rest were put to flight: immense booty was obtained. This the consuls sold on account of the low state of the treasury. This proceeding, however, brought them into odium with the army, and also afforded the tribunes material for bringing a charge against the consuls before the commons. Accordingly, as soon as they went out of office, in the consulship of Spurius Tarpeius and Aulus Aternius, a day of trial was appointed for Romilius by Gaius Calvius Cicero, tribune of the people; for Veturius, by Lucius Alienus, plebeian ædile. They were both condemned, to the great mortification of the patricians: Romilius to pay ten thousand asses, Veturius fifteen thousand. Nor did this misfortune of their predecessors render the new consuls more timid. They said that on the one hand they might be condemned, and that on the other the commons and tribunes could not carry the law. Then, having abandoned the law, which, by being repeatedly brought forward, had now lost consideration, the tribunes adopted a milder method of proceeding with the patricians. Let them, said they, at length put an end to disputes. If laws drawn up by plebeians displeased them, at least let them allow legislators to be chosen in common, both from the commons and from the patricians, who might propose measures advantageous to both parties, and such as would tend to the establishment of liberty on principles of equality. The patricians did not disdain to accept the proposal. They claimed that no one should propose laws, except he were a patrician. When they agreed with respect to the laws, and differed only in regard to the proposer, ambassadors were sent to Athens, Spurius Postumius Albus, Aulus Manlius, Publius Sulpicius Camerinus, who were ordered to copy out the celebrated laws of Solon, and to make themselves acquainted with the institutions, customs, and laws of the other states of Greece.

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[1] The meaning of this passage is obscure. Many explanations have been attempted, none of which, to my mind, is quite satisfactory.—D. O.

The year was peaceful as regards foreign wars; the following one, when Publius Curiatius and Sextus Quinctilius were consuls, was still more quiet, owing to the tribunes observing uninterrupted silence, which was occasioned in the first place by their waiting for the return of the ambassadors who had gone to Athens, and for the account of the foreign laws; in the next place, two grievous calamities arose at the same time, famine and pestilence, destructive to man, and equally so to cattle. The lands were left desolate; the city exhausted by a constant succession of deaths. Many illustrious families were in mourning. The Flamen Quirinalis,[1] Servius Cornelius, died; also the augur, Gaius Horatius Pulvillus; in his place the augurs elected Gaius Veturius, and that with all the more eagerness, because he had been condemned by the commons. The consul Quinctilius died, and four tribunes of the people. The year was rendered a melancholy one by these manifold disasters; as far as foreign foes were concerned there was perfect quiet. Then Gaius Menenius and Publius Sestius Capitolinus were elected consuls. Nor in that year was there any foreign war: but disturbances arose at home. The ambassadors had now returned with the

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[1] Priest of Quirinus.—D. O.

Athenian laws; the tribunes therefore insisted the more urgently that a beginning should at length be made of compiling the laws. It was resolved that decemvirs should be elected to rule without appeal, and that there should be no other magistrate during that year. There was, for a considerable time, a dispute whether plebeians should be admitted among them: at length the point was conceded to the patricians, provided that the Icilian law regarding the Aventine and the other devoting laws were not repealed.

In the three hundred and second year after the foundation of Rome, the form of government was a second time changed, the supreme power being transferred from consuls to decemvirs, as it had passed before from kings to consuls. The change was less remarkable, because not of long duration; for the joyous commencement of that government afterward ran riot through excess. On that account the sooner did the arrangement fall to the ground, and the practice was revived, that the name and authority of consuls should be committed to two persons. The decemvirs appointed were, Appius Claudius, Titus Genucius, Publius Sestius, Lucius Veturius, Gaius Julius, Aulus Manlius, Publius Sulpicius, Publius Curiatius, Titus Romilius, Spurius Postumius. On Claudius and Genucius, because they had been consuls elect for that year, the honour was conferred in compensation for the honour of the consulate; and on Sestius, one of the consuls of the former year, because he had proposed the plan itself to the senate against the will of his colleague. Next to these were considered the three ambassadors who had gone to Athens, so that the honour might serve at once as a recompense for so distant an embassy, while at the same time they considered that persons acquainted with the foreign laws would be of use in drawing up the new code of justice. The others made up the number. They say that also persons advanced in years were appointed by the last suffrages, in order that they might oppose with less warmth the opinions of others. The direction of the entire government rested with Appius through the favour of the commons, and he had assumed a demeanour so different that, from being a severe and harsh persecutor of the people, he became suddenly a courter of the commons, and strove to catch every breath of popular favour. They administered justice to the people individually every tenth day. On that day the twelve fasces attended the administrator of justice; one officer attended each of his nine colleagues, and in the midst of the singular unanimity that existed among themselves—a harmony that sometimes proves prejudicial to private persons—the strictest equity was shown to others. In proof of their moderation it will be enough to instance a single case as an example. Though they had been appointed to govern without appeal, yet, upon a dead body being found buried in the house of Publius Sestius,[1] a man of patrician rank, and produced in the assembly, Gaius Julius, a decemvir, appointed a day of trial for Sestius, in a matter at once clear and heinous, and appeared before the people as prosecutor of the man whose lawful judge he was if accused: and relinquished his right,[2] so that he might add what had been taken from the power of the office to the liberty of the people.

While highest and lowest alike obtained from them this prompt administration of justice, undefiled, as if from an oracle, at the same time their attention was devoted to the framing of laws; and, the ten tables being proposed amid the intense expectation of all, they summoned the people to an assembly: and ordered them to go and read the laws that were exhibited,[3] and Heaven grant it might prove favourable, advantageous, and of happy result to the commonwealth, themselves, and their children. That they had equalized the rights of all, both the highest and the lowest, as far as could be devised by the abilities of ten men: that the understanding and counsels of a greater number had greater weight; let them turn over in their minds each particular among themselves, discuss it in conversation, and bring forward for public discussion whatever might be superfluous or defective under each particular: that the Roman people should have such laws only as the general consent might appear not so much to have ratified when proposed as to have itself proposed. When they seemed sufficiently corrected in accordance with public opinion regarding each section of the laws as it was published, the laws of the ten tables were passed at the assembly voting by centuries, which, even at the present time, amid the immense heap of laws crowded one upon the other, still remain the source of all public and private jurisprudence. A rumour then spread that two tables were needed, on the addition of which a digest, as it were, of the whole Roman law could be completed. The desire for this gave rise, as the day of election approached, to a request that decemvirs be appointed again. The commons by this time, besides that they detested the name of consuls no less than that of kings, did not even require the tribunician aid, as the decemvirs in turn allowed an appeal.

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[1] The law forbade burial within the limits of the city except in certain cases.—D. O.

[2] That is, relinquished his right of acting as judge in favour of the people and of popular trial.—D. O.

[3] A new law was hung up in the Forum for public perusal.—D. O.

But when the assembly for the election of decemvirs was proclaimed for the third market-day, the flame of ambition burst out so powerfully that even the first men of the state began to canvass individuals—fearing, I suppose, that the possession of such high authority might become accessible to persons not sufficiently worthy if the post were left unoccupied by themselves—humbly soliciting, from those very commons with whom they had often contended, an honour which had been opposed by them with all their might. The fact of their dignity being now laid aside in a contest, at their time of life, and after they had filled such high official positions, stimulated the exertions of Appius Claudius. You would not have known whether to reckon him among the decemvirs or the candidates; he resembled at times more closely one canvassing for office than one invested with it; he aspersed the nobles, extolled all the most unimportant and insignificant candidates; surrounded by the Duellii and Icilii who had been tribunes, he himself bustled about the forum, through their means he recommended himself to the commons; until even his colleagues, who till then had been devoted to him heart and soul, turned their eyes on him, wondering what he was about. It was evident to them that there was no sincerity in it; that such affability amid such pride would surely prove not disinterested. That this excessive lowering of himself, and condescending to familiarity with private citizens, was characteristic not so much of one eager to retire from office, as of one seeking the means of continuing that office. Not daring openly to oppose his wishes, they set about mitigating his ardour by humouring it. They by common consent conferred on him, as being the youngest, the office of presiding at the elections. This was an artifice, to prevent his appointing himself; which no one ever did, except the tribunes of the people, and that with the very worst precedent. He, however, declaring that, with the favour of fortune, he would preside at the elections, seized upon what should have been an obstacle as a lucky opportunity: and having succeeded by a coalition in keeping out of office the two Quinctii, Capitolinus and Cincinnatus, and his own uncle, Gaius Claudius, a man most steadfast in the cause of the nobility, and other citizens of equal eminence, he secured the appointment as decemvirs of men by no means their equals in distinction—himself in the first instance, a proceeding which honourable men disapproved of greatly, as no one believed that he would have ventured to do it. With him were elected Marcus Cornelius Maluginensis, Marcus Sergius, Lucius Minucius, Quintus Fabius Vibulanus, Quintus Poetilius, Titus Antonius Merenda, Cæso Duilius, Spurius Oppius Cornicen, Manius Rabuleius.

This was the end of Appius's playing a part at variance with his disposition. Henceforward he began to live according to his natural character, and to mould to his own temper his new colleagues before they entered upon office. They daily held meetings in private: then, instructed in their unruly designs, which they concocted apart from others, now no longer dissembling their arrogance, difficult of access, captious to all who conversed with them, they protracted the matter until the ides of May. The ides of May was at that time the usual period for beginning office. Accordingly, at the attainment of their magistracy, they rendered the first day of their office remarkable by threats that inspired great terror. For, while the preceding decemvirs had observed the rule, that only one should have the fasces, and that this emblem of royalty should pass to all in rotation, to each in his turn, lo! on a sudden they all came forth, each with twelve fasces. One hundred and twenty lictors filled the forum, and carried before them the axes tied up with the fasces,[1] giving the explanation that it was of no consequence that the axe should be taken away, since they had been appointed without appeal. There appeared to be ten kings, and terrors were multiplied not only among the humblest individuals, but even among the principal men of the patricians, who thought that an excuse for the beginning of bloodshed was being sought for: so that, if any one should have uttered a word that hinted at liberty, either in the senate or in a meeting of the people, the rods and axes would also instantly be brought forward, for the purpose of intimidating the rest. For, besides that there was no protection in the people, as the right of appeal had been abolished, they had also by mutual consent prohibited interference with each other: whereas the preceding decemvirs had allowed the decisions pronounced by themselves to be amended by appeal to any one of their colleagues, and had referred to the people some points which seemed naturally to come within their own jurisdiction. For a considerable time the terror seemed equally distributed among all ranks; gradually it began to be directed entirely against the commons. While they spared the patricians, arbitrary and cruel measures were taken against the lower classes. As being persons with whom interest usurped the force of justice, they all took account of persons rather than of causes. They concerted their decisions at home, and pronounced them in the forum. If any one appealed to a colleague, he departed from the one to whom he had appealed in such a manner that he regretted that he had not abided by the sentence of the former. An irresponsible rumour had also gone abroad that they had conspired in their tyranny not only for the present time, but that a clandestine league had been concluded among them on oath, that they would not hold the comitia, but by perpetuating the decemvirate would retain supreme power now that it had once come into their possession.

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[1] As in the case of a dictator. The consular lictors carried only the fasces.—D. O.

The plebeians then began narrowly to watch the countenances of the patricians, and to strive to catch a glimpse of liberty from that quarter, by apprehending slavery from which they had brought the republic into its present condition. The leading members of the senate detested the decemvirs, detested the commons; they neither approved of what was going on, and they considered that what befell the latter was not undeserved. They were unwilling to assist men who, by rushing too eagerly toward liberty, had fallen into slavery: they even heaped injuries on them, that, from disgust at the present state of things, two consuls and the former constitution might at length be regretted. By this time the greater part of the year had passed, and two tables of laws had been added to the ten tables of the former year; and if these laws also had been passed in the assembly of the centuries, there would now have remained no reason why the republic should require that form of government. They were anxiously waiting to see how long it would be before the assembly would be proclaimed for the election of consuls. The only thing that troubled the commons was by what means they should re-establish the tribunician power, that bulwark of their liberty, now so long discontinued, no mention in the meantime being made of the elections. Further, the decemvirs, who had at first exhibited themselves to the people surrounded by men of tribunician rank, because that was deemed popular, now guarded themselves by bands of young patricians: crowds of these beset the tribunals. They harried the commons, and plundered their effects: when fortune was on the side of the more powerful individual, in regard to whatever was coveted. And now they spared not even their persons: some were beaten with rods, others had to submit to the axe; and, that such cruelty might not go unrewarded, a grant of his effects followed the punishment of the owner. Corrupted by such bribes, the young nobles not only made no opposition to oppression, but openly avowed a preference for their own selfish gratification rather than for the liberty of all.

The ides of May came round. Without any magistrates being elected in place of those retiring, private persons[1] came forward as decemvirs, without any abatement either in their determination to enforce their authority, or any alteration in the insignia displayed as outward signs of office. That indeed seemed undoubted regal tyranny. Liberty was now deplored as lost forever: no champion of it stood forth, or seemed likely to do so. And not only were the Romans themselves sunk in despondency, but they began to be looked down upon by the neighbouring states, who felt indignant that sovereign power should be in the hands of a state where liberty did not exist. The Sabines with a numerous body of men made an incursion into Roman territory; and having committed extensive devastations, after they had driven off with impunity booty of men and cattle, they recalled their troops, which had been dispersed in different directions, to Eretum, where they pitched their camp, grounding their hopes on the dissensions at Rome, which they expected would prove an obstruction to the levy. Not only the couriers, but also the flight of the country people through the city inspired them with alarm. The decemvirs, left in a dilemma between the hatred of the patricians and people, took counsel what was to be done. Fortune, moreover, brought an additional cause of alarm. The Æquans on the opposite side pitched their camp at Algidum, and by raids from thence ravaged Tusculan territory. News of this was brought by ambassadors from Tusculum imploring assistance. The panic thereby occasioned urged the decemvirs to consult the senate, now that two wars at once threatened the city. They ordered the patricians to be summoned into the senate-house, well aware what a storm of resentment was ready to break upon them; they felt that all would heap upon them the blame for the devastation of their territory, and for the dangers that threatened; and that that would give them an opportunity of endeavouring to abolish their office, if they did not unite in resisting, and by enforcing their authority with severity on a few who showed an intractable spirit repress the attempts of others. When the voice of the crier was heard in the forum summoning the senators into the senate-house to the presence of the decemvirs, this proceeding, as altogether new, because they had long since given up the custom of consulting the senate, attracted the attention of the people, who, full of surprise, wanted to know what had happened, and why, after so long an interval, they were reviving a custom that had fallen into abeyance: stating that they ought to thank the enemy and the war, that any of the customs of a free state were complied with. They looked around for a senator through all parts of the forum, and seldom recognised one anywhere: they then directed their attention to the senate-house, and to the solitude around the decemvirs, who both themselves judged that their power was universally detested, while the commons were of opinion that the senators refused to assemble because the decemvirs, now reduced to the rank of private citizens, had no authority to convene them: that a nucleus was now formed of those who would help them to recover their liberty, if the commons would but side with the senate, and if, as the patricians, when summoned, refused to attend the senate, so also the commons would refuse to enlist. Thus the commons grumbled. There was hardly one of the patricians in the forum, and but very few in the city. In disgust at the state of affairs, they had retired into the country, and busied themselves only with their private affairs, giving up all thought of state concerns, considering that they themselves were out of reach of ill-treatment in proportion as they removed themselves from the meeting and converse of their imperious masters. When those who had been summoned did not assemble, state messengers were despatched to their houses, both to levy the penalties,[1] and to make inquiries whether they purposely refused to attend. They brought back word that the senate was in the country. This was more pleasing to the decemvirs, than if they brought word that they were present and refused obedience to their commands. They commanded them all to be summoned, and proclaimed a meeting of the senate for the following day, which assembled in much greater numbers than they themselves had expected. By this proceeding the commons considered that their liberty was betrayed by the patricians, because the senate had obeyed those persons, as if they had a right to compel them, who had already gone out of office, and were mere private individuals, were it not for the violence displayed by them.

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[1] That is, the incumbents of the past year, now of right private persons, their term of office having expired.—D. O.

However, they showed more obedience in coming into the senate than obsequiousness in the opinions expressed by them, as we have learned. It is recorded that, after Appius Claudius laid the subject of debate before the meeting, and before their opinions were asked in order, Lucius Valerius Potitus excited a commotion, by demanding permission to express his sentiments concerning the state, and—when the decemvirs prevented him with threats [1]—by declaring that he would present himself before the people. It is also recorded that Marcus Horatius Barbatus entered the lists with no less boldness, calling them "ten Tarquins," and reminding them that under the leadership of the Valerii and Horatii the kings had been expelled. Nor was it the mere name that men were then disgusted with, as being that by which it was proper that Jupiter should be styled, as also Romulus, the founder of the city, and the succeeding kings, and a name too which had been retained also for the ceremonies of religion,[2] as a solemn one; that it was the tyranny and arrogance of a king they then detested: and if these were not to be tolerated in that same king or the son of a king, who would tolerate it in so many private citizens? Let them beware lest, by preventing persons from expressing their sentiments freely in the senate, they obliged them to raise their voice outside the senate-house. Nor could he see how it was less allowable for him, a private citizen, to summon the people to an assembly, than for them to convene the senate. They might try, whenever they pleased, how much more determined a sense of wrong would be found to be, when it was a question of vindicating one's own liberty, than ambition, when the object was to preserve an unjust dominion. That they proposed the question concerning the war with the Sabines, as if the Roman people had any more important war on hand than that against those who, having been elected for the purpose of framing laws, had left no law in the state; who had abolished elections, annual magistrates, the regular change of rulers, which was the only means of equalizing liberty; who, though private citizens, still possessed the fasces and regal dominion. That after the expulsion of the kings, patrician magistrates had been appointed, and subsequently, after the secession of the people, plebeian magistrates. What party was it, he asked, to which they belonged? To the popular party? What had they ever done with the concurrence of the people? To the party of the nobles? who for now nearly an entire year had not held a meeting of the senate, and then held one in such a manner that they prevented the expression of sentiments regarding the commonwealth? Let them not place too much hope in the fears of others; the grievances which they were now suffering appeared to men more oppressive than any they might apprehend.

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[1] The fine for non-attendance.—D. O.

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[1] As being out of order, the senate having been convened to consider the war.

[2] Rex Sacrificulus (see note, page 73).—D. O.

While Horatius was exclaiming thus, and the decemvirs could not discover the proper bounds either of their anger or forbearance, nor saw how the matter would end, Gaius Claudius, who was uncle of Appius the decemvir, delivered an address more in the style of entreaty than reproach, beseeching him by the shade of his brother and of his father, that he would hold in recollection the civil society in which he had been born, rather than the confederacy nefariously entered into with his colleagues, adding that he besought this much more on Appius's own account, than for the sake of the commonwealth. For the commonwealth would claim its rights in spite of them, if it could not obtain them with their consent: that, however, from a great contest great animosities were generally aroused: it was the result of the latter that he dreaded. Though the decemvirs forbade them to speak on any subject save that which they had submitted to them, they felt too much respect for Claudius to interrupt him. He therefore concluded the expression of his opinion by moving that it was their wish that no decree of the senate should be passed. And all understood the matter thus, that they were judged by Claudius to be private citizens;[1] and many of those of consular standing expressed their assent in words. Another measure, more severe in appearance, which ordered the patricians to assemble to nominate an interrex, in reality had much less force; for by this motion the mover gave expression to a decided opinion that those persons were magistrates of some kind or other who might hold a meeting of the senate, while he who recommended that no decree of the senate should be passed, had thereby declared them private citizens. When the cause of the decemvirs was now failing, Lucius Cornelius Maluginensis, brother of Marcus Cornelius the decemvir, having been purposely reserved from among those of consular rank to close the debate, by affecting an anxiety about the war, defended his brother and his colleagues by declaring that he wondered by what fatality it had occurred, that those who had been candidates for the decemvirate, either these or their friends, had above all others attacked the decemvirs: or why, when no one had disputed for so many months while the state was free from anxiety, whether legal magistrates were at the head of affairs, they now at length sowed the seeds of civil discord, when the enemy were nearly at the gates, except it were that in a state of confusion they thought that their object would be less clearly seen through. For the rest, it was unfair that any one should prejudge a matter of such importance, while their minds were occupied with a more momentous concern. It was his opinion that, in regard to what Valerius and Horatius alleged—that the decemvirs had gone out of office before the ides of May—the matter should be discussed in the senate and left to them to decide, when the wars which were now impending were over, and the commonwealth restored to tranquility: and that Appius Claudius was even now preparing to take notice that an account had to be rendered by him of the election which he himself as decemvir held for electing decemvirs, whether they were elected for one year, or until the laws, which were wanting, were ratified. It was his opinion that all other matters should be disregarded for the present, except the war; and if they thought that the reports regarding it were propagated without foundation, and that not only the messengers but also the ambassadors of the Tusculans had stated what was false, he thought that scouts should be despatched to bring back more certain information; but if credit were given both to the messengers and the ambassadors, that the levy should be held at the very earliest opportunity; that the decemvirs should lead the armies, whither each thought proper: and that no other matter should take precedence.

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[1] As having been improperly convened.—D. O.

The junior patricians almost succeeded in getting this resolution passed on a division. Accordingly, Valerius and Horatius, rising again with greater vehemence, loudly demanded that it should be allowed them to express their sentiments concerning the republic; that they would address a meeting of the people, if owing to party efforts they were not allowed to do so in the senate: for that private individuals, whether in the senate or in a general assembly, could not prevent them: nor would they yield to their imaginary fasces. Appius, now considering that the crisis was already nigh at hand, when their authority would be overpowered, unless the violence of these were resisted with equal boldness, said, "It will be better for you not to utter a word on any subject, except the subject of discussion"; and against Valerius, when he refused to be silent for a private individual, he commanded a lictor to proceed. When Valerius, from the threshold of the senate-house, now craved the protection of the citizens, Lucius Cornelius, embracing Appius, put an end to the struggle, not in reality consulting the interest of him whose interest he pretended to consult;[1] and, after permission to say what he pleased had been obtained for Valerius by means of Cornelius, when this liberty did not extend beyond words, the decemvirs attained their object. The men of consular rank also and senior members, from the hatred of tribunician power still rankling in their bosoms, the longing for which they considered was much more keenly felt by the commons than for the consular power, almost preferred that the decemvirs themselves should voluntarily resign their office at some future period, than that the people should once more become prominent through hatred against these. If the matter, quietly conducted, should again return to the consuls without popular turbulence, that the commons might be induced to forget their tribunes, either by the intervention of wars or by the moderation of the consuls in exercising their authority.

A levy was proclaimed without objection on the part of the patricians; the young men answered to their names, as the government was without appeal. The legions having been enrolled, the decemvirs proceeded to arrange among themselves who should set out to the war, who should command the armies. The leading men among the decemvirs were Quintus Fabius and Appius Claudius. The war at home appeared more serious than abroad. The decemvirs considered the violence of Appius better suited to suppress commotions in the city; that Fabius possessed a disposition rather lacking in firmness in a good purpose than energetic in a bad one. For this man, formerly distinguished at home and abroad, had been so altered by his office of decemvir and the influence of his colleagues, that he chose rather to be like Appius than like himself. To him the war among the Sabines was intrusted, Manius Rabuleius and Quintus Pætilius being sent with him as colleagues. Marcus Cornelius was sent to Algidum with Lucius Minucius, Titus Antonius, Cæso Duillius, and Marcus Sergius: they appointed Spurius Oppius to assist Appius Claudius in protecting the city, while all the decemvirs were to enjoy equal authority.

The republic was managed with no better success in war than at home. In this the only fault in the generals was, that they had rendered themselves objects of hatred to their fellow-citizens: in other respects the entire blame lay with the soldiers, who, lest any enterprise should be successfully conducted under the leadership and auspices of the decemvirs, suffered themselves to be beaten, to their own disgrace and that of their generals. Their armies were routed both by the Sabines at Eretum, and by the Æquans in Algidum. Fleeing from Eretum during the silence of the night. they fortified their camp nearer the city, on an elevated position between Fidenæ and Crustumeria; nowhere encountering on equal ground the enemy who pursued them, they protected themselves by the nature of the ground and a rampart, not by valour or arms. Their conduct was more disgraceful, and greater loss also was sustained in Algidum; their camp too was lost, and the soldiers, stripped of all their arms, munitions, and supplies, betook themselves to Tusculum, determined to procure the means of subsistence from the good faith and compassion of their hosts; and in these, notwithstanding their conduct, they were not disappointed. Such alarming accounts were brought to Rome, that the patricians, having now laid aside their hatred of the decemvirs, passed an order that watches should be held in the city, and commanded that all who were not hindered by reason of their age from carrying arms, should mount guard on the walls, and form outposts before the gates; they also voted that arms should be sent to Tusculum, besides a re-enforcement; and that the decemvirs should come down from the citadel of Tusculum and keep their troops encamped; that the other camp should be removed from Fidenæ into Sabine territory, and the enemy, by their thus attacking them first, should be deterred from entertaining any idea of assaulting the city.

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[1] That is, of Valerius, but rather of Appius himself in restraining him from precipitating matters.—D. O.

In addition to the reverses sustained at the hands of the enemy, the decemvirs were guilty of two monstrous deeds, one abroad, and the other in the city. They sent Lucius Siccius, who was quartered among the Sabines, to take osbervations for the purpose of selecting a site for a camp: he, availing himself of the unpopularity of the decemvirs, was introducing, in his secret conversations with the common soldiers, suggestions of a secession and the election of tribunes: the soldiers, whom they had sent to accompany him in that expedition, were commissioned to attack him in a convenient place and slay him. They did not kill him with impunity; several of the assassins fell around him, as he offered resistance, since, possessing great personal strength and displaying courage equal to that strength, he defended himself against them, although surrounded. The rest brought news into the camp that Siccius, while fighting bravely, had fallen into an ambush, and that some soldiers had been lost with him. At first the account was believed; afterward a party of men, who went by permission of the decemvirs to bury those who had fallen, when they observed that none of the bodies there were stripped, and that Siccius lay in the midst fully armed, and that all the bodies were turned toward him, while there was neither the body of any of the enemy, nor any traces of their departure, brought back his body, saying that he had assuredly been slain by his own men. The camp was now filled with indignation, and it was resolved that Siccius should be forthwith brought to Rome, had not the decemvirs hastened to bury him with military honours at the public expense. He was buried amid the great grief of the soldiery, and with the worst possible infamy of the decemvirs among the common people.

Another monstrous deed followed in the city, originating in lust, and attended by results not less tragical than that deed which had brought about the expulsion of the Tarquins from the city and the throne through the violation and death of Lucretia: so that the decemvirs not only came to the same end as the kings, but the reason also of their losing their power was the same. Appius Claudius was seized with a criminal passion for violating the person of a young woman of plebeian rank. Lucius Verginius, the girl's father, held an honourable rank among the centurions at Algidum, a man who was a pattern of uprightness both at home and in the service. His wife and children were brought up in the same manner. He had betrothed his daughter to Lucius Icilius, who had been tribune, a man of spirit and of approved zeal in the interest of the people. Appius, burning with desire, attempted to seduce by bribes and promises this young woman, now grown up, and of distinguished beauty; and when he perceived that all the avenues of his lust were barred by modesty, he turned his thoughts to cruel and tyrannical violence. Considering that, as the girl's father was absent, there was an opportunity for committing the wrong, he instructed a dependent of his, Marcus Claudius, to claim the girl as his slave, and not to yield to those who demanded her enjoyment of liberty pending judgment. The tool of the decemvir's lust laid hands on the girl as she was coming into the forum—for there the elementary schools were held in booths—calling her the daughter of his slave and a slave herself, and commanded her to follow him, declaring that he would drag her off by force if she demurred. The girl being struck dumb with terror, a crowd collected at the cries of her nurse, who besought the protection of the citizens. The popular names of her father, Verginius, and of her betrothed, Icilius, were in every one's mouth. Esteem for them gained the good-will of their acquaintances, the heinousness of the proceeding, that of the crowd. She was now safe from violence, forasmuch as the claimant said that there was no occasion for rousing the mob; that he was proceeding by law, not by force. He summoned the girl into court. Her supporters advising her to follow him, they reached the tribunal of Appius. The claimant rehearsed the farce well known to the judge, as being in presence of the actual author of the plot, that the girl, born in his house, and clandestinely transferred from thence to the house of Verginius, had been fathered on the latter: that what he stated was established by certain evidence, and that he would prove it, even if Verginius himself, who would be the principal sufferer, were judge: that meanwhile it was only fair the servant should accompany her master. The supporters of Verginia, after they had urged that Verginius was absent on business of the state, that he would be present in two days if word were sent to him, and that it was unfair that in his absence he should run any risk regarding his children, demanded that Appius should adjourn the whole matter till the arrival of the father; that he should allow the claim for her liberty pending judgment according to the law passed by himself, and not allow a maiden of ripe age to encounter the risk of her reputation before that of her liberty.

Appius prefaced his decision by observing that the very same law, which the friends of Verginius put forward as the plea of their demand, showed how strongly he himself was in favour of liberty: that liberty, however, would find secure protection in the law on this condition only, that it varied neither with respect to cases or persons. For with respect to those individuals who were claimed as free, that point of law was good, because any citizen could proceed by law in such a matter: but in the case of her who was in the hands of her father, there was no other person in whose favour her master need relinquish his right of possession.[1] That it was his decision, therefore, that her father should be sent for: that, in the meantime, the claimant should not be deprived of the right, which allowed him to carry off the girl with him, at the same time promising that she should be produced on the arrival of him who was called her father. When there were many who murmured against the injustice of this decision rather than any one individual who ventured to protest against it, the girl's great-uncle, Publius Numitorius, and her betrothed, Icilius, appeared on the scene: and, way being made for them through the crowd, the multitude thinking that Appius could be most effectually resisted by the intervention of Icilius, the lictor declared that he had decided the matter, and attempted to remove Icilius, when he began to raise his voice. Such a monstrous injustice would have fired even a cool temper. "By the sword, Appius," said he, "must I be removed hence, that you may secure silence about that which you wish to be concealed. This young woman I am about to marry, to have and to hold as my lawful wife. Wherefore call together all the lictors of your colleagues also; order the rods and axes to be got ready: the betrothed wife of Icilius shall not pass the night outside her father's house. No: though you have taken from us the aid of our tribunes, and the power of appeal to the commons of Rome, the two bulwarks for the maintenance of our liberty, absolute authority has not therefore been given to your lust over our wives and children. Vent your fury on our backs and necks; let chastity at least be secure. If violence shall be offered to her, I shall implore the protection of the citizens here present on behalf of my betrothed, Verginius that of the soldiers on behalf of his only daughter, all of us the protection of gods and men, nor shall you carry that sentence into effect without our blood. I demand of you, Appius, consider again and again to what lengths you are proceeding. Verginius, when he comes, will see to it, what conduct he is to pursue with respect to his daughter: only let him be assured of this, that if he yield to the claims of this man, he will have to look out for another match for his daughter. As for my part, in vindicating the liberty of my spouse, life shall leave me sooner than honour."

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[1] Appius's argument is that, if Verginia was living in a state of slavery under Claudius, as any one might institute an action to establish her liberty, she would be entitled to her liberty until the matter was settled: but as she was now living under her father's protection, and was his property by the right of the patria potestas, and he was absent, and as no other person had a right to keep or defend her, she ought to be given up to the man who claimed to be her master, pending her father's return.

The multitude was now roused, and a contest seemed threatening. The lictors had taken their stand around Icilius; they did not, however, proceed beyond threats, while Appius said, that it was not Verginia who was being defended by Icilius, but that, being a restless man, and even now breathing the spirit of the tribuneship, he was seeking an opportunity for creating a disturbance. That he would not afford him the chance of doing so on that day; but in order that he might now know that the concession had been made not to his petulance, but to the absent Verginius, to the name of father and to liberty, that he would not decide the case on that day, nor introduce a decree: that he would request Marcus Claudius to forego somewhat of his right, and to suffer the girl to be bailed till the next day. However, unless the father attended on the following day, he gave notice to Icilius and to men like Icilius, that, as the framer of it, he would maintain his own law, as a decemvir, his firmness: that he would certainly not assemble the lictors of his colleagues to put down the promoters of sedition; that he would be content with his own. When the time of this act of injustice had been deferred, and the friends of the maiden had retired, it was first of all determined that the brother of Icilius, and the son of Numitorius, both active young men, should proceed thence straight to the city gate, and that Verginius should be summoned from the camp with all possible haste: that the safety of the girl depended on his being present next day at the proper time, to protect her from wrong. They proceeded according to directions, and galloping at full speed, carried the news to her father. When the claimant of the maiden was pressing Icilius to lay claim to her, and give bail for her appearance, and Icilius said that that was the very thing that was being done, purposely wasting the time, until the messengers sent to the camp should finish their journey, the multitude raised their hands on all sides, and every one showed himself ready to go surety for Icilius. And he, with his eyes full of tears, said: "This is a great favour; to-morrow I will avail myself of your assistance: at present I have sufficient sureties." Thus Verginia was bailed on the security of her relations. Appius, having delayed a short time, that he might not appear to have sat on account of that case alone, when no one made application to him, all other concerns being set aside owing to the interest displayed in this one case, betook himself home, and wrote to his colleague in the camp, not to grant leave of absence to Verginius, and even to keep him in confinement. This wicked scheme was too late, as it deserved: for Verginius, having already obtained his leave, had set out at the first watch, while the letter regarding his detention was delivered on the following morning without effect.

But in the city, at daybreak, when the citizens were standing in the forum on the tiptoe of expectation, Verginius, clad in mourning, conducted his daughter, also shabbily attired, attended by some matrons, into the forum, with a considerable body of supporters. He there began to go around and solicit people: and not only entreated their aid given out of kindness, but demanded it as a right: saying that he stood daily in the field of battle in defence of their wives and children, nor was there any other man, whose brave and intrepid deeds in war could be recorded in greater numbers. What availed it, if, while the city was secure from dangers, their children had to endure these calamities, which were the worst that could be dreaded if it were taken? Uttering these words just like one delivering a public harangue, he solicited the people individually. Similar arguments were put forward by Icilius: the attendant throng of women produced more effect by their silent tears than any words. With a mind stubbornly proof against all this—such an attack of frenzy, rather than of love, had perverted his mind—Appius ascended the tribunal, and when the claimant went on to complain briefly, that justice had not been administered to him on the preceding day through party influence, before either he could go through with his claim, or an opportunity of reply was afforded to Verginius, Appius interrupted him. The preamble with which he prefaced his decision, ancient authors may have handed down perhaps with some degree of truth; but since I nowhere find any that is probable in the case of so scandalous a decision, I think it best to state the bare fact, which is generally admitted, that he passed a sentence consigning her to slavery. At first a feeling of bewilderment astounded all, caused by amazement at so heinous a proceeding: then for some time silence prevailed. Then, when Marcus Claudius proceeded to seize the maiden, while the matrons stood around, and was met by the piteous lamentations of the women, Verginius, menacingly stretching forth his hands toward Appius, said: "To Icilius, and not to you, Appius, have I betrothed my daughter, and for matrimony, not for prostitution, have I brought her up. Would you have men gratify their lust promiscuously, like cattle and wild beasts? Whether these persons will endure such things, I know not; I do not think that those will do so who have arms in their hands." When the claimant of the girl was repulsed by the crowd of women and supporters who were standing around her, silence was proclaimed by the crier.

The decemvir, as if he had lost his reason owing to his passion, stated that not only from Icilius's abusive harangue of the day before, and the violence of Verginius, of which he could produce the entire Roman people as witnesses, but from authentic information also he had ascertained that secret meetings were held in the city throughout the night with the object of stirring up sedition: that he, accordingly, being aware of that danger, had come down with armed soldiers, not to molest any peaceable person, but in order to punish, as the majesty of the government demanded, those who disturbed the tranquility of the state. "It will, therefore," said he, "be better to remain quiet: go, lictor, disperse the crowd, and clear the way for the master to lay hold of his slave." After he had thundered out these words, full of wrath, the multitude of their own accord dispersed, and the girl stood deserted, a sacrifice to injustice. Then Verginius, when he saw no aid anywhere, said: "I beg you, Appius, first pardon a father's grief, if I have attacked you too harshly: in the next place, suffer me to ask the nurse here in presence of the maiden, what all this means, that, if I have been falsely called her father, I may depart hence with mind more tranquil." Permission having been granted, he drew the girl and the nurse aside to the booths near the chapel of Cloacina,[1] which now go by the name of the New Booths:[2] and there, snatching a knife from a butcher, "In this, the only one way I can, my daughter," said he, "do I secure to you your liberty." He then plunged it into the girl's breast, and looking back toward the tribunal, said, "With this blood I devote thee,[3] Appius, and thy head!" Appius, aroused by the cry raised at so dreadful a deed, ordered Verginius to be seized. He, armed with the knife, cleared the way whithersoever he went, until, protected by the crowd of persons attending him, he reached the gate. Icilius and Numitorius took up the lifeless body and showed it to the people; they deplored the villainy of Appius, the fatal beauty of the maiden, and the cruel lot of the father.[4] The matrons, following, cried out: Was this the condition of rearing children? were these the rewards of chastity? and other things which female grief on such occasions suggests, when their complaints are so much the more affecting, in proportion as their grief is more intense from their want of self-control. The men, and more especially Icilius, spoke of nothing but the tribunician power, and the right of appeal to the people which had been taken from them, and gave vent to their indignation in regard to the condition of public affairs.

The multitude was excited partly by the heinousness of the misdeed, partly by the hope of recovering their liberty on a favourable opportunity. Appius first ordered Icilius to be summoned before him, then, when he refused to come, to be seized: finally, when the officers were not allowed an opportunity of approaching him, he himself, proceeding through the crowd with a body of young patricians, ordered him to be led away to prison. Now not only the multitude, but Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius, the leaders of the multitude, stood around Icilius and, having repulsed the lictor, declared, that, if Appius should proceed according to law, they would

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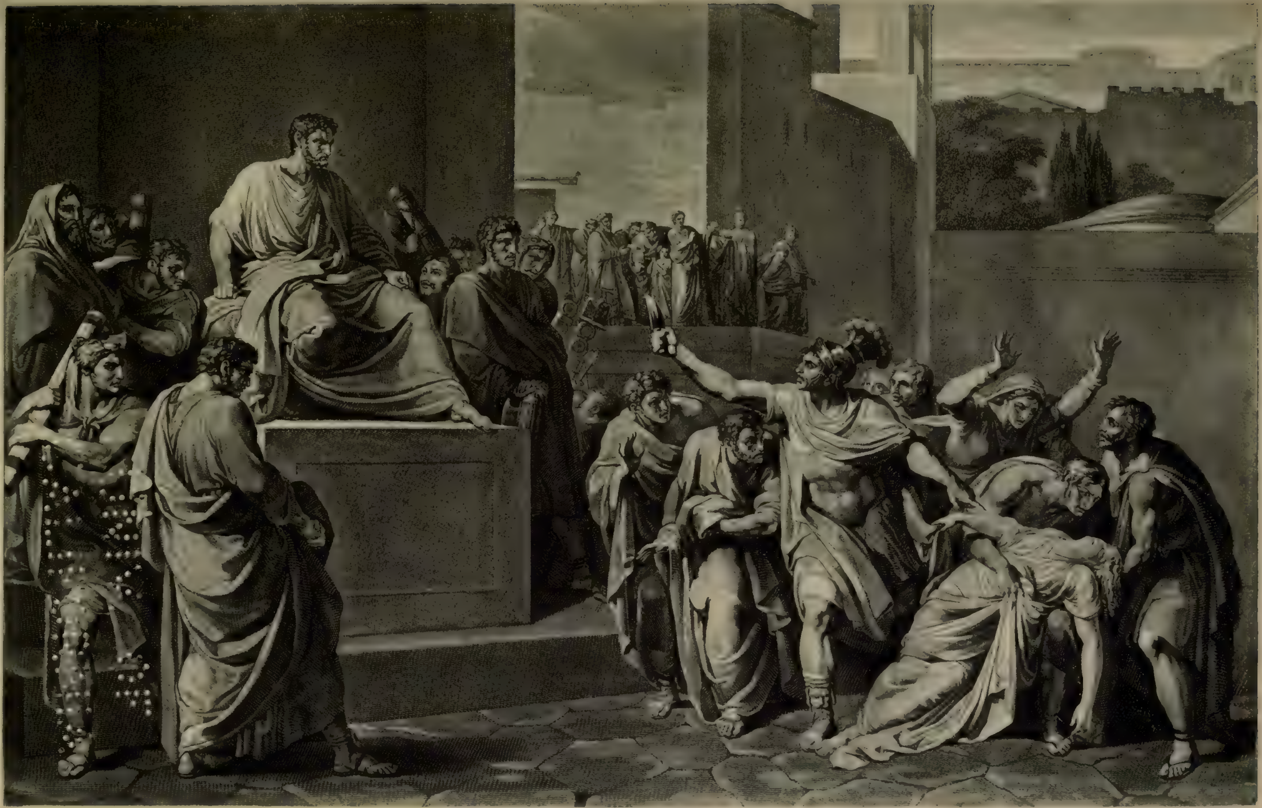
[1] Venus Cloacina (she who cleanses).—D. O.

[2] On two sides of the forum were colonnades, between the pillars of which were tradesmen's booths known as "the Old Booths" and "the New Booths."

[3] That is, to the infernal gods.

[4] See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome": "Verginia."



protect Icilius from one who was but a private citizen; if he should attempt to employ force, that even in that case they would be no unequal match for him. Hence arose a violent quarrel. The decemvir's lictor attacked Valerius and Horatius: the fasces were broken by the people. Appius ascended the tribunal; Horatius and Valerius followed him. They were attentively listened to by the assembly: the voice of the decemvir was drowned with clamour. Now Valerius, as if he possessed the authority to do so, was ordering the lictors to depart from one who was but a private citizen, when Appius, whose spirits were now broken, alarmed for his life, betook himself into a house in the vicinity of the forum, unobserved by his enemies, with his head covered up. Spurius Oppius, in order to assist his colleague, rushed into the forum by the opposite side: he saw their authority overpowered by force. Distracted then by various counsels and by listening to several advisers from every side, he had become hopelessly confused: eventually he ordered the senate to be convened. Because the official acts of the decemvirs seemed displeasing to the greater portion of the patricians, this step quieted the people with the hope that the government would be abolished through the senate. The senate was of opinion that the commons should not be stirred up, and that much more effectual measures should be taken lest the arrival of Verginius should cause any commotion in the army.

Accordingly, some of the junior patricians, being sent to the camp which was at that time on Mount Vecilius, announced to the decemvirs that they should do their utmost to keep the soldiers from mutinying. There Verginius occasioned greater commotion than he had left behind him in the city. For besides that he was seen coming with a body of nearly four hundred men, who, enraged in consequence of the disgraceful nature of the occurrence, had accompanied him from the city, the unsheathed knife, and his being himself besmeared with blood, attracted to him the attention of the entire camp; and the gowns,[1] seen in many parts of the camp, had caused the number of people from the city to appear much greater than it really was. When they asked him what was the matter, in consequence of his weeping, for a long time he did not utter a word. At length, as soon as the crowd of those running together became quiet after the disturbance, and silence ensued, he related everything in order as it had occurred. Then extending his hands toward heaven, addressing his fellow-soldiers, he begged of them, not to impute to him that which was the crime of Appius Claudius, nor to abhor him as the murderer of his child. To him the life of his daughter was dearer than his own, if she had been allowed to live in freedom and chastity. When he beheld her dragged to prostitution as if she were a slave, thinking it better that his child should be lost by death rather than by dishonour, through compassion for her he had apparently fallen into cruelty. Nor would he have survived his daughter had he not entertained the hope of avenging her death by the aid of his fellow-soldiers. For they too had daughters, sisters, and wives; nor was the lust of Appius Claudius extinguished with his daughter; but in proportion as it escaped with greater impunity, so much the more unbridled would it be. That by the calamity of another a warning was given to them to guard against a similar injury. As far as he was concerned, his wife had been taken from him by destiny; his daughter, because she could no longer have lived as a chaste woman, had met with an unfortunate but honourable death; that there was now no longer in his family an opportunity for the lust of Appius; that from any other violence of his he would defend his person with the same spirit with which he had vindicated that of his daughter: that others should take care for themselves and their children. While he uttered these words in a loud voice, the multitude responded with a shout, that they would not be backward, either to avenge his wrongs or to defend their own liberty. And the civilians mixing with the crowd of soldiers, by uttering the same complaints, and by showing how much more shocking these things must have appeared when seen than when merely heard of, and also by telling them that the disturbance at Rome was now almost over—and others having subsequently arrived who asserted that Appius, having with difficulty escaped with life, had gone into exile—all these individuals so far influenced them that there was a general cry to arms, and having pulled up the standards, they set out for Rome. The decemvirs, being alarmed at the same time both by what they now saw, as well as by what they had heard had taken place at Rome, ran about to different parts of the camp to quell the commotion. While they proceeded with mildness no answer was returned to them: if any of them attempted to exert authority, the soldiers replied, that they were men and were armed. They proceeded in a body to the city and occupied the Aventine, encouraging the commons, as each person met them, to recover their liberty, and elect tribunes of the people; no other expression of violence was heard. Spurius Oppius held a meeting of the senate; it was resolved that no harsh measures should be adopted, inasmuch as occasion for sedition had been given by themselves.[1] Three men of consular rank, Spurius Tarpeius, Gaius Julius, Publius Sulpicius, were sent as ambassadors, to inquire, in the name of the senate, by whose orders they had deserted the camp? or what they meant by having occupied the Aventine in arms, and, turning away their arms from the enemy, having seized their own country? They were at no loss for an answer: but they wanted some one to give the answer, there being as yet no certain leader, and individuals were not bold enough to expose themselves to the invidious office. The multitude only cried out with one accord, that they should send Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius to them, saying that they would give their answer to them.

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[1] The civilian togas.—D. O.

The ambassadors being dismissed, Verginius reminded the soldiers that a little while before they had been embarrassed in a matter of no very great difficulty, because the multitude was without a head; and that the answer given, though not inexpedient, was the result rather of an accidental agreement than of a concerted plan. His opinion was, that ten persons should be elected to preside over the management of state affairs, and that they should be called tribunes of the soldiers, a title suited to their military dignity. When that honour was offered to himself in the first instance, he replied, "Reserve for an occasion more favourable to both of us your kind recognition of me. The fact of my daughter being unavenged, does not allow any office to be agreeable to me, nor, in the present disturbed condition of the state, is it advantageous that those should be at your head who are most exposed to party animosity. If I am of any use, the benefit to be gained from my services will be just as great while I am a private individual." They accordingly elected military tribunes ten in number.

Meanwhile the army among the Sabines was not inactive. There also, at the instance of Icilius and Numitorius, a secession from the decemvirs took place, men's minds being no less moved when they recalled to mind the murder of Siccius, than when they were fired with rage at the recent account of the disgraceful attempt made on the maiden to gratify lust. When Icilius heard that tribunes of the soldiers had been elected on the Aventine, lest the election assembly in the city should follow the precedent of the military assembly, by electing the same persons tribunes of the commons, being well versed in popular intrigues and having an eye to that office himself, he also took care, before they proceeded to the city, that the same number should be elected by his own party with equal power. They entered the city by the Colline gate under their standards, and proceeded in a body to the Aventine through the midst of the city. There, joining the other army, they commissioned the twenty tribunes of the soldiers to select two out of their number to preside over state affairs. They elected Marcus Oppius and Sextus Manilius. The patricians, alarmed for the general safety, though there was a meeting of the senate every day, wasted the time in wrangling more frequently than in deliberation. The murder of Siccius, the lust of Appius, and the disgraces incurred in war were urged as charges against the decemvirs. It was resolved that Valerius and Horatius should proceed to the Aventine. They refused to go on any other condition than that the decemvirs should lay down the badges of that office, which they had resigned at the end of the previous year. The decemvirs, complaining that they were now being degraded, declared that they would not resign their office until those laws, for the sake of which they had been appointed, were passed.

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[1] Appius Claudius, a member of their order.—D. O.

The people being informed by Marcus Duillius, who had been tribune of the people, that by reason of their continual contentions no business was transacted, passed from the Aventine to the Sacred Mount, as Duillius asserted that no concern for business would enter the minds of the patricians, until they saw the city deserted: that the Sacred Mount would remind them of the people's firmness: that they would then know that matters could not be brought back to harmony without the restoration of the tribunician power. Having set out along the Nomentan way, which was then called the Ficulean,[1] they pitched their camp on the Sacred Mount, imitating the moderation of their fathers by committing no violence. The commons followed the army, no one whose age would permit him declining to go. Their wives and children attended them, piteously asking to whom they were leaving them, in a city where neither chastity nor liberty were respected? When the unusual solitude had created everywhere at Rome a feeling of desolation; when there was no one in the forum but a few old men: when, after the patricians had been summoned into the senate, the forum appeared deserted, by this time more besides Horatius and Valerius began to exclaim, "What will you now wait for, conscript fathers? If the decemvirs do not put an end to their obstinacy, will you suffer all things to go to wreck and ruin? What power is that of yours, decemvirs, which you embrace and hold so firmly? do you mean to administer justice to walls and houses? Are you not ashamed that an almost greater number of your lictors is to be seen in the forum than of the other citizens? What are you going to do, in case the enemy should approach the city? What, if the commons should come presently in arms, in case we show ourselves little affected by their secession? do you mean to end your power by the fall of the city? Well, then, either we must not have the commons, or they must have their tribunes. We shall sooner be able to dispense with our patrician magistrates, than they with their plebeian. That power, when new and untried, they wrested from our fathers: much less will they now, when once captivated by its charm, endure the loss of: more especially since we do not behave with such moderation in the exercise of our power, that they are in no need of the aid of the tribunes." When these arguments were thrown out from every quarter, the decemvirs, overpowered by the united opinions of all, declared that, since such seemed to be the feeling, they would submit to the authority of the patricians. All they asked for themeselves was, that they might be protected from popular odium: they warned the senate, that they should not, by shedding their blood, habituate the people to inflict punishment on the patricians.

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[1] From the Colline gate.—D. O.

Then Valerius and Horatius, having been sent to bring back the people on such terms as might seem fit, and to adjust all differences, were directed to make provision also to protect the decemvirs from the resentment and violence of the multitude. They set forth and were received into the camp amid the great joy of the people, as their undoubted liberators, both at the beginning of the disturbance and at the termination of the matter. In consideration of these things, thanks were returned to them on their arrival. Icilius delivered a speech in the name of the people. When the terms came to be considered, on the ambassadors inquiring what were the demands of the people, he also, having already concerted the plan before the arrival of the ambassadors, made such demands, that it became evident that more hope was placed in the justice of their case than in arms. For they demanded the restoration of the tribunician office and the right of appeal, which, before the appointment of decemvirs, had been the supports of the people, and that it should be without detriment to any one to have instigated the soldiers or the commons to seek to recover their liberty by a secession. Concerning the punishment only of the decemvirs was their demand immoderate: for they thought it but just that they should be delivered up to them, and threatened to burn them alive. The ambassadors replied: "Your demands which have been the result of deliberation are so reasonable, that they should be voluntarily offered to you: for you demand therein safeguards for your liberty, not a means of arbitrary power to assail others. Your resentment we must rather pardon than indulge, seeing that from your hatred of cruelty you rush into cruelty, and almost before you are free yourselves, already wish to lord it over your opponents. Shall our state never enjoy rest from punishments, inflicted either by the patricians on the Roman commons, or by the commons on the patricians? you need a shield rather than a sword. He is sufficiently and abundantly humbled who lives in the state on an equal footing with his fellow-citizens, neither inflicting nor suffering injury. Should you, however, at any time wish to render yourselves formidable, when, after you have recovered your magistrates and laws, decisions on our lives and fortunes shall be in your hands, then you shall determine according to the merits of each case: for the present it is sufficient that your liberty be recovered."

All assenting that they should act just as they thought proper, the ambassadors assured them that they would speedily return, having brought everything to a satisfactory termination. When they had gone and laid before the patricians the message of the commons—while the other decemvirs, since, contrary to their own expectation, no mention was made of their punishment—raised no objection, Appius, being of a truculent disposition and the chief object of detestation, measuring the rancour of others toward him by his own toward them, said: "I am not ignorant of the fate which threatens me. I see that the contest against us is only deferred until our arms are delivered up to our adversaries. Blood must be offered up to popular rage. I do not even hesitate to resign my decemvirate." A decree of the senate was then passed: that the decemvirs should as soon as possible resign their office; that Quintus Furius, chief pontiff, should hold an election of plebeian tribunes, and that the secession of the soldiers and commons should not be detrimental to any one. These decrees of the senate being completed, and the senate dismissed, the decemvirs came forth into the assembly, and resigned their office, to the great joy of all. News of this was carried to the commons. All those who remained in the city escorted the ambassadors. This crowd was met by another joyous body from the camp; they congratulated each other on the restoration of liberty and concord to the state. The deputies spoke as follows before the assembly: "Be it advantageous, fortunate, and happy for you and the republic—return to your country, to your household gods, your wives and children; but carry into the city the same moderation which you observed here, where, in spite of the pressing need of so many things necessary for so large a number of persons, no man's field has been injured. Go to the Aventine, whence you set out. There, in that auspicious place, where you laid the first beginnings of your liberty, you shall elect tribunes of the people. The chief pontiff will be at hand to hold the elections." Great was their approval and joy, as evinced in their assent to every measure. They then pulled up their standards, and having set out for Rome, vied in exultation with all they met. Silently, under arms, they marched through the city and reached the Aventine. There, the chief pontiff holding the meeting for the elections, they immediately elected as their tribunes of the people, first of all Lucius Verginius, then Lucius Icilius, and Publius Numitorius, the uncle of Verginius, who had recommended the secession: then Gaius Sicinius, the offspring of him who is recorded to have been elected first tribune of the commons on the Sacred Mount; and Marcus Duillius, who had held a distinguished tribuneship before the appointment of the decemvirs, and never failed the commons in their contests with the decemvirs. Marcus Titinius, Marcus Pomponius, Gaius Apronius, Appius Villius, and Gaius Oppius, were elected more from hope entertained of them than from any actual services. When he entered on his tribuneship, Lucius Icilius immediately brought before the people, and the people enacted, that the secession from the decemvirs which had taken place should not prove detrimental to any individual. Immediately after Duillius carried a proposition for electing consuls, with right of appeal.[1] All these things were transacted in an assembly of the commons in the Flaminian meadows, which are now called the Flaminian Circus.[2]

Then, through an interrex, Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius were elected consuls, and immediately entered on their office; their consulship, agreeable to the people, although it did no injury to the patricians, was not, however, without giving them offence; for whatever measures were taken to secure the liberty of the people, they considered to be a diminution of their own power. First of all, when it was as it were a disputed point of law, whether patricians were bound by regulations enacted in an assembly of the commons, they proposed a law in the assembly of the centuries, that whatever the commons ordered in the assembly of the tribes, should be binding on the entire people; by which law a most keen-edged weapon of offence was given to the motions introduced by tribunes. Then another law made by a consul concerning the right of appeal, a singularly effective safeguard of liberty, that had been upset by the decemviral power, was not only restored, but also guarded for the time to come, by the passing of a new law, that no one should appoint any magistrate without appeal: [1] if any person should so appoint, it should be lawful and right that he be put to death; and that such killing should not be deemed a capital offence. And when they had sufficiently secured the commons by the right of appeal on the one hand, by tribunician aid on the other, they revived for the tribunes themselves the privilege that their persons should be considered inviolable—the recollection of which was now almost forgotten—by renewing after a long interval certain ceremonies which had fallen into disuse; and they rendered them inviolable by religion, as well as by a law, enacting that whosoever should offer injury to tribunes of the people, ædiles, or judicial decemvirs, his person should be devoted to Jupiter, and his property be sold at the Temple of Ceres, Liber, and Libera. Expounders of the law deny that any person is by this law inviolable, but assert that he, who may do an injury to any of them, is deemed by law accursed: and that, accordingly, an ædile may be arrested and carried to prison by superior magistrates, which, though it be not expressly warranted by law (for an injury is done to a person to whom it is not lawful to do an injury according to this law), is yet a proof that an ædile is not considered as sacred and inviolable; the tribunes, however, are sacred and inviolable according to the ancient oath of the commons, when first they created that office. There have been some who supposed that by this same Horatian law provision was made for the consuls also and the prætors, because they were elected under the same auspices as the consuls; for a consul was called a judge. This interpretation is refuted, because at this time it had not yet been customary for the consul to be styled judge, but prætor.[2] These were the laws proposed by the consuls. It was also arranged by the same consuls, that decrees of the senate, which before that used to be suppressed and altered at the pleasure of the consuls, should be deposited in the Temple of Ceres, under the care of the ædiles of the commons. Then Marcus Duillius, tribune of the commons, brought before the people, and the people enacted, that whoever left the people without tribunes, and whoever caused a magistrate to be elected without appeal, should be punished with stripes and beheaded. All these enactments, though against the feelings of the patricians, passed off without opposition from them, because as yet no severity was aimed at any particular individual.

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[1] From whose decision an appeal would lie.

[2] The church of S. Caterina de' Fernari now stands within its lines.—D. O.

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[1] Evidently this could not apply to a dictator.—D. O.

[2] The name consul, although used by Livy (Bk. I, ch. lx), was not really employed until after the period of the decemvirs. The title in early use was prætor: it is not definitely known when the name judex was attached to the office.

Then, both the tribunician power and the liberty of the commons having been firmly established, the tribunes, now deeming it both safe and seasonable to attack individuals, singled out Verginius as the first prosecutor and Appius as defendant. When Verginius had appointed a day for Appius to take his trial, and Appius had come down to the forum, accompanied by a band of young patricians, the recollection of his most profligate exercise of power was instantly revived in the minds of all, as soon as they beheld the man himself and his satellites. Then said Verginius: "Long speeches are only meant for matters of a doubtful nature. Accordingly, I shall neither waste time in dwelling on the guilt of this man before you, from whose cruelty you have rescued yourselves by force of arms, nor will I suffer him to add impudence to his other crimes in defending himself. Wherefore, Appius Claudius, I pardon you for all the impious and nefarious deeds you have had the effrontery to commit one after another for the last two years; with respect to one charge only, unless you shall choose a judge who shall acquit you that you have not sentenced a free person to slavery, contrary to the laws, I shall order that you be taken into custody." Neither in the aid of the tribunes, nor in the judgment of the people, could Appius place any hope: still he both appealed to the tribunes, and, when no one heeded him, being seized by the officer, he exclaimed, "I appeal." The hearing of this one word, that safeguard of liberty, and the fact that it was uttered from that mouth, by which a free citizen was so recently consigned to slavery, caused silence. And, while they loudly declared, each on his own behalf, that at length the existence of the gods was proved, and that they did not disregard human affairs; and that punishments awaited tyranny and cruelty, which punishments, though late, were, however, by no means light; that that man now appealed, who had abolished all right of appeal; and that he implored the protection of the people, who had trampled under foot all the rights of the people: and that he was being dragged off to prison, destitute of the rights of liberty, who had doomed a free person to slavery, the voice of Appius himself was heard, amid the murmurs of the assembly, imploring the protection of the Roman people. He enumerated the services of his ancestors to the state, at home and abroad: his own unfortunate anxiety for the interests of the Roman commons, owing to which he had resigned the consulship, to the very great displeasure of the patricians, for the purpose of equalizing the laws; he then went on to mention those laws of his, the framer of which was dragged off to prison, though the laws still remained in force. However, in regard to what bore especially on his own case, his personal merits and demerits, he would make trial of them, when an opportunity should be afforded him of stating his defence; at present, he, a Roman citizen, demanded, by the common right of citizenship, that he be allowed to speak on the day appointed, and to appeal to the judgment of the Roman people: he did not dread popular odium so much as not to place any hope in the fairness and compassion of his fellow-citizens. But if he were led to prison without being heard, that he once more appealed to the tribunes of the people, and warned them not to imitate those whom they hated. But if the tribunes acknowledged themselves bound by the same agreement for abolishing the right of appeal, which they charged the decemvirs with having conspired to form, then he appealed to the people, he implored the aid of the laws passed that very year, both by the consuls and tribunes, regarding the right of appeal. For who would there be to appeal, if this were not allowed a person as yet uncondemned, whose case had not been heard? what plebeian or humble individual would find protection in the laws, if Appius Claudius could not? that he would be a proof whether tyranny or liberty was established by the new laws, and whether the right of appeal and of challenge against the injustice of magistrates was only held out in idle words, or really granted.

Verginius, on the other hand, affirmed that Appius Claudius was the only person who had no part or share in the laws, or in any covenant civil or human. Men should look to the tribunal, the fortress of all villainies, where that perpetual decemvir, venting his fury on the property, person, and life of the citizens, threatening all with his rods and axes, a despiser of gods and men, surrounded by men who were executioners, not lictors, turning his thoughts from rapine and murder to lust, tore a free-born maiden, as if she had been a prisoner of war, from the embraces of her father, before the eyes of the Roman people, and gave her as a present to a dependent, the minister to his secret pleasures: where too by a cruel decree, and a most outrageous decision, he armed the right hand of the father against the daughter: where he ordered the betrothed and uncle, on their raising the lifeless body of the girl, to be led away to prison, affected more by the interruption of his lust than by her death: that the prison was built for him also, which he was wont to call the domicile of the Roman commons. Wherefore, though he might appeal again and again, he himself would again and again propose a judge, to try him on the charge of having sentenced a free person to slavery; if he would not go before a judge, he ordered him to be taken to prison as one already condemned. He was thrown into prison, though without the disapprobation of any individual, yet not without considerable emotion of the public mind, since, in consequence of the punishment by itself of so distinguished a man, their own liberty began to be considered by the commons themselves as excessive.[1] The tribunes adjourned the day of trial.

Meanwhile, ambassadors from the Hernicans and Latins came to Rome to offer their congratulations on the harmony existing between the patricians and commons, and as an offering on that account to Jupiter, best and greatest, they brought into the Capitol a golden crown, of small weight, as money at that time was not plentiful, and the duties of religion were performed rather with piety than splendour. On the same authority it was ascertained that the Æquans and Volscians were preparing for war with the utmost energy. The consuls were therefore ordered to divide the provinces between them. The Sabines fell to the lot of Horatius, the Æquans to Valerius. After they had proclaimed a levy for these wars, through the good offices of the commons, not only the younger men, but a large number, consisting of volunteers from among those who had served their time,[2] attended to give in their names: and hence the army was stronger not only in the number but also in the quality of its soldiers, owing to the admixture of veterans. Before they marched out of the city, they engraved on brass, and fixed up in public view, the decemviral laws, which are named "the twelve tables." There are some who state that the ædiles discharged that office by order of the tribunes.

Gaius Claudius, who, detesting the crimes of the decemvirs and, above all, incensed at the arrogant conduct of his brother's son, had retired to Regillum, the country of his forefathers, having now returned, though by this time advanced in years, to endeavour to avert the dangers impending over him, whose vices he had shunned, went about the forum, clad in a mourning garment, with the members of his family and his clients, and solicited the interest of the citizens individually, begging them not to desire the Claudian family to be branded with such a disgrace as to be considered deserving of imprisonment and chains; that a man whose bust would be most highly honoured by posterity, the framer of their laws and the founder of Roman jurisprudence, should lie in chains among nightly thieves and robbers! Let them turn away their thoughts from resentment for a while to examination and reflection; and rather pardon one at the entreaty of so many members of the Claudian family, than through a hatred of one spurn the entreaties of many; he himself also paid this tribute to the family and the name; nor had he been reconciled to him whose unfortunate situation he wished relieved; by valour liberty had been recovered: by clemency the harmony of the several orders might be established. Some there were whom he influenced more by his warm attachment to his family than by the cause of him for whom he pleaded. But Verginius begged that they would rather pity him and his daughter, and that they would listen to the entreaties, not of the Claudian family, which had allotted to its members a sort of sovereignty over the commons, but to those of the near friends of Verginia, the three tribunes, who, having been created to aid the commons, were now themselves imploring the protection and aid of that same commons. These laments appeared more justified. Accordingly, all hope being cut off, Appius put an end to his life before the day appointed for his trial arrived. Immediately after, Spurius Oppius, the next object of public indignation, because he had been in the city when the unjust decision was given by his colleague, was arraigned by Publius Numitorius. However, a positive act of injustice committed by Oppius brought more odium on him, than the fact of his not having prevented the wrong committed by Appius. A witness was brought forward who, after reckoning up twenty campaigns, and who had been presented with a special reward of valour eight different times, and wearing these honours in the sight of the Roman people, tore open his garments and exhibited his back mangled with stripes, begging for nothing else but that, if the accused could name one single guilty act of his, he might, through a private individual, once more repeat his severity on him. Oppius was also thrown into prison, where he put an end to his life before the day of trial. The tribunes confiscated the property of Appius and Oppius. Their colleagues left their homes to go into exile; their property was confiscated. Marcus Claudius, the claimant of Verginia, after a day had been appointed for his trial, was condemned: he was, however, discharged and went away into exile to Tibur, Verginius himself remitting the extreme penalty:[1] and the shade of Verginia, happier after death than she had been during life, after having roamed through so many families in quest of vengeance, at length rested in peace, no guilty person being left unpunished.

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[1] I question the rendering of this sentence. To read plebis for plebi would very much improve the sense.—D. O.

[2] Twenty years.—D. O.

Great alarm had seized the patricians, and the faces of the tribunes were now the same as those of the decemvirs had been, when Marcus Duillius, tribune of the people, having put a salutary check upon their excessive power, said: "We have enjoyed sufficient liberty on our own part, and have taken sufficient vengeance on our enemies; wherefore for this year I do not intend to allow either a day of trial to be appointed for any one, or any person to be thrown into prison. For it is neither pleasing to me that old crimes now forgotten should be raked up again, seeing that the recent ones have been atoned for by the punishment of the decemvirs; and the unremitting care of both the consuls in defending your liberties, is a guarantee that nothing will be done of such a nature as to call for the intervention of the authority of the tribunes." This moderation on the part of the tribune first relieved the patricians of their fears and at the same time increased the feeling of ill-will toward the consuls, for they had been so devoted to the commons, that even a plebeian magistrate was the first to take interest in the safety and political independence of the patricians, before one of patrician rank, and their enemies had become surfeited with inflicting punishments on them, before the consuls, to all appearance, would have resisted their licentious career. And there were many who said that sufficiently energetic measures had not been taken, inasmuch as the fathers had given their approbation to the laws proposed by them: nor was there any doubt that, in the troubled state of public affairs, they had yielded to the exigencies of the occasion.

Affairs in the city being thus arranged, and the rights of the commons firmly established, the consuls departed to their respective provinces. Valerius prudently deferred all warlike operations against the armies of the Æquans and the Volscians, which had now united at Algidum: whereas, if he had immediately intrusted the issue to fortune, I am inclined to think that, considering the feelings both of the Romans and of their enemies at that time, after the unfavourable auspices of the decemvirs,[1] the contest would have cost him heavy loss. Having pitched his camp at the distance of a mile from the enemy, he kept his men quiet. The enemy filled the space lying between the two camps with their army in order of battle, and not a single Roman made answer when they challenged them to fight. At length, wearied with standing and waiting in vain for a contest, the Æquans and Volscians, considering that the victory was almost yielded to them, went off, some to Hernican, others to Latin territory, to commit depredations. There was left in the camp rather a garrison for its defence than sufficient force for a contest. When the consul perceived this, he in turn inspired the terror which his own men had previously felt, and having drawn up his troops in order of battle on his side, provoked the enemy to fight. When they, conscious of their lack of forces, declined battle, the courage of the Romans immediately increased, and they considered them vanquished, as they stood panic-stricken within their rampart. Having stood throughout the day eager for the contest, they retired at night. And the Romans, now full of hope, set about refreshing themselves. The enemy, in by no means equal spirits, being now anxious, despatched messengers in every direction to recall the plundering parties. Those in the nearest places returned: those who were farther off were not found. When day dawned, the Romans left the camp, determined on assaulting the rampart, unless an opportunity of fighting presented itself; and when the day was now far advanced, and no movement was made by the enemy, the consul ordered an advance; and the troops being put in motion, the Æquans and Volscians were seized with indignation, at the thought that victorious armies had to be defended by a rampart rather than by valour and arms. Wherefore they also earnestly demanded the signal for battle from their generals, and received it. And now half of them had got out of the gates, and the others in succession were marching in order, as they went down each to his own post, when the Roman consul, before the enemy's line, supported by their entire strength, could get into close order, advanced upon them; and having attacked them before they were all as yet led forth, and before those, who were, had their lines properly drawn out, he fell upon them, a crowd almost beginning to waver, as they ran from one place to another, and gazed around upon themselves, and looked eagerly for their friends, the shouts and violent attack adding to the already panic-stricken condition of their minds. The enemy at first gave way; then, having rallied their spirits, when their generals on every side reproachfully asked them, whether they intended to yield to vanquished foes, the battle was restored.

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[1] "The extreme penalty," that is, death by being thrown from the Tarpeian rock, which, according to the laws of the Twelve Tables, was the punishment for perjury.

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[1] The misfortunes of the previous campaign were supposed to exert an influence on the present one.—D. O.

On the other side, the consul desired the Romans to remember that on that day, for the first time, they fought as free men in defence of Rome, now a free city. That it was for themselves they were about to conquer, not to become, when victorious, the prize of the decemvirs. That it was not under the command of Appius that operations were being conducted, but under their consul Valerius, descended from the liberators of the Roman people, himself their liberator. Let them show that in former battles it had been the fault of the generals and not of the soldiers, that they did not conquer. That it was shameful to have exhibited more courage against their own countrymen than against their enemies, and to have dreaded slavery more at home than abroad. That Verginia was the only person whose chastity had been in danger in time of peace: that Appius had been the only citizen of dangerous lust. But if the fortune of war should turn against them, the children of all would be in danger from so many thousands of enemies: that he was unwilling to forebode what neither Jupiter nor their father Mars would be likely to suffer to befall a city built under such auspices. He reminded them of the Aventine and the Sacred Mount; that they should bring back dominion unimpaired to that spot, where their liberty had been won but a few months before: and that they should show that the Roman soldiers retained the same disposition after the expulsion of the decemvirs, as they had possessed before they were appointed, and that the valour of the Roman people had not deteriorated after the laws had been equalized. After he uttered these words among the battalions of the infantry, he hurried from them to the cavalry. "Come, young men," said he, "show yourselves superior to the infantry in valour, as you already are their superiors in honour and in rank. The infantry at the first onset have made the enemy give way; now that they have given way, do you give reins to your horses and drive them from the field. They will not stand your charge: even now they rather hesitate than resist." They spurred on their horses, and charged at full speed against the enemy, who were already thrown into confusion by the attack of the infantry: and having broken through the ranks, some dashing on to the rear of their line, others wheeling about in the open space from the flanks, turned most of them away from the camp as they were now flying in all directions, and by riding beyond them headed them off. The line of infantry, the consul himself, and the whole onset of the battle was borne toward the camp, and having taken it with considerable slaughter, he got possession of still more considerable booty. The fame of this battle, carried not only to the city, but to the other army also in Sabine territory, was welcomed in the city with public rejoicing; in the camp, it inspirited the soldiers to emulate such glory. Horatius, by training them in sallies, and making trial of them in slight skirmishes, had accustomed them to trust in themselves rather than remember the ignominy incurred under the command of the decemvirs, and these trifling engagements had greatly contributed to the successful consummation of their hopes. The Sabines, elated at their success in the preceding year, ceased not to provoke and urge them to fight, constantly asking why they wasted time, sallying forth in small numbers and returning like marauders, and why they distributed the issue of a single war over a number of engagements, and those of no importance? Why did they not meet them in the field, and intrust to fortune the decision of the matter once and for all?

Besides that they had already of themselves recovered sufficient courage, the Romans were fired with exasperation at the thought that the other army would soon return victorious to the city; that the enemy were now wantonly affronting them with insolence: when, moreover, would they be a match for the enemy, if they were not so then? When the consul ascertained that the soldiers loudly expressed these sentiments in the camp, having summoned an assembly, he spoke as follows: " How matters have fared in Algidum, I suppose that you, soldiers, have already heard. As became the army of the free people to behave, so have they behaved; through the good judgment of my colleague, and the valour of the soldiers, the victory has been gained. For my part, I shall display the same judgment and determination as you yourselves, O soldiers, display. The war may either be prolonged with advantage, or be brought to a speedy conclusion. If it is to be prolonged, I shall take care, by employing the same method of warfare with which I have begun, that your hopes and your valour may increase every day. If you have now sufficient courage, and it is your wish that the matter be decided, come, raise here a shout such as you will raise in the field of battle, in token both of your wishes and your valour." When the shout was raised with great alacrity, he assured them that he would comply with their wishes—and so might Heaven prosper it—and lead them next day into the field. The remainder of the day was spent in getting ready their arms. On the following day, as soon as the Sabines saw the Roman army being drawn up in order of battle, they too, having long since been eager for the encounter, advanced. The battle was one such as would be fought between two armies who both had confidence in themselves, the one on account of its long-standing and unbroken career of glory, the other recently elated by its unusual success. The Sabines aided their strength also by stratagem; for, having formed a line equal to that of the Romans, they kept two thousand men in reserve, to make an attack on the left wing of the Romans in the heat of the battle. When these, by an attack in flank, were on the point of overpowering that wing, now almost surrounded, about six hundred of the cavalry of two legions leaped down from their horses, and, as their men were giving way, rushed forward in front, and at the same time both opposed the advance of the enemy, and roused the courage of the infantry, first by sharing the danger equally with them, and then by arousing in them a sense of shame. It was a matter of shame that the cavalry should fight in their own proper fashion and in that of others, and that the infantry should not be equal to the cavalry even when dismounted.[1]

They marched therefore to the fight, which had been suspended on their part, and endeavoured to regain the ground which they had lost, and in a moment not only was the battle restored, but one of the wings of the Sabines gave way. The cavalry, protected between the ranks of the infantry, remounted their horses; they then galloped across to the other division to announce their success to their party; at the same time also they charged the enemy, now disheartened by the discomfiture of their stronger wing. The valour of none shone forth more conspicuous in that battle. The consul provided for all emergencies; he applauded the brave, rebuked wherever the battle seemed to slacken. When reproved, they displayed immediately the deeds of brave men; and a sense of shame stimulated these, as much as praises the others. The shout being raised anew, all together making a united effort, drove the enemy back; nor could the Roman attack be any longer resisted.

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[1] The cavalry at this period wore no defensive armour, and carried only an ox-hide buckler and a light lance.—D. O.

The Sabines, driven in every direction through the country, left their camp behind them for the enemy to plunder. There the Romans recovered the effects, not of the allies, as at Algidum, but their own property, which had been lost by the devastations of their lands. For this double victory, gained in two battles, in two different places, the senate in a niggardly spirit merely decreed thanksgivings in the name of the consuls for one day only. The people went, however, on the second day also, in great numbers of their own accord to offer thanksgiving; and this unauthorized and popular thanksgiving, owing to their zeal, was even better attended. The consuls by agreement came to the city within the same two days, and summoned the senate to the Campius Martius.[1] When they were there relating the services performed by themselves, the chiefs of the patricians complained that the senate was designedly convened among the soldiers for the purpose of intimidation. The consuls, therefore, that there might be no room for such a charge, called away the senate to the Flaminian meadows, where the Temple of Apollo now is (even then it was called the Apollinare). There, when a triumph was refused by a large majority of the patricians, Lucius Icilius, tribune of the commons, brought a proposition before the people regarding the triumph of the consuls, many persons coming forward to argue against the measure, but in particular Gaius Claudius, who exclaimed, that it was over the senate, not over the enemy, that the consuls wished to triumph; and that it was intended as a return for a private service to a tribune, and not as an honour due to valour. That never before had the matter of a triumph been managed through the people; but that the consideration of that honour and the disposal of it, had always rested with the senate; that not even the kings had infringed on the majesty of this most august body. The tribunes should not so occupy every department with their own authority, as to allow the existence of no public council; that the state would be free, and the laws equalized by these means only, if each order retained its own rights and its own dignity. After much had been said by the other senior patricians also to the same purpose, all the tribes approved the proposition. Then for the first time a triumph was celebrated by order of the people, without the authority of the senate.

This victory of the tribunes and people was well-nigh terminating in an extravagance by no means salutary, a conspiracy being formed among the tribunes that the same tribunes might be re-elected, and, in order that their own ambition might be the less conspicuous, that the consuls also might have their office prolonged. They pleaded, in excuse, the combination of the patricians by which the privileges of the commons were attempted to be undermined by the affronts of the consuls. What would be the consequence, when the laws were as yet not firmly established, if they attacked the new tribunes through consuls of their own party? Men like Horatius and Valerius would not always be consuls, who would regard their own interests as secondary after the liberty of the people. By some concurrence of circumstances, useful in view of the situation, it fell by lot to Marcus Duillius before all others to preside at the elections, a man of prudence, and who perceived the storm of public odium that was hanging over them from the continuance of their office. And when he declared that he would take no account of any of the former tribunes, and his colleagues struggled to get him to allow the tribes to vote independently, or to give up the office of presiding at the elections, which he held by lot, to his colleagues, who would hold the elections according to law rather than according to the pleasure of the patricians; a contention being now excited, when Duillius had sent for the consuls to his seat and asked them what they contemplated doing with respect to the consular elections, and they answered that they would appoint new consuls; then, having secured popular supporters of a measure by no means popular, he proceeded with them into the assembly. There the consuls were brought forward before the people, and asked what they would do if the Roman people mindful of their liberty recovered at home through them, mindful also of their services in war, should again elect them consuls: and when they in no way changed their opinions, he held the election, after eulogizing the consuls, because they persevered to the last in being unlike the decemvirs; and five tribunes of the people having been elected, when, through the zealous exertions of the nine tribunes who openly pressed their canvass, the other candidates could not make up the required number of tribes, he dismissed the assembly; nor did he hold one afterward for the purpose of an election. He said that the law had been satisfied, which, without any number being anywhere specified, only enacted that tribunes who had been elected should be left to choose their colleagues and confirmed those chosen by them. He then went on to recite the formula of the law, in which it was laid down: "If I shall propose for election ten tribunes of the commons, if from any cause you shall elect this day less than ten tribunes of the people, then that those whom they may have chosen as colleagues for themselves, that these, I say, be legitimate tribunes of the people on the same conditions as those whom you shall on this day have elected tribunes of the people." When Duillius persevered to the last, stating that the republic could not have fifteen tribunes of the people, having baffled the ambition of his colleagues, he resigned office, equally approved of by patricians and commons.

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[1] A victorious general who had entered the city could not afterward triumph.—D. O.

The new tribunes of the people, in electing their colleagues, endeavoured to gratify the wishes of the patricians; they even elected two who were patricians,[1] and men of consular rank, Spurius Tarpeius and Aulus Aternius. The consuls elected, Spurius Herminius, Titus Verginius Cælimontanus, not being specially inclined to the cause either of the patricians or commons, had perfect tranquillity both at home and abroad. Lucius Trebonius, tribune of the commons, incensed against the patricians, because, as he said, he had been imposed on by them in the matter of choosing tribunes, and betrayed by his colleagues, brought forward a proposal, that whoever proposed the election of tribunes of the people before the commons, should go on taking the votes, until he elected ten tribunes of the people; and he spent his tribuneship in worrying the patricians, whence the surname of Asper was given him. Next Marcus Geganius Macerinus, and Gaius Julius, being elected consuls, quieted some disputes that had arisen between the tribunes and the youth of the nobility, without displaying any harshness against that power, and at the same time preserving the dignity of the patricians. By proclaiming a levy for the war against the Volscians and Æquans, they kept the people from riots by keeping matters in abeyance, affirming that everything was also quiet abroad, owing to the harmony in the city, and that it was only through civil discord that foreign foes took courage. Their anxiety for peace abroad was also the cause of harmony at home. But notwithstanding, the one order ever attacked the moderation of the other. Acts of injustice began to be committed by the younger patricians on the commons, although the latter kept perfectly quiet. Where the tribunes assisted the more humble, in the first place it accomplished little: and thereafter they did not even themselves escape ill-treatment: particularly in the latter months, when injustice was committed through the combinations among the more powerful, and the power of the office became considerably weaker in the latter part of the year. And now the commons placed some hopes in the tribuneship, if only they could get tribunes like Icilius: for the last two years they declared that they had only had mere names. On the other hand, the elder members of the patrician order, though they considered their young men to be too overbearing, yet preferred, if bounds were to be exceeded, that a superabundance of spirit should be exhibited by their own order rather than by their adversaries. So difficult a thing is moderation in maintaining liberty, while every one, by pretending to desire equality, exalts himself in such a manner as to put down another, and men, by their very precautions against fear, cause themselves to become objects of dread: and we saddle on others injustice repudiated on our own account, as if it were absolutely necessary either to commit injustice or to submit to it.

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[1] It was first necessary for these to be adopted into plebeian families, as none but plebeians were eligible.—D. O.

Titus Quinctius Capitolinus for the fourth time and Agrippa Furius being then elected consuls, found neither disturbance at home nor war abroad; both, however, were impending. The discord of the citizens could now no longer be checked, both tribunes and commons being exasperated against the patricians, while, if a day of trial was appointed for any of the nobility, it always embroiled the assemblies in new struggles. On the first report of these the Æquans and Volscians, as if they had received a signal, took up arms; also because their leaders, eager for plunder, had persuaded them that the levy proclaimed two years previously could not be proceeded with, as the commons now refused obedience to military authority: that for that reason no armies had been sent against them; that military discipline was subverted by licentiousness, and that Rome was no longer considered a common country for its citizens; that whatever resentment and animosity they might have entertained against foreigners, was now directed against themselves; that now an opportunity offered itself for destroying wolves blinded by intestine rage. Having united their forces, they first utterly laid waste the Latin territory: when none met them to avenge the wrong, then indeed, to the great exultation of the advisers of the war, they approached the very walls of Rome, carrying their depredations into the district around the Esquiline gate,[1] pointing out to the city in mocking insult the devastation of the land. When they marched back thence to Corbio unmolested, and driving their booty before them, Quinctius the consul summoned the people to an assembly.

There I find that he spoke to this effect: "Though I am conscious to myself of no fault, Quirites, yet it is with the greatest shame I have come forward to your assembly. To think that you should know this, that this should be handed down on record to posterity, that the Æquans and Volscians, a short time since scarcely a match for the Hernicans, have with impunity come with arms in their hands to the walls of Rome, in the fourth consulate of Titus Quinctius! Had I known that this disgrace was reserved for this year, above all others, though we have now long been living in such a manner, and such is the state of affairs, that my mind can forebode nothing good, I would have avoided this honour either by exile or by death, if there had been no other means of escaping it. Then, if men of courage had held those arms, which were at our gates, Rome could have been taken during my consulate. I have had sufficient honours, enough and more than enough of life: I ought to have died in my third consulate. Whom, I pray, did these most dastardly enemies despise? us, consuls, or you, Quirites? If the fault lies in us, take away the command from those who are unworthy of it; and, if that is not enough, further inflict punishment on us. If the fault is yours, may there be none of gods or men to punish your offences: do you yourselves only repent of them. It is not your cowardice they have despised, nor their own valour that they have put their trust in: having been so often routed and put to flight, stripped of their camp, mulcted in their land, sent under the yoke, they know both themselves and you. It is the discord among the several orders that is the curse of this city, the contests between the patricians and commons. While we have neither bounds in the pursuit of power, nor you in that of liberty, while you are wearied of patrician, we of plebeian magistrates, they have taken courage. In the name of Heaven, what would you have? You desired tribunes of the commons; we granted them for the sake of concord. You longed for decemvirs; we suffered them to be created. You became weary of decemvirs; we compelled them to resign office. Your resentment against these same persons when they became private citizens still continuing, we suffered men of the highest family and rank to die or go into exile. You wished a second time to create tribunes of the commons; you created them. You wished to elect consuls attached to your party: and, although we saw that it was unjust to the patricians, we have even resigned ourselves to see a patrician magistracy conceded as an offering to the people. The aid of tribunes, right of appeal to the people, the acts of the commons made binding on the patricians under the pretext of equalizing the laws, the subversion of our privileges, we have endured and still endure. What end is there to be to our dissensions? when shall it be allowed us to have a united city, one common country? We, when defeated, submit with greater resignation than you when victorious. Is it enough for you, that you are objects of terror to us? The Aventine is taken against us: against us the Sacred Mount is seized. When the Esquiline was almost taken by the enemy, no one defended it, and when the Volscian foe was scaling the rampart, no one drove him off: it is against us you behave like men, against us you are armed.

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[1] It stood about where the Arch of Gallienus now stands.—D. O.

"Come, when you have blockaded the senate-house here, and have made the forum the seat of war, and filled the prison with the leading men of the state, march forth through the Esquiline gate, with that same determined spirit; or, if you do not even venture thus far, behold from your walls your lands laid waste with fire and sword, booty driven off, houses set on fire in every direction and smoking. But, I may be told, it is only the public weal that is in a worse condition through this: the land is burned, the city is besieged, the glory of the war rests with the enemy. What in the name of Heaven—what is the state of your own private affairs? even now to each of you his own private losses from the country will be announced. What, pray, is there at home, whence you can recruit them? Will the tribunes restore and re-establish what you have lost? Of sound and words they will heap on you as much as you please, and of charges against the leading men, laws one after another, and public meetings. But from these meetings never has one of you returned home more increased in substance or in fortune. Has any one ever brought back to his wife and children aught save hatred, quarrels, grudges public and private, from which you may ever be protected, not by your own valour and integrity, but by the aid of others? But, by Hercules! when you served under the command of us consuls, not under tribunes, in the camp and not in the forum, and the enemy trembled at your shout in the field of battle, not the Roman patricians in the assembly, having gained booty and taken land from the enemy, loaded with wealth and glory, both public and private, you used to return home in triumph to your household gods: now you allow the enemy to go off laden with your property. Continue fast bound to your assemblies, live in the forum; the necessity of taking the field, which you strive to escape, still follows you. It was hard on you to march against the Æquans and the Volscians: the war is at your gates: if it is not driven from thence, it will soon be within your walls, and will scale the citadel and Capitol, and follow you into your very houses. Two years ago the senate ordered a levy to be held, and an army to be marched out to Algidum; yet we sit down listless at home, quarrelling with each other like women, delighting in present peace, and not seeing that after that short-lived inactivity war will return with interest. That there are other topics more pleasing than these, I well know; but even though my own mind did not prompt me to it, necessity obliges me to speak the truth rather than what is pleasing. I would indeed like to meet with your approval, Quirites; but I am much more anxious that you should be preserved, whatever sentiments you shall entertain toward me. It has been so ordained by nature, that he who addresses a crowd for his own private interest, is more welcome than the man whose mind has nothing in view but the public interest: unless perhaps you suppose that those public sycophants, those flatterers of the commons, who neither suffer you to take up arms nor to live in peace, excite and work you up for your own interests. When excited, you are to them sources either of position or of profit: and, because, when the orders are in accord, they see that they themselves are of no importance in anything, they prefer to be leaders of a bad cause, of tumults and sedition, rather than of no cause at all. If you can at last become wearied of all this, and if you are willing to resume the habits practised by your forefathers of old, and formerly by yourselves, in place of these new ones, I am ready to submit to any punishment, if I do not in a few days rout and put to flight, and strip of their camp those devastators of our lands, and transfer from our gates and walls to their cities this terror of war, by which you are now thrown into consternation."

Scarcely ever was the speech of a popular tribune more acceptable to the commons than this of a most austere consul on that occasion. The young men also, who, during such alarms, had been accustomed to employ the refusal to enlist as the sharpest weapon against the patricians, began to turn their attention to war and arms: and the flight of the rustics, and those who had been robbed and wounded in the country, by announcing events more revolting even than what was before their eyes, filled the whole city with exasperation. When they came into the senate, there all, turning to Quinctius, looked upon him as the only champion of the majesty of Rome: and the leading senators declared that his harangue was worthy of the consular authority, worthy of so many consulships formerly borne by him, worthy of his whole life, full of honours frequently enjoyed, more frequently deserved. That other consuls had either flattered the commons by betraying the dignity of the patricians, or by harshly maintaining the rights of their order, had rendered the multitude more exasperated by their efforts to subdue them: that Titus Quinctius had delivered a speech mindful of the dignity of the patricians, of the concord of the different orders, and above all, of the needs of the times. They entreated him and his colleague to assume the management of the commonwealth; they entreated the tribunes, by acting in concert with the consuls, to join in driving back the war from the city and the walls, and to induce the commons to be obedient to the senate at so perilous a conjuncture: declaring that, their lands being devastated, and their city in a manner besieged, their common country appealed to them as tribunes, and implored their aid. By universal consent the levy was decreed and held. When the consuls gave public notice that there was no time for considering claims for exemption; that all the young men should attend on the following morning at dawn in the Campus Martius; that when the war was over, they would afford time for inquiring into the excuses of those who had not given in their names; that the man should be held as a deserter, whose excuse they found unsatisfactory; all the youth attended on the following day. The cohorts [1] chose each their centurions: two senators were placed at the head of each cohort. We have read that all these measures were carried out with such expedition that the standards, which had been brought forth from the treasury on that very day by the quæstors and conveyed to the Campus, started from thence at the fourth hour; and the newly-raised army halted at the tenth milestone, followed only by a few cohorts of veteran soldiers as volunteers. The following day brought the enemy within sight, and camp was joined to camp near Corbio. On the third day, when resentment urged on the Romans, and a consciousness of guilt for having so often rebelled and a feeling of despair, the others, there was no delay in coming to an engagement.

In the Roman army, though the two consuls were invested with equal authority, the supreme command was, by the concession of Agrippa, resigned to his colleague, an arrangement most salutary in the conduct of matters of great importance; and he who was preferred made a polite return for the ready condescension of the other, who thus lowered himself, by making him his confidant in all his plans and sharing with him his honours, and by putting him on an equality with him although he was by no means as capable. On the field of battle Quinctius commanded the right, Agrippa the left wing; the command of the centre was intrusted to Spurius Postumius Albus, as lieutenant-general. Publius Sulpicius, the other lieutenant-general, was placed at the head of the cavalry. The infantry on the right wing fought with distinguished valour, while the Volscians offered a stout resistance. Publius Sulpicius with his cavalry broke through the centre of the enemy's line; and, though he might have returned thence in the same way to his own party, before the enemy restored their broken ranks, it seemed more advisable to attack them in the rear, and in a moment, charging the line in the rear, he would have dispersed the enemy by the double attack, had not the cavalry of the Volscians and Æquans kept him for some time engaged by a mode of fighting like his own. Then indeed Sulpicius declared that there was no time for delay, crying out that they were surrounded and would be cut off from their own friends, unless they united all their efforts and despatched the engagement with the cavalry. Nor was it enough to rout the enemy without disabling them; they must slay horses and men, that none might return to the fight or renew the battle; that these could not resist them, before whom a compact body of infantry had given way. His orders were addressed to no deaf ears; by a single charge they routed the entire cavalry, dismounted great numbers, and killed with their javelins both the riders and the horses. Thus ended the cavalry engagement. Then, having attacked the enemy's infantry, they sent an account to the consuls of what had been done, where the enemy's line was already giving way. The news both gave fresh courage to the Romans who were now gaining the day, and dismayed the Æquans who were beginning to give way. They first began to be beaten in the centre, where the furious charge of the cavalry had broken their ranks. Then the left wing began to lose ground before the consul Quinctius; the contest was most obstinate on the right. Then Agrippa, in the vigour of his youth and strength, seeing matters going more favourably in every part of the battle than in his own quarter, snatched some of the standards from the standard-bearers and carried them on himself, some even he began to throw into the thick of the enemy.[1] The soldiers, urged on by the fear of this disgrace, attacked the enemy; thus the victory was equalized in every quarter. News then came from Quinctius that he, being now victorious, was about to attack the enemy's camp; that he was unwilling to break into it, before he learned that they were beaten in the left wing also. If he had routed the enemy, let him now join him, that all the army together might take possession of the booty. Agrippa, being victorious, with mutual congratulations advanced toward his victorious colleague and the enemy's camp. There, as there were but few to defend it, and these were routed in a moment, they broke into the fortifications without a struggle, and marched back the army, in possession of abundant spoil, having recovered also their own effects, which had been lost by the devastation of the lands. I have not heard that they either themselves demanded a triumph, or that one was offered to them by the senate; nor is any cause assigned for the honour being either overlooked or not hoped for. As far as I can conjecture at so great a distance of time, since a triumph had been refused to the consuls Horatius and Valerius, who, in addition to the victory over the Æquans and Volscians, had gained the glory of having also finished the Sabine war, the consuls were ashamed to demand a triumph for one half of the services done by them, lest, even if they should have obtained it, regard might appear to have been paid to persons rather than to merit.

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[1] Each legion was divided into ten cohorts.—D. O.

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[1] A not unusual method of forcing the charge, as not only military honour but religious sentiment forbade the loss of the standards.—D. O.

A disgraceful decision of the people regarding the boundaries of their allies marred the honourable victory obtained over their enemies. The people of Aricia[1] and of Ardea, who had frequently contended in arms concerning a disputed piece of land, wearied out by many losses on either side, appointed the Roman people as arbitrators. When they arrived to support their claims, an assembly of the people being granted them by the magistrates, the matter was debated with great warmth. The witnesses being now produced, when it was time for the tribes to be called, and for the people to give their votes, Publius Scaptius, a plebeian advanced in years, rose up and said, "Consuls, if it is permitted me to speak on the public interest, I will not suffer the people to be led into a mistake in this matter." When the consuls said that he, as unworthy of attention, ought not to be heard, and, on his shouting that the public interest was being betrayed, ordered him to be put aside, he appealed to the tribunes. The tribunes, as they are nearly always directed by the multitude rather than direct it, granted Scaptius leave to say what he pleased in deference to the people, who were anxious to hear him. He then began: That he was now in his eighty-third year, and that he had served in that district which was now in dispute, not even then a young man, as he was already serving in his twentieth campaign, when operations were going on at Corioli. He therefore brought forward a fact forgotten by length of time—one, however, deeply fixed in his memory: namely, that the district now in dispute had belonged to the territory of Corioli, and, after the taking of Corioli, it had become by right of war the public property of the Roman people. That he was surprised how the states of Ardea and Aricia could have the face to hope to deprive the Roman people, whom instead of lawful owners they had made arbitrators, of a district the right of which they had never claimed while the state of Corioli existed. That he for his part had but a short time to live; he could not, however, bring himself, old as he now was, to desist claiming by his voice, the only means he now had, a district which, as a soldier, he had contributed to acquire, as far as a man could. That he strenuously advised the people not to ruin their own interest by an idle feeling of delicacy.

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[1] About twenty miles from Rome in the Alban Mountains. The village of Ariccia occupies the site of the ancient citadel.—D. O.

The consuls, when they perceived that Scaptius was listened to not only in silence, but even with approbation, calling gods and men to witness, that a disgraceful enormity was being committed, summoned the principal senators: with them they went round to the tribes, entreated, that, as judges, they would not be guilty of a most heinous crime, with a still worse precedent, by converting the subject of dispute to their own interest, more especially when, even though it may be lawful for a judge to look after his own interest, so much would by no means be acquired by keeping the land, as would be lost by alienating the affections of their allies by injustice; for that the loss of reputation and confidence was of greater importance than could be estimated. Was this the answer the ambassadors were to carry home; was this to go out to the world; were their allies to hear this; were their enemies to hear it—with what sorrow the one—with what joy the other? Could they suppose that the neighbouring states would ascribe this proceeding to Scaptius, an old babbler at assemblies? that Scaptius would be rendered distinguished by this statue: but that the Roman people would assume the character of a corrupt informer[1] and appropriator of the claims of others. For what judge in a private cause ever acted in such a way as to adjudge to himself the property in dispute? That even Scaptius himself would not act so, though he had now outlived all sense of shame. Thus the consuls, thus the senators exclaimed; but covetousness, and Scaptius, the adviser of that covetousness, had more influence. The tribes, when convened, decided that the district was the public property of the Roman people. Nor can it be denied that it might have been so, if they had gone to other judges; but, as it is, the infamy of the decision is not in any way diminished by the justice of the cause: nor did it appear more disgraceful or more repulsive to the people of Aricia and of Ardea, than it did to the Roman senate. The remainder of the year continued free from disturbances both at home and abroad.[1]

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[1] Quadruplatores were public informers, so called because they received a fourth part of the fine imposed: also used in a general sense of those who tried to promote their interests by underhand means.

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[1] This is one of the best of Livy's books. The story of Verginia and of the deposition and punishment of the decemvirs is unexcelled in historical narrative.—D. O.

BOOK XXI[1]

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR

I CLAIM leave to preface a portion of my history by a remark which most historians make at the beginning of their whole work. I am about to describe the most memorable war ever waged, the war which the Carthaginians, under the leadership of Hannibal, waged against the people of Rome.[2] Never have states or nations with mightier resources met in arms, and never had these two peoples themselves

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[1] Books XXI–XXIV are the translation of Alfred John Church and William Jackson Brodribb, revised and emended by Duffield Osborne.

[2] The relations between Rome and Carthage date from a very early period. A treaty was concluded between the two powers in B. C. 509, the year after the expulsion of the kings. It provided that neither Romans nor allies of Rome were to sail for trading purposes east of the headland known as Apollinis Promontorium, now Cape Farina, situated immediately to the northwest of Carthage; that in the part of Sicily subject to Carthage, Roman and Carthaginian traders were to have the same rights, that the Cathaginians were not to occupy any fortified position in Latium, or to do any injury to any of Rome's subjects or allies, or indeed to meddle with any Italian city, whether subject to Rome or not.

The provisions of this treaty imply that Carthage claimed Sardinia and Libya as her own territory, but only certain portions of Sicily, these portions being, it would appear, the west and northwest coasts. It is clear that this great commercial city wished to exclude the Roman traders from the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. Equally anxious was Rome to keep Italy, though only a portion of it was actually under her subjection, to herself, and to guard its shores from those piratical raids to which the Phœnicians were addicted.

A second treaty was negotiated in B. C. 347, with, on the whole, less favourable conditions for Roman traders. In this treaty Carthage did not speak for herself alone, but claimed to represent the Tyrian peoples generally, and the important city of Utica, also a Tyrian colony. Rome was to confine her trading and piratical expeditions within narrow limits on the coast of Africa, and was to be wholly excluded from Sardinia. As to Sicily, matters were to be on the footing of the older treaty. So also, as before, Carthage was not to meddle with Roman territory in Italy; should her corsairs capture any town on the Latin shores that was not subject to Rome, the plunder and the captives might be retained, but the town itself was to be surrendered. Carthage was to have no settlements or possessions on the coasts of Italy. Rome, on her side, was to inflict possessed such strength and endurance. The modes of warfare with which they encountered one another were not unfamiliar, but had been tested in the first Punic war.[1] Again,

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no injury on any town or people on friendly terms with Carthage. The treaty was to be binding on the allies of the two powers.

Rome's trade, as well as her military strength, had, it may be presumed, grown considerably in the interval between the two treaties, and Carthage felt she must guard the interests of her own commerce by further restrictions, The effect of this last treaty would be to secure to her the largest and most profitable part of the trade of the Mediterranean.

A third treaty, concluded in B. C. 279, at the time of Pyrrhus's invasion of Italy, ratified the terms of the two preceding treaties, and further provided for a defensive alliance between Rome and Carthage, the latter power undertaking to put her fleet at the service of her ally for purposes of transport, and even of actual war, short of the obligation to disembark troops on the enemy's territory. A record of this treaty, inscribed on a brass tablet, was kept in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.—W. J. B.

[1] The first Punic war began in B. C. 264 and ended in B. C. 241 with the decisive victory of the Roman admiral, Lutatius Catulus, at the Ægates Islands off the west coast of Sicily. It was a hard-fought struggle, glorious, no doubt, for the conquerors, whose ultimate triumph was the reward of the persevering energy which had created a navy, and had wrested from the mistress of the Mediterranean her maritime superiority. It was clearly proved that in naval strength, and indeed in the long run, in material strength, Rome was superior to Carthage. Rome's first aim and object, for which she counted no sacrifice too costly, was empire; with Carthage it was commercial success and wealth. Rome loved to fight with her own citizens; Carthage must employ mercenaries. At the conclusion of the war Roman trade and Roman finance were sorely crippled, and were probably in a far worse plight than those of her rival; but in the event of a renewal of the contest everything pointed to a similar result.

The name of Hamilcar Barca, the father of Hannibal, first became famous in this war, and it was through him that negotiations for peace were set on foot by Carthage. The terms exacted by Rome were such as to suggest that she did not wish to prolong the struggle. The whole of Sicily was to be given up by the Carthaginians, and also the islands between Italy and Sicily, and they were to restore without ransom all Roman prisoners, to pay down 1,000 talents, and a further sum of 2,200 talents by ten annual instalments, an amount in all equivalent to about $4,000,000 of our money, though it should be understood that when estimated in relation to modern finance it really represented a vastly larger sum. All Carthaginian territory, properly so called, was to be recognised as perfectly independent of Rome, and neither Rome nor Carthage was to enter into any separate engagement with the allies of either power. These last conditions seem to have been unsatisfactory to the popular party at Rome, which thought that after the efforts and sacrifices they had made they had a right to insist on depriving Carthage of her political independence.

The main result to Rome of the first Punic war was that Sicily became from that time a Roman dependency. The Romans called it a province; but in using that term we must understand that it was as yet not under the direct rule of Rome. King Hiero, whose headquarters were Syracuse, was Rome's ally rather than her subject, and it was through him that Roman influence made itself felt throughout the island.

No sooner was the war with Rome over than Carthage found herself so varying was the fortune of battle, so doubtful the struggle, that they who finally conquered were once the nearer to

face to face with a danger which threatened her very existence. Her mercenary troops, now no longer needed, rose on their return from Sicily to Africa in a furious mutiny, in which they had the sympathy and support of the neighbouring native population, which caught at the opportunity of shaking off the yoke of Carthage. It was the hard fate of Carthage to have to struggle for nearly three years with the gigantic insurrection of this rude and motley host. The war commonly known as the Mercenary or African war, was also from the ferocity with which it was waged, spoken of as the "truceless," or "inexpiable," war. Even at this terrible crisis Carthage was not free from the rivalries of political factions, though ultimately the genius of Hamilcar won for her a complete triumph as far as the immediate contest was concerned. But before it was ended, her troops in Sardinia, which had also mutinied, surrendered the island to Rome, and the surrender was accepted in disregard of the terms of the last treaty. Thus both Sicily and Sardinia were lost to Carthage previous to the second Punic war. This was, of course, a severe blow to her maritime power.

It was not long, however, before she obtained some compensation for her losses. Under the conduct and direction of the great Hamilcar she acquired a large territory in Spain, where as yet she had possessed only the small commercial centre of Gades with its immediate vicinity. Spain was a country with a rough and hardy population and all the material of an efficient army, with a number of strong positions and hill-fortresses, and with the sources of great wealth in the silver mines in its southern districts. It was Hamilcar's aim to reduce it to a Cathaginian dependency, and to raise from its warlike tribes a well-trained infantry by way of supplement to the admirable Numidian cavalry. We have not the means of tracing his operations in detail, but we may take it as certain that he showed extraordinary capacity both as a general and a statesman, and gave Carthage a new source of both military and financial strength. After his death, in B. C. 229, which occurred in battle with some tribes in the interior, his work was ably continued by his son-in-law, Hasdrubal; the conquests of Carthage were confirmed, several cities were founded, among them New Carthage (Cartagena), with its excellent harbour, and the mines in the neighbourhood were worked with great profit. It is probable that the territory directly under Carthaginian rule comprised what is now Andalusia, Granada, Murcia, and Valencia, and that Carthaginian influence extended to the eastern shores of the peninsula. Carthage had thus not only recovered lost ground, but had greatly added to her strength at all points. She had in her armies a formidable infantry as well as splendid cavalry, and her new possessions largely increased her means of furnishing them with regular pay. She was, in fact, at the height of her power when she entered on the second Punic war.

Rome naturally did not like the state of affairs in Spain, and the result was a treaty with Hasdrubal providing that the Carthaginians were not to advance east of the Ebro with designs of conquest. The treaty, so said the war party at Carthage, was not concluded with the sanction of the home government. Hannibal's attack on Saguntum, which was to the west of the Ebro, was not indeed a violation of this treaty or compact with Hasdrubal, but it was obviously meant as an insult to Rome, whose allies, as he well knew, the Saguntines had been for many years. In this sense Carthage may be said to have provoked the second Punic war, though had Rome wished to put herself in the right and to stand by the faith of treaties, she ought to have given up Sardinia, which, as we ruin. And they fought, too, with a hate well-nigh greater than their strength. Rome was indignant that the conquered should presume to attack the conqueror, Carthage because she thought the vanquished had been subjected to an arrogant and rapacious rule.

There is a story, too, of Hannibal when, at nine years of age, he was boyishly coaxing his father Hamilcar to take him with him to Spain (Hamilcar had just finished the African war, and was sacrificing before transporting his army to that country), how the child was set by the altar, and there, with his hand upon the victim, was made to swear that, so soon as he could, he would be the enemy of the Roman people. The loss of Sicily and Sardinia was very galling to a man of high spirit.[1] Sicily, he knew, had been surrendered in premature despair; Sardinia had been snatched from them by Roman fraud, in the midst of their troubles in Africa, while an additional war indemnity had been imposed on them.

Agitated by these thoughts during the five years of the African war, which followed immediately on the recent peace with Rome, and then during the nine years in which he was extending the Carthaginian empire in Spain, he showed plainly by his actions that he was meditating a war greater than that in which he was engaged. Had he lived longer, the Carthaginians, led by Hamilcar, would have entered Italy in arms, as they did afterward under the leadership of Hannibal.

The singularly opportune death of Hamilcar and the extreme youth of Hannibal delayed the war. During an interval of eight years between the father and the son, Hasdrubal held supreme command. In the first bloom of his youth, such is the story, he became the favourite of Hamilcar, who subsequently in his later years, seeing his high spirits, chose him to be his son-in-law. As such, he rose to power, not indeed with the approval of the principal citizens, but by the influence of the Barcine faction,[2] which was very great with the army and the people. Preferring policy to force, he advanced Carthaginian interests far more by forming connections with the petty chiefs, and by winning over new tribes through the friendship of their leading men, than by war and arms. To him, however, peace proved no safer than war. A barbarian, resenting Hasdrubal's execution of his master, murdered him

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have seen, she had acquired by the treacherous surrender of the mutinous Carthaginian garrison.—W. J. B.

[1] That is, Hamilcar.—D. O.

[2] Barca was the surname of Hamilcar. As being the greatest of the Carthaginian families, they courted, as was often the case, popular and military support against their rivals of the oligarchy.—D. O.

in open day. Seized by the bystanders, he seemed as cheerful as if he had escaped; even when he was torn upon the rack, the expression of his face was of one who laughed; so completely did joy triumph over agony. It was with this Hasdrubal that Rome, seeing his marvellous tact in dealing with the tribes, and in attaching them to his government, had renewed the old treaty. The river Ebro was to be the boundary of their respective empires, while the Saguntines, who were between the dominions of the two nations, were to retain their freedom.[1]

As to Hasdrubal's successor, there could be no question that the leader of the soldiers' choice—they had instantly carried the young Hannibal into the general's tent, and proclaimed him commander-in-chief amid loud and universal acclamation—was followed by the good wishes of the people. When he was a mere boy, Hasdrubal had written a letter inviting him over to Spain, and a proposal had been actually made in the senate, the Barcine party contending that Hannibal should be trained to the soldier's life and succeed to his father's high position. To this, Hanno, the leader of the opposite faction, replied, "Hasdrubal's demand seems fair, and yet I, for my part, maintain that we ought not to grant what he asks."

Astonishment at a speech so ambiguous having drawn every eye upon the speaker, Hanno added: "The youthful beauty which Hasdrubal himself surrendered to Hannibal's father, he has now good right, he thinks, to claim back from the son. But we surely ought not to habituate our young men to the wanton lusts of our generals by way of an apprenticeship in arms. Or are we afraid that the son of Hamilcar will have to wait too long before he witnesses the unrestrained power, the show of monarchy, which his father assumed; that we shall fall too slowly under the domination of the son of the man who, after the manner of a king, left our armies as an inheritance to his son-in-law? For my part I think that this young man should be kept at home under our laws and magistrates and taught to live on the same terms as the rest of us, or else, I fear, this little fire will some day blaze forth into a mighty conflagration."[2]

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[1] As Saguntum lay considerably south of the Ebro, a special claim was put in in their favour as being allies of Rome. Livy's statement seems to be inaccurate on its face.—D. O.

[2] This is a foretaste of the constant opposition which Hanno and the oligarchy at home offered to Hannibal's efforts for his country. The same influence went to cripple him through all his campaigns, and it is perhaps natural that Livy should sympathize with it.—D. O.

Hanno carried the assent of but few, among whom, however, were all the best men. As often happens, numbers prevailed over right. Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. The veterans thought that it was Hamilcar restored to them a youth again, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's likeness was but the least of the influences in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed, no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold to the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him, wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equalled by monstrous vices, inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples. With this combination of virtues and vices, he served three years under the command of Hasdrubal, omitting nothing which a man who was to be a great general ought to do or to see.[1]

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[1] Livy's brief and vigorous sketch of Hannibal's character should be supplemented by Polybius's estimate of him, which is carefully worked out and may no doubt be accepted as tolerably impartial. According to Polybius, "some said he was horribly cruel, some that he was very rapacious," but of his alleged cruelties, many were to be set down to a certain Hannibal Monomachus, one of his friends and advisers, with whom he was confounded. As to his rapacity, he got credit for this vice through employing the services of an unscrupulous plunderer, one Mago, in Bruttium. These seem rather poor excuses for serious faults, and Polybius has to admit that his countrymen, the Carthaginians, thought Hannibal rapacious, and his enemies, the Romans, thought him cruel. Of course

From the day on which he was proclaimed general he regarded Italy as his duly assigned province, and war with Rome as his special commission. Feeling that there must not be a moment's delay, or that he, too, like his father Hamilcar and afterward Hasdrubal, might, if he hesitated, be cut off by some sudden mischance, he resolved on war with Saguntum. As it was certain that Rome would be provoked to arms by an attack on this place, he first led his troops into the territory of the Olcades,[1] a tribe beyond the Ebro, within Carthaginian limits rather than within their actual dominions. He wished to seem, if possible, not to have made Saguntum his object, but to have been gradually drawn into war with it, by successive events, the subjugation of neighbouring tribes and the annexation of territory. He stormed and plundered Cartala, a rich city and the capital of the Olcades. Terror-stricken by this disaster, the weaker submitted to his rule and to the tribute imposed on them. The victorious army, laden with booty, was now marched into winter quarters at New Carthage.[2] There, by a liberal distribution of the spoil and a faithful discharge of all arrears of pay, Hannibal won all hearts among both citizens and soldiers.

Early in the spring, the war was pushed into the country of the Vaccæi.[3] Their towns, Hermandica and Arbocala, were stormed. Arbocala owed a long defence to the valour and the numbers of its inhabitants. The fugitives from Hermandica joined the exiles from the Olcades, the tribe conquered in the previous summer, and together roused the Carpetani.[4] Falling upon Hannibal, on his return from the Vaccæi, near the river Tagus, they threw his troops, encumbered as they

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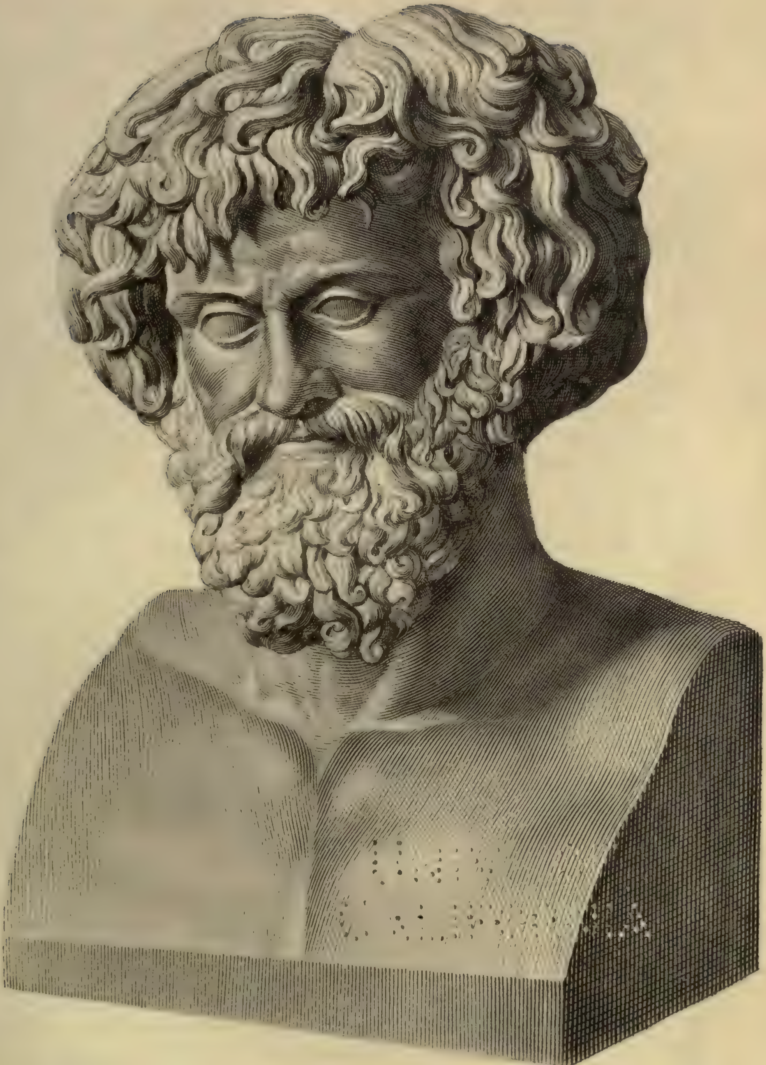
it at once occurs to us that at Carthage there was a violent political party against him and his policy, and so not much weight perhaps ought to be attached to an imputation from such a quarter. On the whole, Polybius's sympathies appear to be with him, and he more than once remarks on the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the exact truth about men who have made a conspicuous figure in the world's history. The embarrassing position in which Hannibal found himself after the recovery of Capua by the Romans, when he had to hold his ground with inferior numbers against several hostile armies, may very well, he admits, have driven him into harsh and cruel acts, or at least into acts which, from a Roman point of view, would have been so described.—W. J. B.

[1] Their territory lay just north of Carthagena.—D. O.

[2] Now Carthagena.—D. O.

[3] Their country lay in northern and central Spain, west of Numantia.—D. O.

[4] They inhabited central Spain southward of Numantia, and lay between the Vaccæi and Olcades. Probably they had remained neutral, and allowed the Carthaginians to march through their territory against the Vaccæi.—D. O.



were with spoil, into confusion. Hannibal declined an engagement. He encamped on the river bank, and, as soon as ever he noticed that the enemy was quiet and silent, forded the stream.[1] His rampart being advanced so far that the enemy had room to cross, he resolved to attack them during the passage.[2] He ordered his cavalry as soon as they entered the water to charge the encumbered host. On the bank he ranged his forty elephants. The Carpetani, with the contingent of the Olcades and Vaccæi, numbered a hundred thousand, an invincible array had the battle been fought in open and level country. Naturally fearless, they were now confident in their numbers. Fancying that the enemy's retreat was due to fear, they saw in the river the only obstacle to victory; and, raising a shout, dashed recklessly into the stream, taking every man the nearest way, without waiting for any orders. From the opposite bank a strong body of cavalry was launched into the stream against them, and the two met in midchannel in an utterly unequal conflict. The foot soldier, with insecure footing and but a faint trust in the ford, might well be beaten down even by a weaponless rider who spurred his horse fiercely at him; while the trooper, free to use limbs and weapons, his steed standing firm even amid the rush of the water, could fight at close quarters or skirmish as he pleased. Numbers were swept away by the stream; some were carried by the eddying current among their foes, and trampled down by the elephants. Those in the rear who could return in comparative safety to their own bank, began to reassemble from all parts to which they had fled; but before they could recover from so great a shock, Hannibal had plunged into the river with a column in fighting order, and driven them in flight from the shore. He laid waste their country, and within a few days the Carpetani too had surrendered. And now all beyond the Ebro except Saguntum was in Carthaginian hands.

War with Saguntum was not indeed yet declared; but already, with a view to war, quarrels were being started between it and its neighbours, more particularly the Turdetani. When the very man who was the sower of strife took up the cause of the tribe, and it was evident that he was not bent on arbitration, but on hostilities, the Saguntines despatched envoys to Rome, begging help for a war now assuredly imminent. The consuls at Rome were then Publius Cornelius Scipio and Tiberius Sempronius Longus. They introduced the embassy to the senate, and brought before it the question of public policy, the result being a decision to send envoys to Spain to look into the position of their allies. Should these envoys think that there was adequate cause, they were peremptorily to bid Hannibal not to meddle with the Saguntines, as being allies of Rome, then to cross over into Africa to Carthage and there report the complaints of Rome's allies.

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[1] Having first deceived them as to his intentions by pitching camp.—D. O.

[2] Apparently he advanced his camp to a distance, that they might imagine he had continued his flight, and that the passage of the river would not be disputed.—D. O.

The mission had been resolved upon, but not despatched, when news came sooner than any one could have expected that Saguntum was besieged. At once the matter was again brought before the senate. Some were for assigning Spain and Africa to the consuls as their provinces, and for making war by sea and land. Others were for bending all their efforts against Spain and Hannibal. Some maintained that they must not move rashly in so serious a crisis, but should await the return of their envoys from Spain. This seemed the safest counsel, and it prevailed. Accordingly, the envoys, Publius Valerius Flaccus and Quintus Bæbius Tamphilus, were despatched without further delay to Hannibal at Saguntum; thence, unless there was a cessation of hostilities, they were to go to Carthage to demand the surrender of the offending general as a penalty for the violation of the treaty.

While the Romans were thus preparing and deliberating, Saguntum was already being attacked with the utmost vigour. It was far the richest city beyond the Ebro, and stood about a mile from the sea. Its inhabitants came originally, it is said, from the island Zacynthus,[1] and mingled with them was an element of Rutulian origin from Ardea. Anyhow, it is certain that they had rapidly risen to their great prosperity by profits that came both from sea and land, by the growth of population, and by that training in a scrupulous honour which made them respect their loyalty as allies even to their own destruction. Hannibal entered their territory with an army prepared for war, and after ravaging their lands far and wide, attacked their city in three divisions.

One angle of their wall looked toward a valley more level and more open than the neighbouring country, and against this he decided to advance his engines, and under their shelter to apply the battering-ram to the ramparts. But although the ground at some distance from the wall was convenient enough for advancing the engines, yet when they came to attack the wall in earnest, the attempt was anything but successful. There was a huge overhanging tower; the wall, too (for the place was known to be weak), was raised above its height in other parts. Then again, as the point was one of conspicuous peril and danger, a picked body of young men opposed there a particularly vigorous resistance. First, they kept off the enemy with missiles and left him no sort of safety, while he was making his advances; next, no longer merely discharging their volleys from the fortifications and the tower, they took courage to rush out upon his outposts and works. In these skirmishes hardly more Saguntines fell than Carthaginians. Hannibal himself, approaching the wall somewhat incautiously, was struck down by a severe wound on his thigh from a javelin, and forthwith there was such consternation and panic everywhere around that the works and engines were all but abandoned.

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[1] The modern Zante, off the west coast of Morea.—D. O.

During the next few days, while the general's wound was being treated, there was more of blockade than of active attack. But, though during this interval there was a lull in the fighting, there was no rest from the preparation of works and from engineering labour. And so the contest was renewed with greater fury; approaches began to be made, and the battering-rams applied at a number of points, though some places hardly admitted of their being worked. The Carthaginians had a superabundance of men, having, it is generally believed, a hundred and fifty thousand under arms, while the townspeople were now compelled to spread their strength over a wide space in order to guard and watch each point. Their numbers, therefore, were insufficient. The walls, too, which were now being hammered by the battering-rams, had in many places been shattered. At one point a continuous breach had left the city defenceless; three towers in succession and the wall between them had fallen with a great crash. The town, so thought the Carthaginians, was as good as taken after such a downfall. Then, just as if the wall had before screened both combatants alike, the besiegers and besieged rushed to battle. This was nothing like one of those irregular fights which commonly occur at assaults on towns, where one side seizes his opportunity; regular lines, drawn up as though in an open plain, took their stand between the ruins of the wall and the houses, which stood not far off. Hope fired one side, despair the other. The Carthaginians thought that, with a very slight effort, they were masters of the place, while the Saguntines barred the way with their bodies to save homes now stripped of their defences, and not a man yielded a foot lest he should let in the enemy to the ground surrendered.

The fiercer the fight, the denser the crowd on either side, the more numerous were the wounded, for not a dart fell without effect amid such a mass of combatants. The Saguntines used the so-called "falarica," a missile with a pine-wood shaft, smooth except at the extremity, from which an iron point projected. This, which, as in the "pilum," was of a square form, was bound round with tow and smeared with pitch. The iron point of the weapon was three feet long, such as could pierce straight through the body armour and all, and even if it stuck in the shield without penetrating the body, it caused great panic, for it was discharged with one half of it on fire, and carrying with it a flame fanned by the very motion into greater fury, it made the men throw off their armour, and exposed the soldier to the stroke which followed.

After a long, indecisive struggle, the Saguntines, taking heart because they were holding their ground beyond their hopes, the Carthaginians thinking themselves vanquished because they were not victorious, suddenly the townspeople raised a shout, drove the enemy to the ruins of the wall, and thrusting him out thence, entangled and bewildered, finally beat him back in disorderly flight to his camp. Meanwhile came news of the arrival of the envoys from Rome. Hannibal sent men to the sea to meet them with the message that it would not be safe for them to come to him through such a vast host of wild tribes, and that it was not worth his while at such a crisis to be receiving embassies. It was evident that, if not admitted, they would go straight to Carthage. So Hannibal sent off before them some messengers with a letter to the chiefs of the Barcine faction, bidding them prepare the minds of their partisans, that the other party might not have the chance of making any concession to Roman demands.

Thus, save that they were received and heard,[1] the mission of the envoys was fruitless and abortive. Hanno alone pleaded for the treaty before the senate, amid a profound silence due to his personal influence, but not with the approval of his audience. "I charged, I forewarned you," said he, appealing to the gods who were the arbiters and witnesses of treaties, "not to let Hamilcar's son go to the army. The departed spirit, the race of that man, know no rest. As long as there is a survivor of Barcine blood and name, the treaty with Rome will never be left in peace. You have sent to the army, by way of adding fuel to the flame, a youth burning with the lust of empire, and seeing but one way to its attainment, to start war after war, and to live encompassed with arms and armies. Thus you have fed this fire which is now blazing around you. Your armies are besieging Saguntum, which a treaty forbids them to touch; before long, Rome's legions will be besieging Carthage, led by those same gods through whom in the last war Rome avenged her broken treaties.[1] Is it of the enemy, or of yourselves, or of the fortunes of either people that you are so utterly ignorant? Envoys who come from allies on behalf of allies, your good general has not admitted to his camp; he has made light of international law. Yet these men after being repulsed where even an enemy's envoys are not refused admission, come to you, claiming satisfaction as the treaty directs. To free the state from wrong-doing, they demand the author of the offence, the man chargeable with the crime. The more gently they deal, the slower they are to begin, the more persistent, I fear, when they have once begun, will be their wrath. Keep before your eyes the Ægates Islands and Mount Eryx,[2] and what for twenty-four years you suffered by land and sea. And it was not this boy who was then in command, but the boy's father, Hamilcar, a second Mars, as his party will have it. But we had not kept our hands off Tarentum,[3] that is, off Italy, as the treaty enjoined, just as now we are not keeping our hands off Saguntum. And so gods and men prevailed. And in the question so long debated, which of the two nations had broken the treaty, the issue of the war, like an impartial arbiter, yielded the triumph to the side on which right stood. It is against Carthage that Hannibal is bringing up his engines and his towers; it is the walls of Carthage that he is shaking with his battering-ram. The ruins of Saguntum (I hope I may be a false prophet) will fall on our heads, and the war begun with the Saguntines must be carried on with the Romans.

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[1] That is, at Carthage.—D. O.

"Shall we, then, give up Hannibal? some one will say. I know that my word goes for little in the matter, because of my feud with his father. Still, as I rejoiced at Hamilcar's death, because we should have had war with Rome had he lived, so, as for this youth, the very fury, I may call him, and firebrand of this conflict, I hate and detest him. Not only do

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[1] To put such language and what follows in the mouth of a Cathaginian is rather absurd, especially as the fault of the first Punic war lay principally with Rome.—D. O.

[2] The scenes of the defeats suffered in the war in Sicily.

[3] Modern Taranto. The incident referred to had nothing to do with the first war, having taken place after the war with Pyrrhus. Its rights or wrongs are uncertain.—D. O.

I think that we should give him up to atone for the broken treaty, but that, even if no one demanded, we should transport him to the remotest regions of earth and sea, and banish him to where neither his name nor fame could reach us and trouble the welfare of a peace-loving community. My opinion is that we ought at once to send envoys to Rome with an apology to the senate, and others to bid Hannibal withdraw his army from Saguntum, and to deliver up the man himself to the Romans, as the treaty directs. And I propose that there be a third embassy to make restitution to the Saguntines."

When Hanno had done speaking, not a single man felt it necessary to answer his speech. Almost the whole senate was devoted to Hannibal; Hanno, they declared, had spoken more bitterly than Flaccus Valerius, the Roman ambassador. Answer was then returned to the envoys from Rome. "The war," it was said, "was begun by the Saguntines, not by Hannibal; the Roman people do wrong if they prefer the Saguntines to their very ancient alliance with Carthage."

While the Romans were wasting time in sending embassies, Hannibal, finding his soldiers wearied with fighting and siege work, gave them a few days' rest, posting pickets, however, to guard his engines and other works. Meanwhile he kindled their ardour, now firing them with wrath against the foe, now by the hope of reward. As soon as he had publicly proclaimed that the spoil of the captured city should belong to the soldiers, they were all so excited that, had the signal been that instant given, no strength, it seemed, could have resisted them. The Saguntines, though they had had rest from fighting, and had neither attacked nor been attacked for some days, worked night and day without cessation to build up a new wall on the spot where the fall of the old had laid their town bare. Then they had to face a far fiercer assault than ever, nor could they well judge, with loud discordant cries all about them, where the promptest or the most powerful aid was needed. Hannibal was present in person encouraging his men where they were advancing a movable tower, which exceeded in height any part of the fortifications. As soon as it had been brought up and, by means of the catapults and ballistas[1] ranged on its several stories, had swept the defenders from the ramparts, he thought that the opportunity was come, and sent about five hundred Africans with pickaxes to undermine the wall. This was no difficult work, for the rubble had not been compacted with mortar, but joined only with layers of mud in the fashion of ancient buildings. And so there fell a greater extent of wall than actually received the blows, and through the gaps made by the fall bodies of armed men penetrated into the city. They also seized some high ground, dragged up catapults and ballistas, and inclosed the position with a wall, so as to have in the very heart of the town a fort, dominating it, like a citadel. The Saguntines, on their part, drew an inner wall from the part of the city not yet captured. Both sides toiled and fought with all their might, but in defending the interior of the town the Saguntines every day reduced its dimensions. The scarcity of all necessaries increased from the length of the siege, while the prospect of external aid diminished, as the Romans, their only hope, were so far distant, and the whole country round was in the enemy's hands. Still for a brief space their sinking spirits were revived by Hannibal's sudden departure on an expedition against the Oretani and Carpetani. These two tribes, dismayed at the rigour of the conscription, had detained the recruiting officers and caused some apprehensions of revolt, but they were overpowered by Hannibal's rapidity, and dismissed all thoughts of war.

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[1] The catapult shot darts, the ballista stones.—D. O.

There was no slackening in the siege of Saguntum, as Maharbal, Himilco's son, whom Hannibal had left in command, pressed the attack so vigorously that the general's absence was felt neither by the Saguntines nor by their foe. Maharbal not only fought some successful engagements but shook down a good part of the walls with three battering-rams, and showed Hannibal on his return the gap all strewn with fresh ruins. Hannibal at once marched his army straight to the citadel; there was a fierce battle with great slaughter on both sides, and part of the citadel was taken.

There was now a feeble hope of peace, and two men, Alcon, of Saguntum, and Alorcus, a Spaniard, tried to realize it. Alcon, thinking to gain something by entreaties, went over to Hannibal by night without the knowledge of the Saguntines; but as tears had no effect, and the hard terms which might be expected from an enraged conqueror were offered, he sank the envoy in the deserter, and remained with the enemy, asserting that it would be death to any one to propose peace on such conditions. Hannibal's demands, indeed, were these: They must make restitution to the Turdetani, surrender all their silver and gold, depart from the city with one garment apiece, and settle wherever the Carthaginians might bid them. When Alcon protested that the Saguntines would not accept such terms of peace, Alorcus declared that courage yields when all else yields, and he offered to be the negotiator of a peace. He was then one of Hannibal's soldiers, but he was the recognised guest and friend of the Saguntine community. In the sight of all he gave up his weapon to the enemy's sentries, then crossed the lines, and was conducted at his own request to the Saguntine officer. Instantly there was a rush to the spot of citizens of every class. When the crowd had been pushed aside, Alorcus had an audience before the senate, and made the following speech:

" Had your fellow-citizen Alcon brought back to you from Hannibal terms of peace, as he went to sue for them, this journey of mine would have been needless, for I have come to you neither as Hannibal's spokesman nor as a deserter. But since Alcon—be the fault his or yours—has chosen to stay with the enemy (his own it is, if he feigned alarm; yours, if it is dangerous to bring back to you a true report), I have now come to you in consideration of the old tie of friendship between us, to let you know that there are certain terms of peace and safety for you. That I am saying what I do say to you for your own sakes and no one else's, this in itself should be sufficient proof that I never mentioned peace to you as long as either your own strength held out or you hoped for aid from Rome. Now that you have no hope from the Romans, and that your arms and walls no longer give you an adequate defence, I bring you a peace which is inevitable rather than favourable. Of this there is some hope on this condition, that to the terms which Hannibal offers as a conqueror, you listen as the conquered, and are prepared to recognise no loss indeed in what you part with, seeing all is in the victor's hand, but a bounty in whatever is left you. Your city, to a great extent destroyed, and almost wholly in his grasp, he takes from you; your lands he leaves you, and intends to assign you a place where you can build a new town; all your gold and silver, whether the property of the state or of private citizens, he orders brought to him; your own persons and the persons of your wives and children he preserves inviolate, if you are willing to quit Saguntum without arms, with two garments apiece. Such are the terms insisted on by the victorious enemy; grievous and hard, as they are, your plight commends them to you. For my part I do not despair of some mitigation of them, when Hannibal has once gotten everything into his power. Yet I maintain that it is better that you should endure even such terms, than be massacred and suffer your wives and children to be seized and dragged into slavery before your eyes under the right of conquest."

In the throng that gradually crowded round to hear this speech, the popular assembly had mingled with the senate. All in a moment, before an answer had been given, the chief citizens withdrew. All the gold and silver belonging to the state or to private persons they collected and flung into a fire hastily lighted for the purpose, and many of them then threw themselves into the flames. Amid the panic and consternation that this spread through the whole city, a further alarm was heard from the citadel. A tower which had long been tottering had fallen; a body of Carthaginians had rushed through the breach, and signalled to their general that the enemy's town was bare of its usual guards and sentries. Resolved promptly to seize such an opportunity, Hannibal attacked in full force and took the city in a moment. He had given orders for the massacre of all the adult males. Cruel as the order was, it was seen by the issue to have been almost a necessity. Who, in fact, could have been spared out of a population who either shut themselves in with their wives and children, and burned the houses over their heads, or, with swords in their hands, ceased only to fight when they lay dying?

The town was taken with an immense booty. Though much of the property had been purposely destroyed by the owners, though in the massacre scarce any distinction of age was recognised by the enemy's fury, and the captives were the soldiers' spoil, still it is certain that what was sold produced a considerable sum, and that much rich furniture and apparel were sent to Carthage.

Some writers say that Saguntum was captured eight months after the beginning of the siege, that Hannibal then retired into winter quarters at New Carthage, and arrived in Italy five months after his departure from that town. If so, it can not be that Publius Cornelius and Tiberius Sempronius were the consuls to whom the Saguntine envoys were sent at the beginning of the siege, and who were still in office when they fought the battles of the Ticinus and the Trebia with Hannibal, one of them being present at the former, both at the latter. All this either occupied a somewhat shorter time, or Saguntum was taken, instead of its siege having been begun, early in the year in which Cornelius and Sempronius were consuls. For the battle of the Trebia can not have fallen so late as the year of Servilius or Flaminius, as Flaminius entered on his consulate at Ariminum on the declaration of the consul Sempronius, and Sempronius, who went to Rome after the battle of the Trebia to nominate the consuls, returned to his army in winter quarters as soon as the election was over.

At almost one and the same moment, the envoys who had returned from Carthage reported that everything tended to war, and the fall of Saguntum was announced. Grief the most intense, pity for the unmerited destruction of their allies, shame at having rendered them no aid, wrath against the Carthaginians, and alarm for the actual safety of the state, as though the enemy were already at their gates, so mastered the senate, and so distracted them with the variety of simultaneous emotions, that there was more confusion than counsel among them. A fiercer and more warlike foe they had never had to encounter, nor had Rome ever been so slothful and unwarlike. The Sardi, the Corsi, the Histri, the Illyrii,[1] had annoyed rather than practised the arms of Rome, and with the Gauls there had been skirmishing more than regular war. The Carthaginian, their old enemy, uniformly victorious through three-and-twenty years of the severest fighting among the nations of Spain, and trained under a most determined leader, was now crossing the Ebro, fresh from the destruction of one of the richest of cities; he led with him the levies of many Spanish tribes; the nations of Gaul, ever eager for arms, would rise at his bidding; a war with the whole world would have to be fought in Italy, and before the walls of Rome.

The provinces to be assigned to the consuls had been already named;[2] they were now bidden to draw lots for them. Spain fell to Cornelius; Africa with Sicily to Sempronius. Six legions were voted for the year, with such a force of allies as the consuls might think fit, and as large a fleet as could possibly be equipped; of Romans there were enrolled twenty-four thousand infantry, eighteen hundred cavalry; of the allies forty thousand infantry, four thousand and four hundred cavalry, while two hundred ~~and~~ twenty five-banked ships[3] and twenty light galleys were launched.

The question was then put to the commons—Was it their will and pleasure that war should be declared against the people of Carthage? For the war thus sanctioned, public prayers were offered throughout Rome, and entreaty made to the gods that what the people of Rome had decided might have a good and prosperous issue. / The forces were then divided between the consuls. To Sempronius were assigned two legions (these were each four thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry), and sixteen thousand of the allied infantry, with eighteen hundred cavalry, one hundred and sixty great war ships, and twelve light galleys. Sempronius was despatched with these land and sea forces to Sicily, whence he was to cross into Africa, if the other consul proved sufficient to keep the Carthaginians out of Italy. Cornelius had a smaller army, as Lucius Manlius, the prætor, was himself sent to Gaul with a fairly strong force. It was in his fleet that he was weakest; he had but sixty five-banked ships, for it was not believed that the enemy would invade by sea or attempt that kind of warfare. He had also two Roman legions with their proper complement of cavalry, fourteen thousand allied infantry, and sixteen hundred cavalry. The province of Gaul contained two Roman legions, ten thousand allied infantry, a thousand allied and six hundred Roman cavalry, now destined for the same object—the Carthaginian war.

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[1] The Histri and Illyrii dwelt around the Gulf of Trieste.—D. O.

[2] Referring to the debate above, when the news came that Saguntum was besieged.—D. O.

[3] Quinqueremes, or ships with five banks of oars, were the ships of the line at this period.—D. O.

Having completed these preparations, the Romans, anxious to insure the due performance of all the proper preliminaries to war, sent as envoys to Africa Quintus Fabius, Marcus Livius, Lucius Æmilius, Caius Licinius, Quintus Bæbius, all men of venerable age, who were to question the Carthaginians whether Hannibal had attacked Saguntum by order of the state. Should they, as seemed likely, admit and justify the act as done by order of the state, war was to be declared against the Carthaginians.

As soon as the Roman envoys arrived and audience was given them in the senate, Quintus Fabius asked nothing more than the single question with which he had been intrusted. Thereupon one of the Carthaginians replied: " Your previous embassy, men of Rome, was peremptory enough, when you demanded Hannibal on the assumption that he was attacking Saguntum on his own responsibility; but this embassy, though so far its language is milder, is in reality harder on us. On that occasion it was Hannibal whom you denounced, whose surrender you demanded; now, you want to extort from us a confession of wrong-doing, and to claim instant satisfaction on the strength of such confession. I should say that the question ought not to be whether Saguntum was attacked on the responsibility of the state, or of a private citizen, but was the attack just or unjust? It is surely for us to inquire and decide about our own citizen, as to what he may have done on our instance or his own; with you we have only to discuss whether the act was permissible by the treaty. Well, as you wish us to distinguish between what generals do on the state's responsibility and what on their own, we have a treaty with you which was concluded by your consul, Caius Lutatius, and in this, though it guarded the interests of the allies of both parties, there was no such provision for the Saguntines, who, in fact, were not yet your allies. But you will say, the Saguntines are exempted from attack by the treaty which you concluded with Hasdrubal. Against this I am going to say nothing but what I have learned from you. You said yourselves that you were not bound by the treaty which Caius Lutatius, your consul, first made with us, because it was made without the sanction of the senate and the assent of the commons, and accordingly another treaty was concluded with the sanction of the state. If you are not bound by your own treaties unless they are made with your full sanction and assent, assuredly we can not accept the obligation of Hasdrubal's treaty, which he made without our knowledge. So cease to talk of Saguntum and the Ebro, and let your hearts at last give birth to the project of which they have long been in labour."

Upon this the Roman gathered his robe into a fold, and said: "Here we bring you peace and war; take which you please." Instantly on the word rose a shout as fierce: "Give us which you please." The Roman, in reply, shook out the fold, and spoke again: "I give you war." The answer from all was: "We accept it, and in the spirit with which we accept it will we wage it."

This straightforward question and declaration of war seemed to suit the dignity of the Roman people better than a debate about treaty obligations. So it seemed before, and more than ever now that Saguntum was destroyed. Had it indeed been a matter to debate, how could Hasdrubal's treaty be properly compared with the earlier treaty of Lutatius, the one which was changed? For in that treaty there was an express clause that it was to be binding only on condition of being voted by the commons, while in Hasdrubal's treaty there was no such exception, and the silence of so many years during his lifetime had so thoroughly ratified it that even after its author's death it was not altered in the least. Still, if they were to stand by the first treaty, the Saguntines were quite enough protected, as the allies of both nations were exempted from attack. Nor was there a word to the effect, "those who were then allies," or "not such as may be taken into alliance hereafter." And as it was permitted to make new allies, who could think it fair that they should admit no one into their friendship, whatever his services, or that having received people under their protection they should not defend them, always provided that the allies of the Carthaginians were not either to be excited to revolt, or received as allies should they revolt of themselves?

The Roman envoys, following the instructions given them at Rome, crossed from Carthage into Spain with the view of visiting the Spanish states and drawing them into alliance, or at least alienating them from the Carthaginians. First they came to the Bargusii,[1] who, being weary of Carthaginian rule, received them favourably, and thus they roused a craving for a change of condition among several tribes beyond the Ebro. Then they went to the Volciani, whose answer, becoming famous throughout Spain, set the other tribes against the Roman alliance. Their oldest man gave the following reply in their council: "Where, Romans, is your sense of shame that you ask us to prefer your friendship to that of the Carthaginians, when those who have done so have been betrayed more cruelly by you, their allies, than they have been destroyed by the Carthaginian foe? Seek your allies, so I say, where men have never heard of the destruction of Saguntum, as the ruins of that city are a warning, as conspicuous as it is grievous, to the tribes of Spain not to trust in any case to Roman faith and alliance." They were told instantly to quit the territory of the Volciani, and from not a single assembly in Spain did they subsequently get a more favourable answer.

Having thus travelled through Spain with no result, they passed into Gaul. Here they witnessed a strange and alarming sight. The people came armed to the assembly—their national custom. When the envoys extolled the glory and valour of the Roman people, and the greatness of their empire, and demanded that they should not grant the Carthaginian in his invasion of Italy a passage through their country and its towns, there was such a burst, it is said, of hooting and laughter, that the magistrates and the elders could hardly quiet the younger men; so senseless and impudent a request it seemed, to propose that the Gauls, rather than let the war pass into Italy, should draw it upon themselves, and offer their own lands to the spoiler to save those of others. At last the uproar was hushed, and this answer was given to the envoys: That the Romans had done them no service, the Carthaginians no injury, in return for which they need either take up arms for Rome or against Carthage. On the other hand, they heard that men of their own race were being driven from the lands and borders of Italy by the Roman people, and were paying tribute and suffering other indignities.

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[1] Just north of the Ebro.—D. O.

Much the same was said and heard in all the other assemblies throughout Gaul, and not a friendly or even tolerably peaceful answer was received until they came to Massilia.[1] There they got all the information which their allies had carefully and faithfully acquired for them; that already Hannibal had gained a hold on the minds of the Gauls, but that even he would not find the nation sufficiently tractable (so fierce and untamable was its temper) unless he further won the affections of the chiefs with gold, of which the Gaul is intensely greedy. So the envoys, after visiting the tribes of Spain and Gaul, returned to Rome soon after the departure of the consuls to their provinces. They found the whole city excited by its anticipation of war, all accounts agreeing that the Carthaginians had crossed the Ebro.

After the taking of Saguntum Hannibal had withdrawn into winter quarters at New Carthage. Hearing there what had been done and decided on at Rome and at Carthage, and that he was himself the cause of the war as well as its leader, he divided and distributed the remainder of the booty in the conviction that there must be no further delay. He then called together his soldiers of Spanish blood.

"I think," said he, "that you, my allies, can see for yourselves that, now that we have reduced all the tribes of Spain, we must end our campaigns and disband our army, or else carry the war into other countries. For only by our seeking spoil and glory from other nations will these tribes enjoy the fruits of victory as well as of peace. And so, as you are about to engage in a war far away from your homes, and it is uncertain when you will again see those homes and all that is there dear to you, I grant leave of absence to any one who wishes to visit his kindred. I bid you be present in early spring, that with the gods' good help we may begin what will be a war of prodigious glory and recompense."

All or nearly all welcomed the spontaneous offer of an opportunity to visit their homes; even then they had a longing to see their kindred, and they foresaw a longing more protracted in time to come. Rest during the entire winter between toils that already had been or were soon to be endured, renewed both body and mind with strength to encounter afresh every hardship.

In early spring they assembled according to orders. After reviewing each tribe's contingent, Hannibal went to Gades,[1] where he paid a vow to Hercules,[2] and bound himself by fresh vows should his other schemes prosper. Then dividing his attention between a war of attack and a war of defence, he resolved on securing Sicily by a strong force, so that Africa might not be open and exposed to the Romans on that side, while he was himself advancing on Italy overland through Spain and Gaul. To take the place of these troops Hannibal demanded for himself re-enforcements from Africa, chiefly of light-armed spearmen, so that Africans might serve in Spain and Spaniards in Africa, each set of soldiers being likely to fight better away from home, as under the influence, so to speak, of mutual obligations. To Africa he sent off thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty infantry with light leathern shields, eight hundred and seventy Balearic slingers, and twelve hundred cavalry, made up from a number of tribes. These forces were by his order partly to garrison Carthage, partly to be dispersed throughout Africa. He likewise sent recruiting officers into the states, and having raised a levy of four thousand picked youth, directed that they should be marched to Carthage, to serve both as garrison troops and as hostages.

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[1] Marseilles.—D. O.

Spain, too, Hannibal felt, must not be forgotten, the less so indeed as he was well aware that the Roman envoys had travelled through the country to sound the temper of the chiefs. So he assigned the province to his brother Hasdrubal, a thoroughly energetic man, and secured it with troops, mainly African, that is, with eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty infantry of African race, three hundred Ligurians, and five hundred Baliarians. To this auxiliary infantry were added four hundred and fifty Libyphœnician cavalry, a race this of mingled Carthaginian and African blood, with Numidians and Moors, dwellers on the shores of the ocean, to the number of eight hundred, and a small body of Ilergetes[3] from Spain, consisting of two hundred cavalry, and, that no description of land force might be wanting, twenty-one elephants. Hasdrubal had also a fleet given him to defend the coast, fifty five-banked, two four-banked, and five three-banked ships, for it might well be believed that now again the Romans would wage war on the element on which they had already been successful. But of these only thirty-two five-banked, with the five three-banked ships were furnished and equipped with crews.

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[1] Now Cadiz.—D. O.

[2] Melkarth, confounded by the Greeks with Hercules, was the national numen of the Phœnician race.—D. O.

[3] These dwelt along the southern slope of the Pyrenees.—D. O.

From Gades Hannibal returned to the winter quarters of his army at New Carthage. Thence he led his men by the coast past the town of Onusa to the Ebro. There he saw in a dream, so the story goes, a youth of godlike shape, who said that he had been sent by Jupiter to conduct the army of Hannibal into Italy; that he was therefore to follow and nowhere turn his eyes away from him. At first Hannibal followed trembling, neither looking around nor behind; after a while, with the natural curiosity of the human mind, as he wondered what it could be on which he was forbidden to look back, he could not restrain his eyes; he then saw behind him a serpent of marvellous size moving onward with a fearful destruction of trees and bushes; close after this followed a storm cloud with crashing thunder. When he asked what was the monster and what the portent meant, he was told it was the devastation of Italy; let him go straight on and ask no more questions, and leave the decrees of the fates in darkness.

Cheered by the vision, he crossed the Ebro with his army in three divisions, after having first despatched messengers with gifts to gain the good-will of the Gauls in the regions which his army had to traverse, and to reconnoitre the passes of the Alps. It was with ninety thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry that he crossed the Ebro. Then he reduced the Ilergetes, the Bargusii, and the Ausetani, and also Lacetania, a district at the foot of the Pyrenees. All this country he put in charge of Hanno, who was to have the control of the passes connecting Spain and Gaul. Hanno had ten thousand infantry and a thousand cavalry given him to garrison the district which he was to hold. At this point, as soon as the army began its march through the defiles of the Pyrenees, and more definite rumours of war with Rome had spread through the barbarian host, three thousand infantry of the Carpetani left him. It was understood that what alarmed them was not so much the war as the long march and the hopelessness of the passage of the Alps. As to recall or detain them by force would have been a dangerous experiment, likely to exasperate the wild tempers of his other allies, Hannibal sent back to their homes more than seven thousand men, whom he had also perceived to be weary of the service, and he pretended that even the Carpetani had been dismissed by his own act.

Then, that his men might not feel the temptation occasioned by delay or inaction, he crossed the Pyrenees and encamped at the town of Iliberri. Though the Gauls understood that the war was directed against Italy, yet, as it was rumoured that the Spaniards beyond the Pyrenees had been reduced by force and strong garrisons set over them, some of the tribes were roused to arms by the dread of enslavement, and assembled at Ruscino. Hannibal on being told of this, as he feared delay more than defeat, sent envoys to their chiefs, to say that he wished to have a personal interview with them; they might either come nearer to Iliberri, or he would himself go to Ruscino; thus brought nearer together they could meet more easily. "I will gladly," he added, "receive you in my camp, or I will go myself to you without hesitation, for I have come as a friend, not an enemy to the Gauls, and will not draw sword, unless the Gauls compel me, till I reach Italy." Such was the message conveyed by the envoys. But when the Gallic chiefs, instantly moving their camp to Iliberri, came without any reluctance to Hannibal, it was by his gifts that they were persuaded to let his army march perfectly unmolested through their territories past the town of Ruscino.

In Italy meanwhile nothing was known but the bare fact, reported at Rome by envoys from Massilia, that Hannibal had crossed the Ebro. At that moment, just as if it was the Alps that had been crossed, the Boii, after sounding the Insubres, revolted, not so much from old animosities against Rome, as because they were annoyed at the recent establishment of the colonies of Placentia[1] and Cremona near the Po in Gallic territory. Suddenly they flew to arms, burst into the territory in dispute and spread such dismay and confusion that even the three Roman commissioners who had come to assign the lands,[2] Caius Lutatius, Caius Servilius, and Marcus Annius, as well as the rural population, dared not trust themselves to the walls of Placentia, and took refuge in Mutina.[3] About the name of Lutatius there is no question; for Annius and Servilius some chronicles give the names of Acilius and Herennius, others those of Cornelius Asina and Papirius Maso. There is some doubt too whether the envoys sent to remonstrate with the Boii were insulted, or whether the commissioners, as they were measuring the lands, were attacked. While they were besieged in Mutina, and the Gauls, a people quite ignorant of the science of assaulting towns and very indolent in all military operations, sat idle without attempting to assail the walls, sham negotiations for peace were begun. The envoys were summoned by the Gallic chiefs to a conference, and there, contrary to all international law, and in actual violation of the pledge given for the special occasion, were arrested, the Gauls declaring that they would not let them go unless their own hostages were restored.

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[1] Modern Piacenza.—D. O.

[2] That is, to the colonists.—D. O.

[3] Modern Modena.—D. O.

On hearing of this treatment of the envoys, and of the danger of Mutina and its garrison, the prætor, Lucius Manlius, burning with anger, marched in loose order to the place. The road at that time was surrounded with woods, and most of the country was wild. Manlius advanced without reconnoitring, and fell headlong into an ambuscade, out of which he struggled with difficulty into open ground after great loss to his men. There he fortified a camp, and as the Gauls lacked confidence to assail it, the spirits of his soldiers revived, though it was understood that as many as five hundred had fallen. He then began his march afresh, nor did the enemy show himself as long as the troops advanced over open ground; but as soon as the woods were once more entered, the Gauls fell on the rear, spread the greatest confusion and panic through all the army, and cut down seven hundred men, capturing also six standards. When they were once clear of the pathless and intricate forest, the Gauls ceased to terrify, and the Romans to feel alarm. Thence through open country, where they marched easily and safely, they pushed on to Tannetum,[1] a district close to the Po. There protected by temporary intrenchments and the windings of the river, with the help, too, of the Brixian Gauls, they defended themselves against the daily increasing multitude of the enemy.

As soon as this sudden outbreak was reported at Rome, and the senate heard that a war with the Gauls was added to the war with Carthage, Caius Atilius, the prætor, was ordered to re-enforce Manlius with one Roman legion and five thousand allies, newly levied by the consul. Manlius reached Tannetum without any fighting, as the enemy had retired in alarm.

Publius Cornelius, too, having raised a new legion in place of that which had been despatched with the prætor, sailed from Rome with sixty war ships along the coasts of Etruria and Liguria, and thence past the mountains of the Salyes, and so arrived at Massilia. He pitched his camp at the nearest mouth of the Rhone, for that river divides itself into several streams as it flows into the sea. He then encamped, hardly believing that Hannibal had yet crossed the Pyrenees. When, however, he understood that he was actually meditating the passage of the Rhone, as he did not know where he might meet him, and his soldiers were not properly recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, he sent forward meanwhile three hundred picked cavalry with some guides from Massilia and from the friendly Gauls to reconnoitre the whole country and get a safe view of the enemy.

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[1] At or near what is now the village of St. Ilario.—D. O.

By this time Hannibal had reached the territory of the Volcæ,[1] a powerful tribe, after having frightened or bribed all their neighbours into submission. They dwell on both banks of the Rhone; but not feeling confidence that they could keep the Carthaginian out of the territory nearest him, and anxious to have the stream as a defence, they crossed the river with almost their whole tribe, and occupied the further bank in arms. The other tribes by the Rhone, and all even of this same tribe who had clung to their homes, Hannibal bribed into collecting and building vessels, and it was indeed their own wish that his army should cross and thereby relieve their lands from the pressure of such a multitude. Thus an immense number of vessels and boats, roughly constructed for use on the spot, were brought together. Then, too, the Gauls setting the example of making new boats, which they hollowed out from single trees, the soldiers also, tempted by the abundance of timber and the ease of the work, hastily shaped out some clumsy hulks to convey themselves and their belongings to the other side, satisfied if these would only float and hold a cargo.

And now all was fairly ready for the passage, while facing them stood the enemy in menacing array, cavalry and infantry, occupying the entire bank. To distract their attention Hannibal ordered Hanno, son of Bomilcar, to go with part of the army, chiefly Spaniards, one day's march up the stream, starting at the first watch of the night, to cross the river on the first opportunity as stealthily as possible, and taking a circuit to fall on the enemy's rear at the required moment. The Gallic guides provided for the purpose, told him that, about twenty-five miles higher up, the river encircled a little island, and could be crossed at the point of division, where the channel was broader and consequently shallower. At this place timber was felled in eager haste, and rafts constructed for the passage of men and horses and other cargo. The Spaniards, without any trouble, threw their clothes on bladders, laid their light shields on these, and resting on them swam the stream. The rest of the army crossed on a bridge of rafts; having encamped close to the river they recruited themselves by a day's repose after the fatigue of their night's march and laborious work, while their general watched intently the opportunity of executing his plan.

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[1] They dwelt in the neighbourhood of Orange.—D. O.

Next day they advanced, and showed by some smoke from an eminence that they had crossed and were not far off. Hannibal seeing this, not to miss his opportunity, gave the signal for crossing. His infantry now had their light boats ready and in order, and his cavalry had larger rafts chiefly on account of the horses. A line of vessels was thrown across higher up to sustain the force of the current, and so gave smooth water to the boats which were crossing below; many of the horses as they swam were towed by leathern thongs from the sterns, beside those which had been put on board, saddled and bridled and ready for their riders as soon as they had landed.

The Gauls on the bank rushed at them with all manner of cries and their customary war songs, waving their shields over their heads and brandishing javelins in their right hands, though confronting them was this threatening array of vessels, with the terrific roar of the water and the confused shouts of sailors and soldiers, some of whom were struggling to stem the force of the stream, while others on the opposite shore were cheering on their comrades as they crossed. Disturbed as they were already at the alarming scene before their eyes, a yet more appalling din fell on their ears from the rear, where Hanno had taken their camp. In another moment he was himself on the spot. On either side they were beset with peril, for a vast array of armed men was landing from the vessels, and a host was unexpectedly pressing them in their rear. The Gauls, repulsed in their attempt to fight a double battle, broke through where the way seemed most open, and fled in wild panic to their villages. Hannibal crossed with the rest of his army at his leisure, and encamped, henceforth heartily despising any menaces from the Gauls.

For the passage of the elephants there were, I believe, various devices. At any rate there are various traditions how it was accomplished. Some say that the elephants were crowded together on the bank, that here the fiercest of them, provoked by its driver, pursued the man as he retreated into the water, and drew the whole herd after it; afterward the simple force of the stream carried them all to the opposite bank, as they lost their footing one by one in their terror at the depth. It is, however, more generally understood that they were transported on rafts; such a plan would have seemed safer beforehand, as afterward it is certainly more credible. A raft two hundred feet long and fifty broad was extended from the bank into the water, and, to save it from being carried down the stream, it was attached to a point up the river by a number of strong hawsers, and then covered like a bridge with a layer of earth, so that the beasts might walk on it as confidently as if it were firm ground. To this was fastened another raft of equal breadth, a hundred feet long, suitable for being ferried across; then the elephants were driven, the females taking the lead, along the stationary raft, as if it were a road. When they had passed on to the smaller raft attached to it, the ropes with which this was slightly fastened were instantly untied, and it was towed to the opposite bank by some light craft. In this way as soon as the first had been landed, the rest were fetched and conveyed across. They showed no alarm while they were moving on what seemed a bridge connected with the land; the first panic was when the raft was detached from its surroundings, and they were carried into the deep channel. Then pressing one on another, as those on the edge drew back from the water, they showed decided signs of terror, until their very fear at the sight of the water all around them made them quiet. Some in their fury fell off into the stream, but their weight kept them steady, and shaking off their drivers and feeling their way into shallow water they reached land.

During the passage of the elephants, Hannibal sent five 12.5 hundred Numidian cavalry to the Roman camp to reconnoitre and ascertain the position, the strength, and the plans of their army. The three hundred Roman cavalry which had been despatched, as before related, from the mouth of the Rhone, fell in with this squadron. A battle, fierce out of proportion to the number of the combatants, ensued. There were many wounded and an almost equal number killed on both sides, and the Romans were thoroughly exhausted when the flight and panic of the Numidians gave them the victory. Of the victors there fell about a hundred and sixty, not all Romans, some being Gauls; of the vanquished more than two hundred. Here was at once a prelude and an omen of the war, portending indeed to Rome success in the final issue, but a victory far from bloodless, to be won after a doubtful struggle.

On the return of the men after this battle to their respective generals, Scipio could form no resolution but to adapt his plans to the designs and movements of the enemy, and Hannibal also was in doubt whether he should persist in the advance toward Italy which he had begun, or should fight the Roman army, which had been the first to encounter him. He was deterred from immediate battle by the arrival of envoys from the Boii, and their chief Magalus, who declared that they would be his guides in all his marches, and his comrades in danger, while they maintained that he must attack Italy with all the resources of his arms and with strength unimpaired. The mass, indeed, of the army dreaded the enemy, for they had not yet forgotten the last war, but they feared still more the endless march over the Alps, which rumours had made terrible, at any rate to the inexperienced.

30 Hannibal accordingly, his resolve now being fixed to pursue his march and to advance on Italy, assembled his men and worked on their feelings by the various methods of reproof and encouragement. "I wonder," said he, "what sudden panic can have seized hearts ever fearless? For many a year have you fought and conquered; nor did you quit Spain till all the tribes and countries embraced between two distant seas were under Carthaginian sway. Then, in your wrath at the demand of the Roman people for the surrender as criminals of the besiegers of Saguntum, whoever they might be, you crossed the Ebro to blot out the name of Rome and to give freedom to the world. Not a man of you thought the march too long, which you were then beginning, from the setting to the rising sun; now, when you see far the greatest portion of it actually traversed—the passes of the Pyrenees surmounted amid the fiercest tribes—the Rhone, that broad river, crossed in the face of many thousand Gauls, and the very force of the stream itself vanquished—when you have in sight the Alps the other side of which is in Italy—here, at the very gates of the enemy, you are halting in weariness. What do you imagine the Alps to be but mountain heights? Suppose them to be loftier than the ranges of the Pyrenees, surely there is no spot on earth which touches heaven or is an insuperable barrier to man. As for the Alps, they are inhabited and cultivated; they produce and rear living creatures; their gorges are passable for armies. Those very envoys, whom you see, were not wafted aloft on wings across them; neither were their ancestors natives of the country; they were foreign settlers in Italy, who often in vast troops, with their wives and children, as is the habit of emigrants, safely crossed these very Alps. To the armed soldier, who carries naught but the implements of war, what is impassable or insurmountable? What danger, what toil for six months did we not undergo to take Saguntum? Aiming as we are at Rome, the capital of the world, can we think anything so formidable and arduous as to delay our enterprise? The Gauls once captured what the Carthaginian despairs of ap-

proaching. Either then yield in spirit and in valour to a people whom in these days you have so repeatedly vanquished, or look forward to the plain between the Tiber and the walls of Rome as the goal of your expedition." 31

Having inspirited them with these words of encouragement, Hannibal bade them refresh themselves and prepare for their march. Next day he advanced up the Rhone toward the interior of Gaul, not because this was the more direct route to the Alps, but thinking that the further he withdrew from the sea, the less likely he was to encounter the Romans, whom it was not his intention to engage till his arrival in Italy. In four days' march he reached the Island. Here the Isère and the Rhone, which pour down their waters from Alpine summits far apart, and embrace a large stretch of country, unite in one stream, and the plains between have received the name of the Island. In the neighbourhood are settled the Allobroges, a tribe even at that time inferior to none of the tribes of Gaul in resources or renown. They were then at strife. Two brothers were contending for the throne. The elder, who had previously been king, Brancus by name, was now being thrust aside by his younger brother, and a party of the younger men, who had more might than right on their side. The settlement of the feud was very opportunely referred to Hannibal, and he having thus to dispose of the kingdom restored the elder brother to power, such having been the feeling of the senate and the chiefs. For this service he was helped with supplies and an abundance of all things, clothing especially, which the notorious horrors of the cold in the Alps compelled him to provide.

Having composed the feud of the Allobroges, Hannibal marched toward the Alps, not, however, pursuing a direct course, but turning leftward to the country of the Tricastini, from which again he passed to that of the Tricorii, along the extreme frontier of the Vocontii, a route at no point embarrassing till he reached the river Druentia.[1] One of the rivers of the Alps, it is naturally far the most difficult to cross of all the streams in Gaul; for though it rushes down with a vast body of water, it is not navigable, not being confined within banks, and flowing in many channels at once, and these not always the same. Its ever-changing shallows and eddies, which make the passage perplexing even to one on foot, and the rocks and gravelly bed over which it rolls, allow no sure and safe foothold. At this time it happened to be swollen by rains, and so caused much confusion among the men as they crossed—a confusion increased by other alarms, and by their own haste and bewildered cries.

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[1] This is the modern Durance, but the uncertainty as to the line of Hannibal's march begins here. Had he followed the course indicated he would not have met the Durance.—D. O.

32 About three days after Hannibal had moved from the Rhone, the consul Publius Cornelius reached the enemy's camp with his army in order of battle, resolved to fight without a moment's delay. Seeing, however, that the lines were abandoned, and that the enemy must be too far ahead to be easily overtaken, he went back to the sea and to his ships, assured that he could thus more safely and conveniently encounter Hannibal on his descent from the Alps. But not to leave Spain, his allotted province, bare of Roman defence, he sent his brother Cneius Scipio with the largest part of his army against Hasdrubal, not merely to protect our old allies and form fresh alliances, but actually to drive Hasdrubal out of the country. Scipio himself with quite a small force returned to Genua,[1] purposing to defend Italy with the troops encamped in the neighbourhood of the Po.

From the Druentia Hannibal marched through a country generally flat to the Alps, wholly unmolested by the Gauls in those parts. And then, though rumour which usually magnifies the unknown far beyond truth had given some anticipation of the facts, still the near sight of the mountain heights with their snows almost mingling with the sky, the rude huts perched on the rocks, cattle and beasts of burden shrivelled with cold, human beings unkempt and wild, and all things animate and inanimate stiffened with frost, with other scenes more horrible to behold than to describe, revived the terror of the soldiers.

As the vanguard was struggling up the first slopes, the mountain tribes showed themselves on the overhanging hills. Had they lain hid in some of the obscurer valleys and suddenly rushed out to the attack, they must have caused terrible panic and loss. Hannibal ordered a halt, and the Gauls were sent on to reconnoitre. When he ascertained that here there was no passage for his troops, he pitched his camp in the broadest valley he could find, where the country all around was rugged and precipitous. Then from those same Gauls, mingling and conversing with the mountaineers, whom indeed in language and manners they resembled, he learned that it was only by day that the pass was barred, and that at night all dispersed to their various dwellings. With early dawn he advanced to the foot of the hills, as if he meant to push his way by force in open day through the defiles. In this feint, preparing a movement not really intended, the day was spent, and the camp was fortified on the spot on which it had been pitched. But the moment Hannibal saw the mountaineers coming down from the hills and the outposts weakly manned, he had a multitude of fires lit for show, greater than would correspond with the number of troops in camp, and then leaving behind him the baggage with the cavalry as well as the greater part of the infantry, and taking with him some lightly armed men, the bravest he could pick, he rapidly mounted the passes and established himself on the very hills which the enemy had occupied.

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[1] On the site of the modern Genoa. It is mentioned here for the first time in history. Its situation rendered it the key to Liguria and Cisalpine Gaul. As a Roman municipium it became a centre for the commerce of the district, but does not appear to have been a place of first-rate importance.

At daybreak the camp was broken up and the rest of the army began to move. The mountaineers on a signal given were now gathering in force from their fortresses to one of their regular positions, when suddenly they saw the enemy, some on the heights over their heads and in possession of their own stronghold, the remainder marching through the pass. The double impression thus made on their sight and imagination held them for a brief while rooted to the earth. Soon, when they saw the hurry in the defiles, and how the army was in utter confusion from its own disorder, the horses especially being wild with fright, they thought that, could they in any way increase the panic, it would insure the enemy's destruction, and rushed down the face of the rocks they knew so well, whether along pathless steeps or obscure tracks. Then indeed both the foe and the perils of the place fought against the Carthaginians, and while every man strove for himself to get soonest out of danger, there was more struggling among the soldiers themselves than between them and the enemy. The horses were the most dangerous hindrance to the army. They were terrified and scared by the confused cries which the woods and echoing valleys further multiplied, and if they chanced to be struck and wounded, in the wildness of their terror they made fearful havoc alike among the men and the baggage of every description. The pressure, too, in the defile, each side of which was a sheer precipice, hurled numbers down to an immense depth, and among them were soldiers with their accoutrements; but it was more particularly the beasts with their burdens, which rolled down with just such a crash as a falling house.

Horrible as all this was to behold, Hannibal halted a while and kept his men in their ranks, so as not to aggravate the disorder and panic, and then, as soon as he saw a break in the line, and the danger that the army might accomplish the passage safely indeed but to no purpose, because stripped of all their baggage, he hurried down from his position on the heights and routed the enemy, but at the same time increased the confusion of his own troops. This confusion, however, was quieted in a moment when the flight of the mountaineers left the roads clear, and all soon marched through the pass not merely in peace but almost in silence. Next he took a fortress, the capital of the district, and some villages in the neighbourhood, and fed his troops for three days on the corn and cattle he had seized. In those three days he accomplished a considerable march, as there was not much hindrance from the ground or from the mountaineers, whom they had cowed at the outset.

Then they reached a canton, which, for a mountain district, was densely peopled. Here Hannibal was all but cut off, not by open fighting, but by his own peculiar arts, treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors of the fortresses, came to him as envoys, with assurances that warned by the salutary examples of the misfortunes of others, they preferred to make trial of the friendship rather than of the might of the Carthaginians; that thereupon they would obediently do his bidding; and they begged him to accept supplies, guides for his march, and hostages as a guarantee of their promises. Hannibal, feeling that he must not either rashly trust or slight them, lest refusal might make them open enemies, gave them a gracious answer. He accepted the offered hostages, and used the supplies which they had themselves brought to the road, but he followed the guides with his army in fighting order, not as if he was among a friendly people. His van was formed of the elephants and cavalry, while he marched himself in the rear with the main strength of the infantry, anxiously reconnoitring at every step. The moment they entered a narrow pass, dominated on one side by an overhanging height, the barbarians sprang out of their ambuscades in every direction, attacking in front and rear, discharging missiles and coming to close quarters, and rolling down huge stones upon the army. It was on the rear that the enemy pressed in greatest force. The infantry column wheeled and faced him; but it was proved beyond a doubt that, had not the rear been well strengthened, a terrible disaster would have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was, they were brought to the extremest jeopardy, and were within a hair's breadth of destruction. For while Hannibal was hesitating about sending his men into the defile because, though he could himself support the cavalry, he had no reserve in his rear for the infantry, the mountaineers rushed on his flanks, and having cut his line in half barred his advance. One night he had to pass without his cavalry and his baggage.

Next day, as the barbarians were less active in their attacks, the army was again united, and fought its way through the pass, but not without loss, which, however, fell more heavily on the beasts of burden than on the men. From this point the mountaineers became less numerous; hovering round more like brigands than soldiers, they threatened now the van, now the rear, whenever the ground gave them a chance, or stragglers in advance or behind offered an opportunity. The elephants, though it was a tedious business to drive them along the narrow precipitous passes, at least protected the troops from the enemy wherever they went, inspiring as they did, a peculiar fear in all who were unused to approach them.

On the ninth day they reached the top of the Alps, passing for the most part over trackless steeps, and by devious ways, into which they were led by the treachery of their guides. Two days they encamped on the height, and the men, worn out with hardships and fighting, were allowed to rest. Some beasts of burden too which had fallen down among the crags, found their way to the camp by following the army's track. The men were already worn out and wearied with their many miseries, when a fall of snow coming with the setting of the Pleiades added to their sufferings a terrible fear. At daybreak the march was resumed, and as the army moved wearily over ground all buried in snow, languor and despair were visibly written on every face, when Hannibal stepped to the front, and having ordered a halt on a peak which commanded a wide and distant prospect, pointed to Italy and to the plains round the Po, as they lay beneath the heights of the Alps, telling his men, " 'Tis the walls not of Italy only but of Rome itself that you are now scaling. What remains," he added, " will be a smooth descent; in one, or at the most, in two battles we shall have the citadel and capital of Italy in our grasp and power."

The army then began to advance, and now even the enemy attempted nothing but some stealthy ambuscades, as opportunity offered. The remainder, however, of the march proved far more difficult than the ascent, as the Alps for the most part on the Italian side have a shorter and therefore a steeper slope. In fact the whole way was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so much so that they could not keep themselves from falling, nor could those who had once stumbled maintain their foothold. Thus they tumbled one over another and the beasts of burden over the men.

Next they came to a much narrower pass with walls of rock so perpendicular that a light-armed soldier could hardly let himself down by feeling his way, and grasping with his hands the bushes and roots sticking out around him. The place of old was naturally precipitous, and now by a recent landslip it had broken away sheer to a depth of a thousand feet. Here the cavalry halted, as if it must be the end of their route, and Hannibal wondering what delayed the march, was told that the rock was impassable. Then he went himself to examine the spot. There seemed to be no doubt that he must lead his army round by pathless and hitherto untrodden slopes, however tedious might be the circuit. This route, however, was impracticable; for while on last season's still unmelted snow lay a fresh layer of moderate depth, where the foot of the first comer found a good hold on the soft and not very deep drift, as soon as it had been once trampled down under the march of such a host of men and beasts, they had to walk on the bare ice beneath, and the liquid mud from the melting snow. Here there was a horrible struggle. The slippery ice allowed no firm foothold, and indeed betrayed the foot all the more quickly on the slope, so that whether a man helped himself to rise by his hands or knees, his supports gave way, and he fell again. And here there were no stalks or roots to which hand or foot could cling. Thus there was incessant rolling on nothing but smooth ice or slush of snow. The beasts broke through, occasionally treading down even to the very lowest layer of snow, and when they fell, as they wildly struck out with their hoofs in their efforts to rise, they cut clean to the bottom, till many of them stuck fast in the hard and deep frozen ice, as if caught in a trap.

At last, when both men and beasts were worn out with fruitless exertion, they encamped on a height, in a spot which with the utmost difficulty they had cleared; so much snow had to be dug out and removed. The soldiers were then marched off to the work of making a road through the rock, as there only was a passage possible. Having to cut into the stone, they heaped up a huge pile of wood from great trees in the neighbourhood, which they had felled and lopped. As soon as there was strength enough in the wind to create a blaze they lighted the pile, and melted the rocks, as they heated, by pouring vinegar on them. The burning stone was cleft open with iron implements, and then they relieved the steepness of the slopes by gradual winding tracks, so that even the elephants as well as the other beasts could be let down. Four days were spent in this rocky pass, and the beasts almost perished of hunger, as the heights generally are quite bare, and such herbage as grows is buried in snow. Amid the lower slopes were valleys, sunny hills too, and streams, and woods beside them, and spots now at last more worthy to be the habitations of man. Here they sent the beasts to feed, and the men worn out with the toil of road-making, were allowed to rest. In the next three days they reached level ground, and now the country was less wild, as was also the character of the inhabitants.

Such on the whole was the march which brought them to Italy, in the fifth month, according to some authors, after leaving New Carthage, the passage of the Alps having occupied fifteen days. As to the numbers of Hannibal's army on his arrival in Italy, historians are not agreed. The highest reckoning is a hundred thousand infantry and twenty thousand cavalry; the lowest twenty thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry. Cincius Alimentus, who tells us that he was taken prisoner by Hannibal, would have the greatest weight with me, did he not confuse the numbers by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these there arrived eighty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, though it is more probable that they flocked to his standard in Italy; and so some writers state. Cincius says that Hannibal himself told him that, after crossing the Rhone, he lost thirty-six thousand men, and a vast number of horses and beasts of burden. The tribe that he first encountered on his descent into Italy were the Taurini,[1] a half Gallic race. About this all agree, and therefore I am the more surprised at there being a controversy as to where Hannibal crossed the Alps, and at the vulgar belief that he marched over the Pœnine Pass, and that the range thence got its name. I wonder, too, that Cælius says that he crossed by the heights of Cremo. Both these passes would have brought him, not to the Taurini, but through other mountain tribes to the Libuan Gauls. Nor is it likely that those routes to Gaul were then open; certainly those which lead to the Pœnine would have been barred by tribes of half-German race. And assuredly these mountains, according to the Seduni and Veragri, the inhabitants of the range, did not get their name, if such an argument has any weight, from any passage of the Pœni, but from the deity to whom the summit is sacred, and whom the mountaineers call Pœninus.[1]

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[1] From whom Turin takes its name.—D. O.

Very opportunely for the opening of the campaign, war had broken out between the Taurini, the nearest tribe, and the Insubres. But Hannibal could not get his army ready to help either side, for it was in recovering itself that it felt most keenly the miseries which had accumulated on it. Ease after hardship, plenty after want, comfort after squalor and filth acted variously on their neglected and well-nigh brutalized frames. This was enough to make the consul Publius Cornelius march rapidly to the Po, as soon he had reached Pisæ by sea, though the troops which he took over from Manlius and Atilius were raw levies, still cowed by recent disgraces. He desired to engage the enemy before he had recovered himself. But by the time that he had arrived at Placentia, Hannibal had moved from his camp, and had stormed one of the towns of the Taurini, the capital of the tribe, as the citizens chose to decline his friendship. He would have secured the alliance of the Gauls in the neighbourhood of the Po, not merely by intimidation but with their own consent, had not the consul's sudden arrival surprised them, as they were looking out for an opportunity of revolt. Hannibal at the same moment left the Taurini, feeling that the Gauls, in their uncertainty which side they ought to take, would range themselves on that of the successful.

/ The two armies were now nearly in sight of each other, and the generals had almost met, each penetrated with a certain admiration for his antagonist, though as yet he knew but little of him. Hannibal's name, indeed, even before the fall of Saguntum, was familiar to the Romans, while Scipio was regarded by Hannibal as an eminent man, from the simple fact that he had been singled out for command against himself. And now they had risen in each other's esteem: Scipio, because, though left in Gaul, he had confronted Hannibal on his descent into Italy; Hannibal, because he had attempted and accomplished the passage of the Alps. Scipio, however, was the first to cross the Po. He moved his camp to the river Ticinus, and before leading his men into action delivered the following harangue for their encouragement:

"Soldiers, were I leading into battle the army I had with me in Gaul, I should have thought it needless to address you. What use, indeed, could there be in words of encouragement to the horsemen who gloriously defeated the enemy's cavalry at the Rhone, or to the legions with which I pursued that same enemy in his flight, finding in his retreat and in his refusal to give battle the equivalent of victory? Now, since that army, having been levied for Spain, is fighting there, as the senate and people of Rome willed that it should, with my brother Cn. Scipio in command, and under my auspices,[1] and since I have volunteered to command in this battle, that you may have a consul to lead you against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, I, a new commander over new soldiers, am bound to say a few words. I would have you know both the enemy and the conditions of the war. You have to fight, soldiers, with the men whom you vanquished by sea and land in the former war, from whom for twenty years you have exacted tribute, from whom you wrested as prizes of the contest provinces which you now hold, Sicily and Sardinia. In this battle, therefore, there will be in you and in them the spirit which belongs respectively to the victors and the vanquished. Even now they are going to fight, not because they are confident, but because they are compelled. For surely you can not think that the very men who declined battle with their army in its full strength, have found more confidence now that they have lost two thirds of their infantry and cavalry in crossing the Alps. Well, but you will say that though they are but few, they have such stout hearts and frames, that scarcely any strength can bear the brunt of their resolute attack. No; they are nothing but ghosts and shadows of men, half dead with hunger, cold, filth, and misery, bruised and maimed amid crags and rocks; add to this their limbs frost-bitten, their fingers stiffened by the snow, their frames shrivelled with the frost, their arms shattered and broken, their horses lame and feeble. Such is the cavalry, such the infantry with which you are going to fight. It is not an enemy, it is the last remnant of an enemy that you will have before you; and what I fear most is that when you have fought, it will be the Alps that will seem to have conquered Hannibal. Yet perhaps it was right that it should be so, and that the gods, without human aid, should begin and all but terminate a war waged against a treaty-breaking leader and people, while we, who next to the gods have been grievously wronged, merely finish off what they have both begun and almost ended.

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[1] This discussion has continued down to the present day, with no satisfactory results. I am rather inclined to agree with Dr. Arnold in his preference for the Little St. Bernard route.—D. O.

"I have no fear that any of you will think that I am talking grandly to encourage you, while in heart I feel far otherwise. I might have gone with my army to Spain, my allotted province, for which I had started, where I should have a brother to share my counsels and be the companion of my dangers, Hasdrubal instead of Hannibal for my foe, and an unquestionably less formidable war. But, as I was sailing along the shores of Gaul, on hearing the rumours about this enemy I landed, sent on my cavalry and advanced my camp to the Rhone. In an action fought by my cavalry, the only portion of my army with which I had an opportunity of fighting, I vanquished the enemy. His infantry, which hurried on with the rapidity of a flight, I could not overtake, and so I returned with all possible speed to my ships, made this long circuit by sea and land, and now almost at the foot of the Alps have met this dread foe. Can you think that I have stumbled on him unexpectedly, when seeking to shun a conflict, rather than that I am confronting him on his very track, challenging and forcing him to fight? It is a joy to me to try whether in the last twenty years the earth has suddenly produced another race of Carthaginians, or whether they are the same as they were when they fought at the Ægates Islands, whom you then let go from Eryx at a valuation of eighteen denarii for each man. And this Hannibal, is he, as he boasts, a rival of Hercules in his expeditions, or the man whom his father left to pay tax and tribute and be the slave of the Roman people? Were it not that his crime at Saguntum is driving him on, he would surely look back, if not on his conquered country, at least on his home and his father, and on those treaties in the very handwriting of that Hamilcar who, at our consul's bidding, withdrew his garrison from Eryx, accepted with murmurs and lamentation the hard terms imposed on Carthage, and consented to give up Sicily and pay tribute to Rome. So I would have you fight, soldiers, not merely with the feelings you have toward any other foe, but with a peculiar wrath and fury, as if you saw your own slaves suddenly bearing arms against you. You might have destroyed them by that worst of all human punishments, starvation, when they were shut in at Eryx; you might have crossed with your victorious fleet into Africa, and within a few days have effaced Carthage without a struggle. But we gave quarter when they begged it; we released them from blockade; we made peace with the conquered; finally, we took them under our protection in their sore distress during the African war. By way of return for these boons, they come following the lead of a young madman, to attack our country. And would that this battle were only for your honour, and not for your safety! Not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, which were formerly in dispute, but for Italy you have now to fight. There is no other army behind you to bar the enemy's way if we do not conquer; there are no more Alps, during the passage of which new forces can be raised. Here, soldiers, you must make a stand as if we were fighting before the walls of Rome. Let every man of you assure himself that he is defending with his arms, not himself, but his wife and his little children; and let him not confine himself to thoughts of his family; let him reflect again and again that the senate and commons of Rome are now anxiously watching our prowess, and that such as shall be our strength and resolution, such too in the future will be the fortune of that great city and of the empire of Rome."

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[1] As being consul. It was on this theory that in later times triumphs were decreed to the emperors, though the victories might have been won by their generals.—D. O.

So spake the consul to the Romans. Hannibal, thinking that his men might be best stirred by deeds first and words afterward, formed his army in a circle and exhibited to them a spectacle. Some prisoners taken from the mountaineers were placed bound in the midst. Gallic weapons were flung down at their feet, and an interpreter was ordered to ask whether any of them would like to fight, if he were to be released from his bonds and were to receive, as the prize of victory, arms and a charger. All to a man cried out for arms and a combat, and when the lot had been thrown for that purpose, every man was eager to be the person whom fortune should select for the deed. Each man too, as his lot fell out, with brisk alacrity and joyful exultation, amid congratulating comrades, hurriedly seized his weapons and danced after his country's fashion. When they came to fight, the prevailing temper, not only of their fellows in the same plight as themselves, but also of the crowd of spectators was such that the fortune of the man who nobly fell was as much applauded as that of the conqueror.

Hannibal having thus impressed his men by the spectacle of several pairs of combatants and then dismissed them, afterward summoned them together and spoke as follows:

" If, soldiers, you mean to exhibit in estimating your own lot that same temper which you have just shown in witnessing the exhibition of the fortunes of others, we have already conquered. What you saw yonder, was not a mere spectacle; it was, so to say, a picture of your present position. I almost think that fortune has imposed heavier bonds and heavier necessities on you than on your prisoners. On your right and on your left two seas shut you in, and you have not so much as a single vessel for your escape. Round you is the river Po, a broader and more rapid stream than the Rhone; behind hang over you the Alps, which in the full freshness of your strength you could scarcely cross. Here, soldiers, you must conquer or die, as soon as you have met the enemy; and that same fortune, which has imposed on you the necessity of fighting, holds out to you, if victorious, the grandest rewards which men can hope for even from the immortal gods. Were Sicily and Sardinia, which were wrested from our forefathers, all we were about to recover by our valour, even this would be an ample recompense. All that the Romans have won, all the accumulated fruits of their many triumphs, all this and its possessors will be yours. For so magnificent a reward haste to arm yourselves, the gods being your good helpers. Hitherto while you hunted cattle amid those wild mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia, you have seen no recompense for your hardships and dangers; now it is time for you to enter on rich and lucrative campaigns, and to earn great wages for your service. Your vast marches over these many mountains, over these rivers, through these warlike tribes, you have already accomplished; here Fortune has given you an end of your labours; here, when you have finished your campaigning, she will give you a worthy reward.

"And do not think that, because the war has a great name, victory will be correspondingly difficult. Often has a despised foe fought a bloody battle, and famous nations and kings been vanquished with a very slight effort. If you take away the mere glitter of Rome's name, what ground is there for comparing the Romans with yourselves? Not to speak of your twenty years' service, marked by a valour and a success known to all, you have marched hither victorious from the Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean and the remotest limits of the earth, through a host of the fiercest peoples of Spain and Gaul. You will fight with raw levies, which this very summer have been beaten, vanquished, and hemmed in by the Gauls; an army of which their commander knows nothing, and which knows nothing of him. Am I, born as I almost was, certainly bred in my father's tent, and he the most famous of generals, I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, victorious over the Alpine tribes, and, what is even more, over the Alps themselves, to compare myself with this six months' officer, this deserter from his own army? Why, I am sure that if he were to be shown the Carthaginians and Romans without their standards, he would not know which army he commanded. It is, I consider, no light matter, soldiers, that there is not a man among you before whose eyes I have not myself achieved some soldierly deed, not a man whose valour I have not personally witnessed, and whose honourable distinctions I can not call to mind with their proper dates and scenes. As your foster-son rather than as your commander, with those whom I have praised and rewarded a thousand times, I shall go into battle against men unknowing and unknown to each other.

" Wherever I turn my eyes, I see around me nothing but courage and solid strength, veteran infantry, cavalry regular and irregular from the noblest tribes, you the most loyal and bravest of allies, you, men of Carthage, resolving to fight for your country, and in a most righteous quarrel. 'Tis we who attack, who with hostile standards are marching down on Italy, certain to fight more bravely and fearlessly than the foe, inasmuch as he who attacks has higher hope and greater spirit than he who defends. Our hearts too are burning with the excitement of wrath, of wrong remembered and indignities endured. They demanded for execution first myself, your general, then all of you that were at the siege of Saguntum; had we been surrendered, they meant to inflict on us the extremest tortures. The most merciless, the most arrogant of nations would have everything its own and at its own disposal, and thinks it right to prescribe to us with whom we may have war, with whom peace. It confines and incloses us within boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we are not to pass, but it does not itself observe those boundaries which it fixes. 'You are not to cross the Ebro; you are not to meddle with Saguntum.' Well, but Saguntum is not on the Ebro.[1] 'You are not to move a foot's breadth anywhere.' Is it a trifle that you are robbing me of my oldest provinces, Sicily and Sardinia? Will you also cross over into Spain, and if I withdraw thence, into Africa? Will you cross over, do I say? They have crossed over. Of the two consuls of this year they have sent one to Africa, the other to Spain. Nothing is left us but what we shall make good by our arms. They can afford to be cowards and dastards, they who have something to fall back on, whom their own country, their own territory will receive, as they flee through its safe and peaceful roads. For you it is a necessity to be brave; and now that you have resolved in your despair to cast away all but the alternatives of victory or death, you must either conquer, or, if fortune be doubtful, meet your fate in battle rather than in flight. If this is the fixed resolve of every heart, I say again, your have conquered. Contempt of death is the mightiest weapon given by the gods to man for the winning of victory."

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[1] This is the very suitable place where Livy pricks the one apparent inconsistency in the treaty made with Hasdrubal. Altogether these speeches may be regarded as models of imaginative historical writing. —D. O.

Such were the stirring words by which the soldiers' hearts on both sides were kindled for the battle. The Romans threw a bridge over the Ticinus, building a fort also on it for its defence. While the enemy was busy with this work, the Carthaginian despatched Maharbal with a squadron of five hundred Numidian cavalry to ravage the lands of the allies of Rome, with orders to spare the Gauls as much as possible and to incite the minds of their chiefs to revolt. As soon as the bridge was completed, the Roman army was marched across it into the territory of the Insubres, and encamped five miles from Ictumuli. Here Hannibal had his camp. He promptly recalled Maharbal and the cavalry, when he saw that a battle was imminent, and as he thought that he could not say enough by way of encouragement to inspirit his men, he summoned them to an assembly and offered definite rewards, in the hope of which they were to fight. He would give them land in Italy, Africa, Spain, wherever each man liked, free of all burdens to its possessor and his children; the man who preferred money to land he would furnish amply with coin; those of the allies who wished to become Carthaginian citizens should have the opportunity; as for those who chose to return to their homes, he would take care that they would never wish to exchange their lot for that of any of their fellow-countrymen. To slaves also who accompanied their masters he offered freedom, and to the masters were to be given two slaves in place of each. That they might be assured of the fulfilment of these promises, he held in his left hand a lamb and a flint knife in his right, and invoked Jupiter and the other gods to slay him as he slew the lamb should he break faith. After this imprecation, he crushed the animal's head with the stone. Then, as if every man felt that the gods authorized his hopes, to delay the fight seemed to be to delay the attainment of their desires, and they all with one heart and voice clamoured for battle.

Among the Romans there was no such eagerness. Besides other fears, some recent portents had dismayed them. A wolf had entered their camp, and after mangling all he met had escaped uninjured. A swarm of bees too had settled on a tree overhanging the general's tent. Scipio went through the due propitiations, and then with his cavalry and light-armed spearmen set out to reconnoitre the enemy's camp and learn from a near view the composition of his army. He met Hannibal, also riding forward with some troopers to ascertain the nature of the neighbouring ground. Neither at first saw the other. Soon the dust rising more and more densely with the movements of such a host of men and horses indicated an enemy's approach. Both armies halted and prepared for battle.

Scipio posted his light-armed spearmen and his Gallic cavalry in his first line, his Roman soldiers with the flower of the allies in his reserves. Hannibal ranged his regular cavalry in his centre; his wings he strengthened with his Numidians. Scarce had the battle-shout been raised, when the spearmen fled to the second line among the reserves. For some time after this the fight between the cavalry was doubtful; but after a while as the foot-soldiers mingling with their ranks frightened the horses, and many of the riders were thrown or else dismounted on seeing their fellow-soldiers hard pressed and in danger, the battle came to be fought to a great degree on foot. Then the Numidians on the wings, making a slight wheel, showed themselves on the rear. This alarming sight quite confounded the Romans, and their terror was increased by the wounding of their general, who was rescued from his danger by the prompt arrival of his son, then in his early youth. This was the young man to whom belongs the glory of the ending of this war, and who was named Africanus for his splendid victory over Hannibal and the Carthaginians. Still there was a disorderly flight, especially among the spearmen, who were the first whom the Numidians had charged. Some of the cavalry closed up, received the consul into their centre, and defending him with their persons as well as with their weapons brought him back to the camp in a retreat free from hurry and confusion. The glory of having saved the consul is ascribed by Cælius to a slave of Ligurian origin; but I prefer myself to accept as true the story about the son, which has the preponderance of authority and has been uniformly asserted by tradition.

Such was the first battle with Hannibal. It clearly showed the Carthaginian's superiority in cavalry, and that, consequently, open plains, such as those between the Po and the Alps, were not a suitable battle-field for the Romans. Accordingly, on the following night, orders were given to the soldiers to collect their baggage, the camp was moved from the Ticinus, and a forced march made to the Po, in the hope of finding the rafts with which the river had been bridged still unbroken, and so of crossing without confusion and pursuit from the enemy. They reached Placentia before Hannibal knew for certain that they had left the Ticinus; as it was, however, he captured about six hundred who were lingering on the left bank of the Po, lazily loosing the raft. He could not cross the bridge, as the entire raft drifted down the stream, as soon as its extremities were unfastened. According to Cælius, Mago at once swam across the river with the cavalry and Spanish infantry, while Hannibal himself took his men across by the upper fords of the Po, first posting his elephants in line so as to check the force of the current. This will hardly find belief with those who know the river; for it is not likely that cavalry could with safety to their arms and horses have stemmed so rapid a stream, even supposing that all the Spaniards had already crossed it on inflated bladders; besides, a circuit of several days would have been required to discover fords on the Po by which an army encumbered with baggage could cross. I put more confidence in those historians who relate that with difficulty, in two days' search, a place was found for bridging the river with a raft, by which Mago and the light-armed Spaniards were sent on in advance. While Hannibal, who tarried a while near the river to receive embassies from the Gauls, was crossing with his heavy infantry, Mago and his horsemen in one day's march after the passage came up with the enemy at Placentia. A few days afterward Hannibal fortified his camp at a distance of six miles from Placentia; the next day he drew up his army in sight of the enemy, and offered battle.

The following night some auxiliary Gauls perpetrated an outrage in the Roman camp; there was more disturbance, however, than damage. As many as two thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry, cutting down the sentries at the camp-gates, deserted to Hannibal. The Carthaginian received them kindly, animated them with the hope of great rewards, and dismissed every man to his native state that he might work on the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Scipio looked on the outrage as a sign of the impending revolt of all the Gauls, who, affected by the contagion of the crime, would fly to arms in a sudden access of madness. Though still suffering from his wound, he yet set off with his army in silence at the fourth watch of the following night, and moved his camp to the river Trebia, where was some rather high ground and hills ill adapted for cavalry. He was less successful in escaping observation than he had been at the Ticinus. Hannibal first despatched his Numidians, then all his cavalry, and would at least have thrown into disorder Scipio's rear, had not the

Numidians in their greed for spoil turned off into the Roman camp. Ransacking every corner in the camp and wasting time without any adequate compensation for such delay, they let the enemy slip from their grasp. After taking a view of the Romans, who had now crossed the Trebia and were measuring out their camp, they cut down a few loiterers whom they had surprised on their own side of the stream.

Scipio, no longer able to bear up against the pain of his wound, which the march had irritated, and thinking that he ought to wait for his colleague, who had, he understood, been already recalled from Sicily, selected and fortified a position near the river, which seemed safest for a permanent camp. Hannibal also encamped at no great distance; though he was elated by his successful cavalry engagement, he was equally perplexed by the daily increasing scarcity which encountered him in his advance through the enemy's country, in which no supplies had been anywhere prepared. He sent therefore to the town of Clastidium,[1] where the Romans had accumulated vast stores of corn. His troops were on the point of attack, when hope was held out that the place would be betrayed to him. At no great cost, merely that of four hundred gold coins, Dasius Brundisinus, the officer of the garrison, was bribed, and Clastidium delivered up to Hannibal. The place served as a magazine to the Carthaginians while in camp on the Trebia. There was no cruel treatment of the prisoners from the surrendered garrison, as Hannibal sought at the outset to get a name for clemency.

Though the war by land was at a standstill at the Trebia, some operations had been carried on by the consul Sempronius, and also before his arrival, both by land and sea, around Sicily and the closely adjacent islands. Twenty five-banked ships had been sent by the Carthaginians with a thousand soldiers to ravage the coasts of Italy. Of these nine reached the Liparæ islands and eight the Isle of Vulcan,[2] while three were driven into the straits by a heavy sea. They were seen from Messana, and Hiero, King of Syracuse, who happened at that time to be at Messana waiting the arrival of the Roman consul, despatched twelve ships against them; these captured them without resistance and brought them into that port. From the prisoners it was ascertained, that besides the fleet of twenty ships, to which they themselves belonged, thirty-five other five-banked ships were making for Sicily with the view of rousing old allies; that the chief object was the seizure of Lilybæum; that it was their belief that these ships also had been driven on the Ægates Islands in the same storm by which they were themselves scattered. King Hiero communicated all this by letter, just as he had heard it, to Marcus Æmilius, the prætor, whose province Sicily was, and advised him to hold Lilybæum with a strong garrison. Instantly the prætor sent off to the various states envoys and military officers, who were to urge their allies to vigilance in self-defence. Above all, Lilybæum was busy with warlike preparations, orders having been publicly issued that the seamen were to bring to the ships cooked food for ten days. There would thus be nothing left to delay embarkation as soon as the signal was given. Along the whole coast, too, men were despatched to observe the enemy's approach from watch-towers.

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[1] Now Castiggio.—D. O.

[2] One of the Liparæ.—D. O.

Accordingly, though the Carthaginians had purposely delayed the advance of their fleet, so as to approach Lilybæum before daylight, yet they were perceived, as the moon shone all night, and they came with their sails set. In a moment the signal was given from the watch-towers, and in the town there was a call to arms, and the fleet was manned. Some of the soldiers were on the walls and on guard at the gates, some on board the ships. The Carthaginians, seeing that they would have to deal with an enemy who was by no means unprepared, kept outside the harbour till daybreak, passing the time lowering the sails and getting their vessels ready for action. At dawn of day they retired with their fleet into the open sea, that there might be room for a battle, and that the enemy's ships might have free passage out of the harbour. Nor did the Romans decline an engagement, encouraged as they were by the memories of past achievements on those same seas, and by the multitude and valour of their soldiers.

As soon as they had reached the open water the Romans were eager to close and to try their strength at near quarters. The Carthaginians, on the contrary, avoided the enemy, preferring manœuvres to direct attack, and wishing to make it a contest of ships more than of men and arms; for their fleet, though amply manned with mariners, was poor in soldiers, and whenever a ship was grappled by the foe, the troops which fought from it were in numbers decidedly inferior. This having been observed, the confidence of the Romans rose at the sight of their numerous soldiery, while that of the enemy was depressed by their deficiency. Seven Carthaginian vessels were at once surrounded; the remainder took to flight. In the captured ships were seventeen hundred soldiers and sailors, and among them three Carthaginian nobles. The Roman fleet returned without loss into harbour, only one vessel having been pierced, but even this was brought back safely.

Immediately after this battle, before those at Messana knew anything of it, Sempronius the consul arrived at the town. As he entered the straits, King Hiero met him with a fleet fully manned and equipped; went from his own to the admiral's ship, and after congratulating the consul on his safe arrival with his army and his fleet, and praying that his passage to Sicily might have a prosperous and successful issue, explained to him the state of the island and the aims of the Carthaginians. He promised, too, that now in his old age he would help the Roman people with as willing a heart as he had done in his youth in the former war. Corn and clothing for the consul's legions and for the seamen he would provide free of cost, and he added that there was the greatest danger hanging over Lilybæum and the cities on the coast, and that some would welcome a revolution. Hearing this the consul thought that he ought without a moment's delay to proceed with his fleet to Lilybæum. The king and the royal fleet started with him. During the voyage from Messana they heard of the battle off Lilybæum, and of the rout and capture of the enemy's ships.

From Lilybæum the consul, dismissing Hiero and the royal fleet and leaving the prætor to guard the coasts of Sicily, crossed over himself to the island of Melita,[1] then in the possession of the Carthaginians. On his approach, Hamilcar, son of Gisgo, the commander of the garrison, surrendered himself, with nearly two thousand troops, the town, and the island. A few days afterward the consul returned from Messana to Lilybæum, and the prisoners taken both by him and the consul were sold by auction, such as were distinguished by noble birth being excepted. When he thought that Sicily was safe enough on this side, he crossed to the islands of Vulcan, as report said that the Carthaginian fleet was moored there. Not a man, however, of the enemy was found near the islands, for it so happened that they had sailed away to ravage the shores of Italy, where they had wasted the territory round Vibo[2] and were also threatening that city. As the consul was returning to Sicily, this raid of the enemy into the territory of Vibo was reported to him, and there was also handed to him a despatch from the senate telling of Hannibal's passage into Italy, and bidding him on the very first opportunity render aid to his colleague.

Harassed by a combination of many anxieties, he at once

[1] Malta.—D. O.

[2] Now Monteleone.—D. O.

put his troops on shipboard and sent them up the Adriatic to Ariminum, while to his lieutenant Sextus Pompeius he assigned the defence of the country round Vibo and of the shores of Italy with five-and-twenty war-ships. He made up the fleet of Marcus Æmilius, the prætor, to fifty vessels. As soon as he had settled the affairs of Sicily, he went in person, cruising along the Italian coast, with ten ships to Ariminum.[1] Thence he set out with his army for the river Trebia and joined his colleague.

Both consuls and all the available strength of Rome were now opposed to Hannibal, a plain proof that either the Roman Empire could be defended by these forces or that no other troops remained. Still, one of the consuls, disheartened by a single cavalry action and the wound he had received, wished to defer battle. The other, whose courage was unbroken and spirits high, would not brook delay.

The country between the Trebia and the Po was then inhabited by the Gauls, who during this struggle between two overwhelmingly powerful nations showed no decided bias, and had an eye undoubtedly to the favour of the conqueror. Provided only they remained quiet, the Romans were well satisfied, but the Carthaginians were greatly mortified, repeatedly declaring that they had come at the invitation of the Gauls to set them free. Resentment, and the wish to support their soldiers on the plunder, suggested the sending of five thousand infantry and a thousand horse, Numidians for the most part, with some Gauls interspersed among them, to lay waste the whole country, district after district as far as the banks of the Po. In their sore need of help the Gauls, though hitherto they had maintained an undecided attitude, were driven to turn from the authors of this wrong to those who would, they hoped, avenge it. They sent envoys to the consul, imploring Roman aid for a country suffering grievously from the too faithful loyalty of its inhabitants. Neither the ground nor the occasion for interference approved itself to Cornelius, and he suspected the nation for its many acts of faithlessness, but above all, if other memories had faded in a forgotten past, for the recent treachery of the Boii. Sempronius, on the contrary, held that the defence of the first who needed succour was the surest bond for the preservation of the loyalty of the allies. While his colleague hesitated, he sent his own cavalry with a thousand infantry attached to it, almost all light-armed, to protect the territory of the Gauls beyond the Trebia. Suddenly attacking the dispersed and disorderly pillagers, who were also for the most part encumbered with booty, they caused an intense panic, slaying them and driving them before them to their camps and outposts. Driven back by the numbers that sallied forth, they renewed the fight when re-enforced by their own men. With varying fortune of battle they pursued and retired, and left the action undecided at last. But the enemy's loss was the heavier, and the honour of victory rested with the Romans.

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[1] Rimini.—D. O.

No one, indeed, thought their success greater and more complete than the consul himself. He was transported with joy at having been victorious with the very arm, the cavalry, with which the other consul had been beaten. The spirits of the soldiers, he was sure, were restored and revived, and no one but his colleague wished to defer the action, and he, ailing as he was, more in mind than body, shrank from battle and the steel, as he thought of his wound. But they must not let themselves sink into a sick man's languor. What good was there in further delay and waste of time? Where is the third consul and the third army we are waiting for? The Carthaginian camp is in Italy, almost within sight of Rome. It is not Sicily or Sardinia, already lost to the conquered, it is not Spain this side of the Ebro which is threatened; it is from their native soil, from the land in which they were born, that the Romans are to be driven. "What a sigh," he exclaimed, "would our fathers heave, they who were wont to fight round the walls of Carthage, were they to see us, their offspring, two consuls and two consular armies cowering within their camp in the heart of Italy, while the Carthaginian has brought under his sway all the country between the Alps and the Apennines?" Such was the language, vehement almost as a popular harangue, which he would pour forth as he sat by his ailing comrade, or in the headquarters. He was goaded on too by the near approach of the elections, and by the fear that the war, with its opportunity of securing all the glory for himself, while his colleague was disabled, would be postponed till new consuls came into office. Accordingly, he bade the soldiers prepare for the coming battle, while Cornelius in vain dissented.

Hannibal, seeing clearly what was best for his foe, had hardly a hope that the consuls would act at all rashly or imprudently. But now being well aware that the temper of one of them, as he knew at first by report, and subsequently by experience, was impetuous and headstrong, and surmising that it was the more so after the successful skirmish with his pillaging parties, he felt sure that the happy opportunity for action was at hand. Anxiously and intently did he watch that he might not let the moment slip, while the enemy's soldiery were raw recruits, while the better of the generals was disabled by his wound, and while the courage of the Gauls was in its freshness. Their numerous host, he knew, would follow him with less alacrity the further they were dragged from their homes. For these, and like reasons, he hoped the battle was at hand, and he was eager to force it, if there was any hesitation. When the Gauls who acted as his spies (as Gauls were serving in both camps, these could be most safely employed to give the knowledge he desired) had brought back word that the Romans were ready for battle, he proceeded to look out a position for an ambuscade.

Between the armies was a stream closed in by very high banks, and by an overgrowth on either side of marshy grass, and of the underwood and bramble bushes that usually spread themselves over uncultivated ground. Hannibal himself rode round the place and saw with his own eyes that it afforded ample cover for the concealment even of cavalry. "This," said he to his brother Mago, "will be the spot for you to occupy. Pick out a hundred men from our entire infantry, and as many from the cavalry, and come with them to me in the first watch of the night; now it is time to refresh yourselves." So saying, he dismissed his staff. Mago soon arrived with his picked men. "I see before me," said Hannibal, "a band of heroes; but that you may be strong in numbers as well as in courage, choose each of you nine men like himself from the squadrons and the companies. Mago will show you the place where you are to lie hid; you have an enemy blind to these stratagems of war." Having then dismissed Mago with his thousand horse and thousand foot, Hannibal at dawn ordered his Numidian cavalry to cross the Trebia and ride up to the gates of the enemy's camp. There by discharging missiles at the sentries they were to lure the enemy to an engagement, and then, the battle once begun, gradually to draw him after them to their side of the river. Such were his orders to the Numidians. The other infantry and cavalry officers were directed to see that all the men had a meal, and then to await the signal, armed, and with horses saddled.

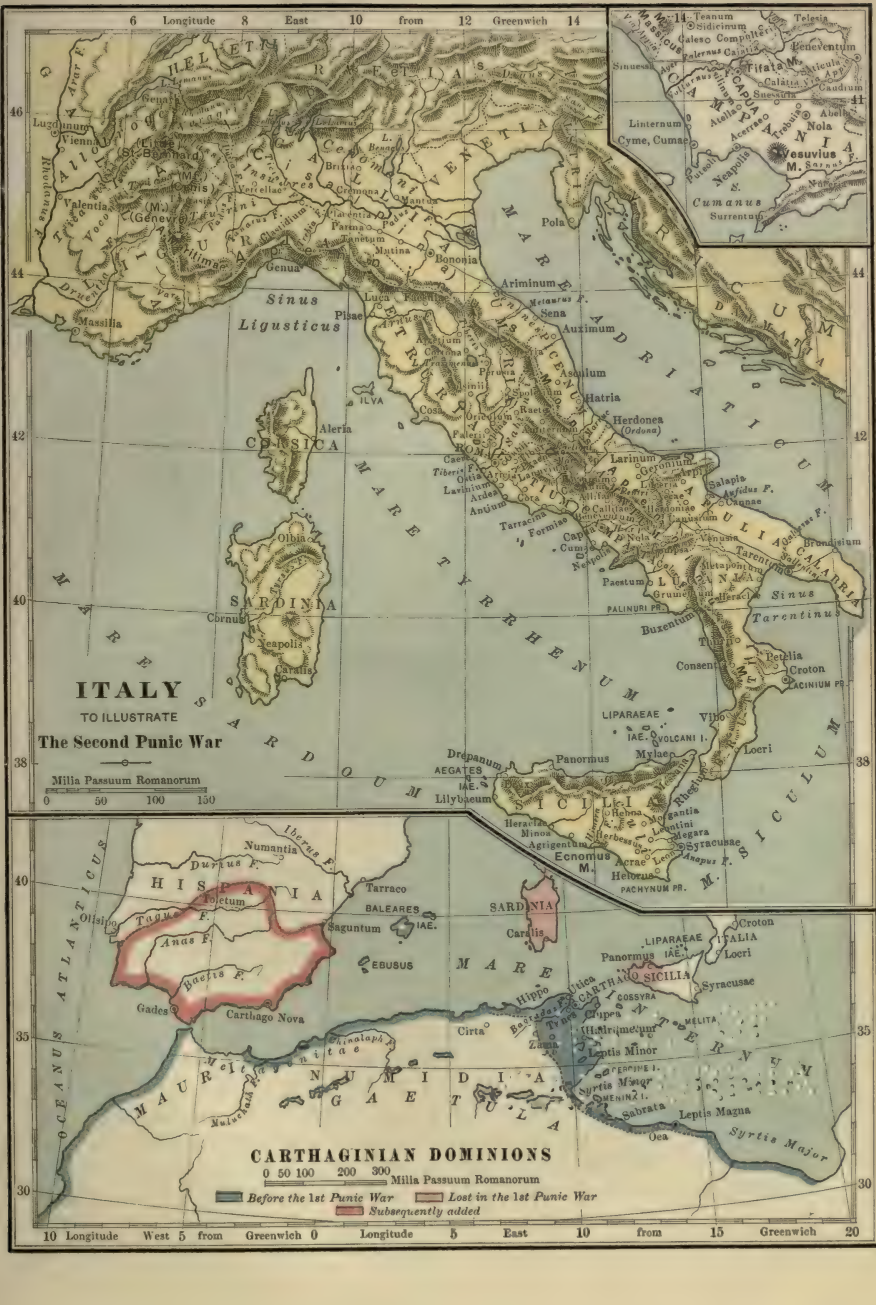
Eager for battle, for his purpose was already fixed, Sempronius, on the first alarm caused by the Numidians, led out the whole of his cavalry, the arm in which he had peculiar confidence, then six thousand infantry, and at last his entire army. It happened to be winter, and a snowy day; the region, too, lies between the Alps and the Apennines, and the neighbourhood of rivers and marshes renders it intensely cold. And then as the men and the horses had to be hurriedly marched out without a previous meal, and with no protection against the cold, there was no warmth in them, and as they approached the river, more and more piercingly did the frosty air blow in their faces. As soon as they plunged into the water in pursuit of the retreating Numidians (and it was breast-high from having been swollen by rain in the night) their limbs grew stiffer and stiffer, so that when they stepped out of it, they had hardly strength to grasp their weapons, and grew faint from fatigue and from hunger also as the day wore on.

Hannibal's soldiers meanwhile had had fires lit before their tents; oil was distributed among the companies with which to make their limbs supple, and they had enjoyed a leisurely meal. As soon as the news came that the enemy had crossed the river, they armed themselves and marched out to battle in full vigour of heart and frame. His Balearic slingers, to the number of about eight thousand, all light-armed, Hannibal posted in front of the standards, next his heavy-armed infantry—the strength and stay of his army. His flanks he covered with ten thousand cavalry, and placed his elephants in two divisions on either flank.

The consul, seeing that his cavalry were pursuing in loose order and were confronted unexpectedly by a sudden resistance from the Numidians, gave the signal for retreat, recalled his men, and received them within his infantry. Of Romans there were eighteen thousand; of the Latin allies, twenty thousand, and some auxiliaries of the Cenomani, the only Gallic tribe which had stood firm to its loyalty. Such were the forces which met in action. The slingers began the battle, but as they were encountered by the superior strength of the infantry, these light troops were suddenly withdrawn to the wings, the result being that the Roman cavalry was at once hard pressed. Even before, four thousand troopers could by themselves barely hold their ground against ten thousand, most of whom were fresh while they were fatigued, and now they were overwhelmed, so to say, by a cloud of missiles from the Baliares. Then, too, the elephants, towering conspicuously as they did on the flanks, and scaring the horses by their appearance and above all by their strange smell, caused widespread panic. The contending infantry were well matched as to courage but not as to physical strength, which indeed the Carthaginians, who had just refreshed themselves, had brought in full vigour into the battle. The Romans, on the other hand, had hungry, weary frames, stiff and benumbed with cold. Still, their courage would have held out had they had to fight only with infantry. But the Baliares, after driving back the cavalry, kept up a discharge of missiles on the Roman flanks, and the elephants had now thrown themselves into the midst of the infantry, while Mago and his Numidians, the moment the army had unawares passed their ambush, started up in the rear, spreading terrible confusion and panic. Yet with all these horrors around them, the ranks stood firm some time, even against the elephants, contrary to all expectation. Some light-armed troops, posted for the purpose, drove them off with showers of darts and then pursued them.

In their confusion they were beginning to rush wildly at their own men, when Hannibal ordered them to be driven from the centre to the extreme left against the Gallic auxiliaries. Among these they created at once a very decided panic, and fresh fear fell on the Romans as soon as they saw their auxiliaries routed. They now stood fighting in a circular formation, when nearly ten thousand men, who could find no other way of escape, broke through the centre of the African troops, where this had been strengthened by some Gallic auxiliaries, making great slaughter among the enemy. Cut off by the river from return into their camp, and not being able to see for the rain where they could help their comrades, they marched straight to Placentia. Then followed rush after rush in all directions; some made for the river and were swept away in its eddies, or were cut down by the enemy as they hesitated to plunge into the stream. Such as were dispersed in flight over the country followed the track of the main body in its retreat, and made for Placentia. Others there were to whom dread of the enemy gave courage to plunge into the river, which they crossed, and arrived at the camp. A storm of mingled rain and snow with an unendurable intensity of cold destroyed many of the men and of the beasts of burden, and almost all the elephants.

The Trebia was the final limit of the Carthaginian pursuit. They returned to their camp so benumbed with cold that they hardly felt the joy of victory. Consequently on the next night, when the camp garrison and the other survivors, mainly wounded men, crossed the Trebia on rafts, the enemy either perceived nothing, or, not being able to move from fatigue and wounds, they pretended to perceive nothing. Thus, unmolested by the Carthaginians, the consul Scipio marched his army in perfect quiet to Placentia, whence he crossed the Po


ITALY
TO ILLUSTRATE
The Second Punic War
Milia Passuum Romanorum
0 50 100 150
6 Longitude 8 East 10 from 12 Greenwich 14
46
44
42
40
38
HELVETII
RAETIA
GALLIA CISALPINA
VENETIA
LIGURIA
ETRURIA
UMBRIA
PICENUM
LATIUM
SAMNIUM
CAMPANIA
APULIA
CALABRIA
LUCANIA
BRUTTII
ILLYRICUM
DALMATIA
ISTRIA
Allobroges
Insubres
Cenomani
Boii
Taurini
Lugdunum
Vienna
Valentia
Genava
Massilia
Genua
Sinus Ligusticus
Pisae
Luca
Faesulae
Arretium
Cortona
Perusia
Clastidium
Placentia
Parma
Tanetum
Mutina
Bononia
Cremona
Brixia
Mantua
Vercellae
Pola
Ariminum
Sena
Auximum
Asculum
Hatria
Herdonea (Ordona)
Larinum
Geronium
Arpi
Salapia
Cannae
Canusium
Venusia
Brundisium
Tarentum
Metapontum
Heraclea
Sinus Tarentinus
Paestum
Grumentum
Buxentum
PALINURI PR.
Thurii
Consentia
Petelia
Croton
LACINIUM PR.
Vibo
Locri
Rhegium
Messana
Mylae
LIPARAEAE IAE.
VOLCANI I.
ROMA
Ostia
Lavinium
Ardea
Antium
Cora
Tarracina
Formiae
Capua
Cumae
Neapolis
Nola
Casilinum
Allifae
Callifae
Beneventum
Caere
Falerii
Cosa
ILVA
CORSICA
Aleria
SARDINIA
Olbia
Cornus
Neapolis
Caralis
MARE TYRRHENUM
MARE SARDOUM
MARE ADRIATICUM
MARE SICULUM
SICILIA
Drepanum
AEGATES IAE.
Lilybaeum
Panormus
Heraclea
Minoa
Agrigentum
Ecnomus M.
Henna
Morgantia
Leontini
Megara
Syracusae
Acrae
Helorus
PACHYNUM PR.
Anapus F.
Teanum
Sidicinum
Cales
Compulteria
Telesia
Massicus M.
Sinuessa
Ager Falernus
Caiatia
Tifata M.
Beneventum
Saticula
Calatia
Via Appia
Caudium
Suessula
Linternum
Cyme, Cumae
Atella
Acerrae
Trebula
Abella
Nola
CAMPANIA
Puteoli
Neapolis
Vesuvius M.
Sarnus F.
Nuceria
S. Cumanus
Surrentum
Volturnus F.
41
CARTHAGINIAN DOMINIONS
0 50 100 200 300 Milia Passuum Romanorum
Before the 1st Punic War
Lost in the 1st Punic War
Subsequently added
10 Longitude West 5 from Greenwich 0 Longitude 5 East 10 from 15 Greenwich 20
HISPANIA
Numantia
Iberus F.
Durius F.
Tagus F.
Anas F.
Baetis F.
Toletum
Olisipo
Tarraco
Saguntum
BALEARES IAE.
EBUSUS
Gades
Carthago Nova
OCEANUS ATLANTICUS
SARDINIA
Caralis
MARE INTERNUM
LIPARAEAE IAE.
ITALIA
Croton
Locri
Panormus
SICILIA
Syracusae
COSSYRA
MELITA
Hippo
Utica
CARTHAGO
Tynes
Clupea
Hadrumetum
Zama
Leptis Minor
CERCINE I.
Syrtis Minor
MENINX I.
Sabrata
Oea
Leptis Magna
Syrtis Major
Cirta
Bagradas F.
Chinalaph F.
Mulucha F.
MAURI
Metagonitae
NUMIDIA
GAETULIA
40
35
30

to Cremona, that a single colony might be spared the burden of two armies in winter quarters.

At Rome such a panic followed on this disaster that people imagined that the enemy would at once appear before the city in battle array, and that there was no hope, or any means of repelling his attack from their walls and gates—one consul having been beaten at the Ticinus, the other having been recalled from Sicily; and now, with two consuls and two consular armies defeated, what other generals or legions had they to summon to the rescue? In the midst of their alarm the consul Sempronius arrived. At great risk he had made his way through the enemy's cavalry, who were scouring the country for plunder, relying on audacity rather than on skill or any hope of eluding them or chance, should he fail to elude, of successful resistance. The one thing which at the moment was felt to be most important, he did; he held the elections for consuls, and then went back to his winter camp. Cneius Servilius and Caius Flaminius were appointed consuls.

Meanwhile there was no peace or rest for the Romans, even in their winter camp. Everywhere the Numidian cavalry scoured the country, or where the ground was too difficult for them, the Celtiberi and Lusitani.[1] Consequently, all supplies were cut off, except such as were brought up the Po by vessels. Near Placentia stood Emporium; the place had been fortified with great labour, and was held by a strong garrison. In the hope of storming the fortress, Hannibal set out with some cavalry and light-armed troops. It was in the concealment of his design that he mainly rested his confidence of success, but though he attacked by night, he was not unperceived by the sentries. A shout was instantly raised, so loud as to be heard at Placentia. At daybreak the consul was on the spot with his cavalry, his legions having had orders to follow in fighting order. Meantime a cavalry action was fought, in which a panic seized the enemy, because Hannibal left the field wounded, and so the position was brilliantly defended.

Thence, after a few days' rest, before his wound was thoroughly cured, Hannibal marched on Victumviæ to attack the place. It had been fortified by the Romans as a magazine depot during the Gallic war, and a mixed multitude had flocked to it from all the neighbouring tribes. Many more had now been driven into it out of the rural districts by fear of the enemy's ravages. It was a gathering thus composed that, with hearts kindled by the report of the brave defence of the fort near Placentia, flew to arms, and went forth to meet Hannibal. More like a crowd than an army, they encountered him on his march; and as on one side there was nothing but a disorderly throng, while on the other was a general who trusted his soldiers and soldiers who trusted their general, upward of thirty-five thousand were routed by a handful of men. Next day there was a surrender, and a garrison was admitted within the walls. The moment they obeyed the order to give up their arms, the conquerors received a signal to plunder the town, as if they had stormed it, and not a dreadful deed, which under such circumstances historians usually think worthy of note, was left unperpetrated. Every kind of outrage that lust, cruelty, and brutal insolence could suggest was practised on the miserable inhabitants. Such were Hannibal's winter expeditions.

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[1] Spanish tribes.—D. O.

For a brief space, while the cold was intolerable, the soldiers were allowed rest. At the first dubious signs of spring Hannibal quitted his winter quarters, and led them into Etruria with the design of attaching that people to himself, by force or by persuasion, as he had attached the Gauls and Ligurians. While he was crossing the Apennines, he was assailed by a tempest so fierce that it almost exceeded the horrors of the Alps. A storm of wind and rain was driving straight into the men's faces. At first they halted, as they had either to drop their weapons, or, if they still struggled on against it, were caught by the whirlwind and dashed to the earth. Then finding that it actually stopped their breath and prevented respiration, they sat down for a few moments with their backs to the wind. And now the whole heaven resounded with awful rumblings, and amid terrific peals flashed out the lightnings. Blinded and deafened, all stood dumb with fear, till at last, as the rain was exhausted and the fury of the gale became in consequence the more intense, it seemed a necessity to encamp on the spot where they were thus overtaken. This indeed was, as it were, to begin their toils anew, for they could unfurl nothing and fix nothing, or what they had fixed did not keep its place, everything being rent and swept away by the wind. Soon the moisture which the air held aloft, froze in the cold of the mountain heights, and discharged such a shower of snow and hail, that the men, ceasing all effort, threw themselves to the earth, buried under their coverings rather than protected by them. Then followed a frost so intense that any one who in this miserable wreck of men and beasts sought to raise and lift himself was long unable to do so; his sinews were paralyzed with cold so that he could hardly bend his limbs. After a while they began at last to stir themselves into movement and to recover their spirits; here and there a few fires were lit, and the utterly helpless sought relief from their comrades. Two days they lingered on the spot, like a besieged garrison. Many beasts of burden, and seven of the elephants which had survived the battle on the Trebia, perished.

Descending from the Apennines,[1] Hannibal moved his camp back toward Placentia, halting after an advance of about ten miles. Next day he marched against the enemy with twelve thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry, and Sempronius, who by this time had returned from Rome, did not refuse battle. That day the two camps were separated by an interval of three miles; on the morrow the armies fought with the greatest courage, the result being doubtful. At the first onset the arms of Rome were so superior as not only to prevail in the field, but even to drive the routed enemy to his camp, which itself they attacked. Hannibal, after posting a few defenders on the ramparts and at the camp gates, retired the rest of his troops in close order into the centre of his camp, bidding them attentively await the signal for a sortie. It was now about the ninth hour of the day, and the Roman general, whose men had wearied themselves in vain, seeing that there was no hope of taking the camp, gave the signal for retreat. When Hannibal knew this, and saw that the attack had slackened and that retreat had begun, he hurled his cavalry right and left against the enemy, and sallied in person from the centre of his camp with the whole strength of his infantry. Seldom had there been a fiercer fight, and the destruction of one army would have rendered it more memorable had the light allowed it to have been considerably prolonged. Night, however, abruptly terminated an action begun with prodigious ardour. The slaughter was consequently less terrible than the fighting, and as the success was almost evenly balanced, the two sides quitted the field with equal loss. No more than six hundred infantry and half as many cavalry fell on either side, but the Roman loss was out of proportion to their numbers, for several men of equestrian rank, five military tribunes, and three commanding officers of the allies were slain.

Immediately after the battle Hannibal retired to Liguria, Sempronius to Luca. As Hannibal was on his way to Liguria, two Roman quæstors, Caius Fulvius and Lucius Lucretius, who had been treacherously intercepted, along with two military tribunes and five men of equestrian rank, nearly all sons of senators, were surrendered to him, that he might have a better assurance of a secure peace and alliance with the Ligurians.

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[1] On the same side.—D. O.

During these events in Italy, Cneius Cornelius Scipio had been despatched with a fleet and an army to Spain. Starting from the mouth of the Rhone, he sailed round the Pyrenees and brought his ships to anchor at Emporiæ;[1] there he disembarked his army, and beginning with the Lacetani, while he renewed old as well as formed new alliances, he brought under Roman dominion the entire coast as far as the river Ebro. The character for clemency thus acquired spread not only among the maritime population, but even to the wilder tribes in the interior and among the mountains. With these he secured not simply peace, but also an armed alliance, and some strong auxiliary cohorts were levied from among them. Hanno's province was on this side the Ebro. He had been left by Hannibal to defend this district. Feeling that he must meet the danger before the whole country was lost, he encamped within sight of the enemy and led out his men for battle. The Roman, too, thought that there ought to be no delay about fighting, for he knew that he would have to encounter Hanno and Hasdrubal, and he preferred to deal with them separately rather than united. Nor did the battle prove a severe contest. Six thousand of the enemy were slain and two thousand captured with the camp garrison; for both the camp was stormed and the general himself made prisoner with several of his chief officers. Cissis, a town near the camp, was also stormed. The spoil of this place indeed consisted of things of small value, rude household furniture and some worthless slaves. The camp really enriched the soldiers. It was the camp not of the defeated army alone, but also of that which was now serving with Hannibal in Italy, almost everything of value having been left on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, that his troops on their march might have no burdensome baggage.

Before any certain tidings of this defeat had reached him, Hasdrubal had crossed the Ebro with eight thousand infantry and a thousand cavalry, meaning, it seemed, to oppose the Romans immediately on their arrival. But when he heard of the ruinous disaster at Cissis and the loss of the camp, he directed his march toward the sea. In the neighbourhood of

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[1] At the head of the Gulf of Rosas, the Mediterranean end of the Pyrenees.—D. O.

Tarraco[1] our marines and seamen were roaming all over the country, success as usual producing carelessness. Sending out his cavalry far and wide, Hasdrubal drove them to their ships with great slaughter and yet greater panic. But not daring to linger in the neighbourhood, lest Scipio should swoop down on him, he retired to the farther side of the Ebro. Scipio too, who, on the rumour of a new enemy, had advanced by forced marches, returned with his fleet to Emporiæ, after executing a few of the captains of the ships and leaving a moderate garrison at Tarraco. Almost instantly on his departure Hasdrubal appeared, stirred to revolt the Ilergetes, who had given hostages to Scipio, and, taking with him the youth of that tribe, ravaged the lands of the allies who remained loyal to Rome. This roused Scipio from his winter quarters, and Hasdrubal again withdrew from the whole country on this side of the Ebro. Scipio marched his army to the tribe of the Ilergetes, now abandoned by the instigator of their revolt. Having driven them all into Atanagrum, their principal town, he besieged the place, and within a few days received them under the protection and jurisdiction of Rome, after fining them in money and exacting more hostages than before.

He next entered the territory of the Ausetani, near the Ebro, themselves also allies of the Carthaginians. He besieged their capital, and when the Lacetani were marching by night to help their neighbours, he intercepted them by an ambuscade near the town which they were about to enter. Upward of twelve thousand were slain; nearly all the survivors stripped themselves of their arms and fled to their homes, after wandering hither and thither through the country. As for the besieged, their sole defence was the bad weather, which much embarrassed their assailants. The siege lasted thirty days, during which the snow lay on the ground to a depth of seldom less than four feet, and it had so completely buried the Roman siege-works and mantlets that of itself alone it was a protection against the fiery missiles discharged from time to time by the enemy. At last their chief, Amusicus, having made his escape to Hasdrubal, they surrendered, agreeing to make a payment of twenty silver talents. The army returned into its winter quarters at Tarraco.

At Rome, or in the neighbourhood, many portents occurred that winter, or, as often happens, when once men's minds are affected by religious fears, many were reported and thoughtlessly believed. These, among others, were related: A child, six months old, of free-born parents, had shouted

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[1] Tarragona.

"Triumph!"; in the cattle-market an ox mounted of its own accord to a third story, from which it threw itself, in alarm at the commotion of the inhabitants; phantom ships had been seen glittering in the sky; the Temple of Hope in the vegetable market had been struck by lightning; at Lanuvium a spear had moved of itself; a crow had flown down on the Temple of Juno, and perched on the very shrine of the goddess; at several places in the country round Amiternum had been seen figures like men in white clothing, whom, however, nobody actually met; in Picenum there had been a shower of stones; at Cære the sacred tablets had shrunk; and in Gaul a wolf had carried off a sentry's sword, first pulling it out of its sheath. As to the other portents, the College of the Ten [1] were bidden to consult the sacred books, but for the shower of stones at Picenum a holy feast of nine days was proclaimed, and then, for the expiation of others, almost all the citizens busied themselves with sacrifices. First of all, the city was purified, and victims of the larger sort were offered to such deities as the sacred books directed. An offering of forty pounds' weight of gold was conveyed to Lanuvium for Juno, and a bronze statue was also dedicated by the married women to Juno of the Aventine. At Cære, where the sacred tablets had shrunk, orders were given for a festival of the gods, and on Mount Algidus there were to be public prayers to Fortune. At Rome, too, there was a sacred feast for the youth and a supplication at the Temple of Hercules, which was specially named, and the same for all the citizens at all the prescribed shrines. To the Guardian Spirit of the city were sacrificed five victims of the larger sort, and the prætor, Caius Atilius Soranus, was directed to vow certain offerings, should the state continue in its present positon for ten years. These ceremonies and vows, performed in obedience to the Sibylline books, greatly relieved men's minds of their religious fears.

One of the consuls-elect, Flaminius, to whom the lot had given command of the legions in winter quarters at Placentia, sent orders by a despatch to the consul there that these troops were to be in camp at Ariminum on the 15th of March. It was his intention to enter on his consulship in his province, for he well remembered his old quarrels with the senate, first when he was tribune, then when he was consul and they sought to deprive him of his consulship, lastly when his triumph was refused. He was hated, too, by the senators, in consequence of an unprecedented bill which Quintus Claudius, as tribune, had introduced in defiance of the senate by the support of Flaminius alone among its members. The bill forbade any senator or senator's son to possess a sea-going vessel of more than three hundred amphoras' burden. This was thought sufficient for the conveyance of produce from their estates, all trade profit being regarded as discreditable for a senator. The matter was discussed in a very sharp debate, and had earned for him, as the supporter of the bill, much dislike from the nobility, while it gave him popularity with the commons and thereby a second consulship. Thinking, therefore, that they would detain him at Rome by falsifying the auspices, by delays arising out of the Latin festival, and other hindrances that lay in a consul's way, he left on a pretended journey, and went away secretly as a private citizen to his province.

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[1] The Decemviri Sacrorum, who had charge of the Sibylline books.—D. O.

As soon as this was made public, it stirred fresh wrath among the already angry senators. "Flaminius," they said, "is now making war not only on the senate, but even on the immortal gods. When he was previously elected consul without due auspices, and we recalled him from the field of battle, he was disobedient both to God and man. Now, conscious of having despised them, he has fled away from the Capitol and the sacred recital of the usual vows. He is unwilling on his day of taking office to approach the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, to see and consult the senate which hates him, and which he himself alone of their members hates, to proclaim the Latin festival and offer on the mount the customary sacrifices to Jupiter Latialis, to go with due auspices to the Capitol to recite the vows, and thence to his province in his general's cloak with lictors about him. He has left Rome like a camp-follower, with no official badge, without a lictor, secretly, stealthily, just as if he were quitting his country to become an exile. He supposes doubtless that it is more consistent with the dignity of the empire for him to enter on his office at Ariminum than at Rome, and to assume his official robe in some wayside inn rather than before his own hearth."

All maintained that he ought to be recalled, nay, even dragged back, and forced to perform in person every duty owing to God and man before he went to the army in his province. It was decided to despatch envoys; but the men sent on this errand, Quintus Terentius and Marcus Antistius, had no more effect on him than had the despatches of the senate in his previous consulship. He entered on his office in the course of a few days. A calf which he was offering, and which was already wounded, broke loose from the grasp of the sacrificing priests, sprinkling several of the bystanders with its blood. At a distance from the altar, where no one knew what caused the commotion, there was still greater panic and excitement. It was regarded by many as an omen of very fearful import. Flaminius then received two legions from Sempronius, the consul of the previous year, and two more from Caius Atilius, the prætor, and began to lead his army through the passes of the Apennines into Etruria.

BOOK XXII

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (CONTINUED)

IT was nearly spring when Hannibal moved out of his winter quarters. He had before attempted to cross the Apennines, but in vain, so intolerable was the cold; and his sojourn had been prolonged amid extreme peril and apprehension. The Gauls had been attracted by the hope of spoil and rapine; but when they found that instead of their plundering their neighbours, their own country was made the battle-field, and that it was burdened by the winter quarters of the two armies, they transferred their hatred from the Romans to Hannibal. Again and again plots were hatched by the chiefs against his life; again and again he was saved by their treachery to each other, and they revealed their conspiracies with the same levity with which they had conspired. He would also change now his dress, now his wig, and found protection in thus confusing his assailants. However, these fears were another reason for his early movement out of winter quarters.

About the same time, on the 15th of March, the consul, Cneius Servilius, entered on his office at Rome. When he submitted to the senate his proposals for the year, their angry feeling against Caius Flaminius broke out afresh. "We have made two consuls," they exclaimed, "but we have only one. What legal authority, what religious sanction [1] does this man possess? It is from his home, from the hearth of the state and of the family; it is after keeping the Latin Feast,[2] and sacrificing on the Alban Hill, and praying with all due solemnity, that the new magistrate takes this sanction with him. No such sanction can attend a private person; the man who has started without it can not acquire it afresh in its fulness on a foreign soil."

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[1] Unless the auspices were properly taken at Rome the administration was not considered to be placed under divine protection.—D. O.

[2] Said to have been instituted by the last Tarquin in honour of Jupiter Latiaris, to commemorate the alliance between Rome and the Latins. It lasted six days, and the consuls could not legally take the field until they had celebrated it.—D. O.

These fears were increased by the tidings of marvels which now came from many places at once. Some soldiers' spears in Sicily had burst into a blaze; so too in Sardinia had the staff which an officer held in his hand as he went his rounds inspecting the sentries on the wall; two shields had sweated blood; certain soldiers had been struck by lightning; there had been seen an eclipse of the sun; at Præneste blazing stones had fallen from the sky; at Arpi shields had been seen in the sky, and the sun had seemed to fight with the moon; at Capua two moons had risen in the daytime; the stream at Cære had flowed half blood; gouts of blood had been seen on the water that dripped from the spring of Hercules; reapers in the fields near Antium had seen the ears fall all bloody into the basket; at Falerii the sky had seemed parted by a huge cleft, while an overpowering light shone forth from the opening; certain oracle tablets had spontaneously shrunk, and on one that fell out were the words "MARS SHAKES HIS SPEAR"; at the same time, at Rome, sweat came out on the statue of Mars that stands in the Appian Road by the images of the wolves;[1] at Capua the sky had seemed to be on fire, and a moon to fall in the midst of a shower. Then men began to believe less solemn marvels. Some persons had had goats become sheep; a hen had changed into a cock, and a cock into a hen. The consul gave the whole story at length, as it had been told him, at the same time introducing into the senate those who vouched for it, and asked the opinion of the house on the religious aspect of the matter.

It was resolved that such expiation should be made as these portents demanded, with victims, some of which should be full-grown, some sucklings; that public prayer should be offered during three days at every shrine. Everything else was to be done, after the College of the Ten had inspected the holy books, in such fashion as they might declare from the prophecies to be pleasing to the gods. They ordered that the first offering, of gold weighing fifty pounds, should be made to Jupiter, that to Juno and Minerva offerings of silver should be presented; that full-grown victims should be sacrificed to Juno the Queen on the Aventine Hill, and to Juno the Preserver at Lanuvium; that the matrons, collecting a sum of money, as much as it might be convenient for each to contribute, should carry it as an offering to Juno the Queen on the Aventine; that a religious feast should be held, and that even the very freedwomen should raise contributions according to their means for a gift to the goddess Feronia. After all this the College of the Ten sacrificed full-grown victims in the market-place at Ardea. Last of all, as late as December, a sacrifice was made at the Temple of Saturn in Rome;[1] a religious feast was ordered (furnished by the senators) and a public banquet; and a festival of Saturn to last a day and a night proclaimed throughout Rome. This day the people were enjoined to keep and observe as a holiday forever.

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[1] Just outside of what is now the Porta San Sebastiano.—D. O.

2 While the consul was busy at Rome propitiating the gods and holding a levy, Hannibal, who had quitted his winter quarters, heard that the consul Flaminius had already reached Arretium.[2] Accordingly, though another route, longer indeed but more convenient, was open to him, he took the nearer way across the marshes of the Arno, which happened at the time to be more flooded than usual. He arranged that the Spanish and African soldiers, who were the whole strength of his veteran army, should go first, taking in their columns their own baggage, that wherever they might be compelled to halt, supplies might not fail them; the Gauls were to follow, occupying the middle of the line of march; last were to come the cavalry; after these Mago with some light Numidian troopers was to close up the line, and especially to keep the Gauls together, if, weary of the long and toilsome march (and this is a thing which they are ill fitted to endure), they began to straggle or halt. The first columns, wherever the guides led the way, through deep and almost bottomless pools of the river, nearly swallowed up in the mud and plunging into the water, still followed the standards. The Gauls could not recover their footing when they slipped, nor extricate themselves from the pools; without spirit to eke out their strength, without hope to eke out their spirit, some just dragged along their weary limbs, others fainted in sheer despair and lay dying amid crowds of dying horses. Of all things it was the want of sleep, and this they had to endure for four days and three nights, that most exhausted them. The floods were everywhere, and not a spot of dry ground could be found where they might rest their weary bodies. They could only pile up the baggage in the water and lie down on the top; or the heaps of horses that had perished all along the line of march just appeared above the water and supplied the necessary place where they might snatch a few moments' repose. Hannibal himself, whose eyes suffered from the trying weather of the spring, with its great variations of heat and cold, rode on the one ele-

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[1] In the Forum, where its ruins now stand.—D. O.

[2] Arezzo.—D. O.

phant which was left, that he might be as high as possible above the water. But long watches, together with the damps of night and the moist climate, affected his head; there was no place or time for the application of remedies, and he lost one of his eyes.

At last he struggled out of the marshes, after losing amid horrible misery a multitude of men and horses, and pitched his camp on the first spot of dry ground that he reached. Here he learned from the scouts whom he had sent forward that the Roman army lay round the walls of Arretium. From that time he continued to acquaint himself by the most diligent inquiry with all particulars, the consul's plans, his temper, the geography of the country, his movements, his facilities for procuring supplies, everything in fact which it might serve him to know. The district was one of the most fertile in Italy, the Etrurian plain lying between Fæsulæ[1] and Arretium, a country rich in corn and cattle and all kinds of wealth.

Flaminius, full of the fierce memories of his first consulship, stood little in awe not merely of the laws and of the dignity of the senators, but even of the gods. The good fortune which had given him success at home and in the field, had fostered this natural recklessness. It was plain, then, that one who was equally careless of God and man would be utterly rash and headstrong. That he might yield the sooner to his special failings, the Carthaginian general laid his plans to harass and provoke him. He marched on Fæsulæ, leaving his enemy on the left, made his way, plundering as he went, through the heart of Etruria, and making the consul behold from afar all the devastation which fire and sword could possibly spread.

Flaminius, who had the enemy sat still would not have sat still himself, now saw the possessions of the allies pillaged almost under his eyes, and regarded it as a personal disgrace that the Carthaginian chief should rove at his will through the very heart of Italy and march unopposed to assault the very walls of Rome. Every other voice in the council of war was raised for a policy of safety rather than of display. "Wait for your colleague," they said; "when your armies are united, you may conduct your campaign on one common purpose and plan; meanwhile the cavalry and the light-armed auxiliaries must check the enemy in their wild license of plunder."

Full of fury, Flaminius rushed out of the council. He ordered the trumpets to give the signal for march and battle, crying: "We are to sit, I suppose, before the walls of Arretium, because our country and our home are here. Hannibal we let slip out of our hands, and let him ravage Italy and plunder and approach the very walls of Rome, but we are not to move hence till the senate send to Arretium for Flaminius, just as in old days they sent to Veii for Camillus!" With these fierce words on his lips he ordered the standard to be pulled out of the ground with all haste, and himself leaped upon his horse, when lo! in a moment the horse fell, throwing the consul over his head. Amid the terror of all who stood near—for this was an ill omen for the beginning of a campaign—came a message to say that the standard could not be wrenched from the ground, though the standard-bearer had exerted all his strength. Turning to the messenger, the consul said: "Perhaps you bring me a despatch from the senate, forbidding me to fight. Go, tell them to dig the standard out, if their hands are so numb with fear that they can not wrench it up." The army then began its march. The superior officers, not to speak of their having dissented from the plan, were alarmed by these two portents; the soldiers generally were delighted with their headstrong chief. Full of confidence, they thought little on what their confidence was founded. 4

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[1] A suburb of Florence.—D. O.

Hannibal devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasumennus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Farther on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitring and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly, they found themselves surrounded, and fighting begun in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

5 Amid universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he re-formed as well as time and place permitted, and, as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and where there is the less fear, there for the most part is the less danger." But, such were the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and prepare them for the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armour, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn an eager gaze this way and that. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after a while, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords, then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle,

that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous land-slides from the hills.

6. For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow-Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognising him also by his face, cried to his comrades: "See! this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city; I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armour-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavoured to escape by swimming; but the endeavour was endless and hopeless, and they either sank in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Maharbal,[1] who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasumennus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterward of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself adverse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined, and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honour, but it could not be found.

At Rome the first tidings of this disaster brought a terror-stricken and tumultuous crowd into the forum. The matrons wandered through the streets and asked all whom they met what was this disaster of which news had just arrived, and how the army had fared. A crowd, thick as a thronged assembly, with eyes intent upon the senate-house, called aloud for the magistrates, till at last, not long before sunset, the prætor, Marcus Pomponius, said, "We have been beaten in a great battle." Nothing more definite than this was said by him; but each man had reports without end to tell his neighbour; and the news which they carried back to their homes was that the consul had perished with a great part of his troops, that the few who had survived were either dispersed throughout Etruria, or taken prisoners by the enemy.

The mischances of the beaten army were not more numerous than the anxieties which distracted the minds of those whose relatives had served under Flaminius. All were utterly ignorant how this or that kinsman had fared; no one even quite knew what to hope or to fear. On the morrow, and for some days after, there stood at the gates a crowd in which the women even outnumbered the men, waiting to see their relatives or hear some tidings about them. They thronged round all whom they met, with incessant questions, and could not tear themselves away, least of all leave any acquaintance, till they had heard the whole story to an end. Different indeed were their looks as they turned away from the tale which had filled them either with joy or grief, and friends crowded round to congratulate or console them as they returned to their homes. The women were most conspicuous for their transports and their grief. Within one of the very gates, a woman unexpectedly meeting a son who had escaped, died, it is said, in his embrace; another who had had false tidings of her son's death and sat sorrowing at home, expired from excessive joy when she caught sight of him entering the house. The prætors for some days kept the senate in constant session from sunrise to sunset, deliberating who was to lead an army, and what army was to be led against the victorious foe.

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[1] Polybius and Livy are at variance as to the scene of this battle, the former making the Roman army to have turned from the lake into the defile of Passignano before the attack was delivered. They would then have had the latter in their rear. I have walked over the ground, and am strongly inclined to side with the Roman historian. The topographical conditions apply perfectly if we take the hill on which Tuoro now stands as the centre of the Carthaginian position.—D. O.

Before any definite plans could be formed, there came without warning news of another disaster. Four thousand cavalry, sent with the consul Servilius under the command of the pro-prætor Caius Centenius to the help of Flaminius, had been surrounded by Hannibal in Umbria, into which country they had marched on hearing of the battle at Trasumennus. The tidings of this occurrence affected men very variously. Some, whose thoughts were wholly occupied by the greater trouble, counted this fresh loss of a body of cavalry a mere trifle in comparison with the previous disasters; others felt that this incident could not be taken as standing by itself. In a weakened frame the most insignificant thing is felt as things far more serious are not felt in the healthy; so, they argued, any loss that falls upon a suffering and weakened state must be estimated not by its intrinsic magnitude, but by the impaired strength, which can endure nothing that would increase its burden. The country hastily betook itself to a remedy which had not been either wanted or employed for many years, the creation of a dictator. But the consul was absent, and it was the consul only, it would seem, who could create him; it was no easy matter to send him a messenger or a letter with the Carthaginian army in possession of Italy; nor could the senate make a dictator without consulting the people. In the end a step wholly unprecedented was taken. The people created Quintus Fabius Maximus dictator, and Marcus Minucius Rufus master of the horse. The senate charged them to strengthen the walls and towers of the city, to put garrisons in whatever places they thought best, and to break down the bridges over the rivers. Italy they could not defend, but they could still fight for their city and their homes.

9 Hannibal marched straight through Umbria to Spoletum,[1] From this place he was repulsed with great loss, when, after devastating the country, he attempted the city by assault. It was not one of the largest colonies, and having tried its strength with such ill success, he was led to reflect what a vast undertaking Rome itself would be. Accordingly, he turned aside to the territory of Picenum, a country abounding in produce of every kind, and richly stored with property which the rapacious and needy soldiery plundered with eagerness. There he kept his army stationary for a few days, refreshing his men, exhausted by winter marches, by their passage through the marshes, and by a battle, which, however successful in its issue, had been no slight or easy struggle. A short rest was enough for a soldiery which loved plunder and ravage more than ease and repose. Then moving forward he wasted the district of Prætutia and Hadria, and next the country of the Marsi, Marrucini, and Peligni, with the region round Arpi and Luceria, near the borders of Apulia.[2] The consul Cn. Servilius had had meanwhile some slight engagements with the Gauls, and had stormed one town of no note. When he heard that the other consul with his army had perished, he trembled for his country's safety, and resolving not to be absent in its hour of peril, marched rapidly to Rome.

On the day that Q. Fabius Maximus, who was now dictator for the second time, entered upon his office, he convoked the senate. He began with mention of the gods; it was, he proved to the senators, in neglect of religious rites and auspices rather than in rashness and want of skill that the error of Flaminius had lain, and Heaven itself, he urged, must be asked how the anger of Heaven could be propitiated. He thus prevailed upon them to do what is scarcely ever done except when the most sinister marvels have been observed, to order the Ten to consult the books of the Sibyl. They inspected the volumes of destiny, and reported to the senate that, seeing that a vow to Mars was the cause of the war, this vow, not having been duly performed, must be performed anew and on a larger scale, that games of the first class must be vowed to Jupiter, a temple to Venus of Eryx and another to Reason, that there must be a public supplication and a banquet of the gods and a holy spring vowed, if the arms of Rome should be found to have prospered and the state to remain in the same position which it had occupied before the war. The senate, knowing that Fabius would be occupied with the business of the campaign, directed the prætor, Marcus Æmilius, who had been nominated by the College of Pontiffs, to see all things speedily done.

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[1] Spoleto.—D. O.

[2] He marched southward along the coast of the Adriatic.—D. O.

These resolutions of the senate duly passed, Lucius Cornelius Lentulus, chief pontiff, declared (for the prætor had the advice of the Sacred College) that the people must be consulted about the holy spring. Without the people's consent it could not, he said, be vowed. The question was put to the people in these words: "Is it your will and pleasure that it shall be done as is hereinafter set forth? If the common weal of the Roman people and of the Quirites be kept, according to my wish and prayer, whole and safe for the five years next following in these wars, to wit, the war that now is with the people of Carthage, and the wars that now are with the Gauls dwelling on the hither side of the Alps, then the Roman people and the Quirites give as a free gift all the increase in the spring next following of swine, sheep, goats, cattle, not being already consecrated, to be sacrificed to Jupiter, on and after the day which the said senate and people shall appoint. And whosoever shall sacrifice, he may sacrifice whensoever and after what order it shall please him. In what manner soever he shall sacrifice, it shall be counted duly done. If that which should be sacrificed die, then shall it be counted as a thing unconsecrated, and the man shall be free. If any one should hurt or slay a consecrated thing, not knowing, he shall be innocent. If aught should be stolen, the people shall be free and also he from whom it hath been stolen. If a man shall sacrifice on an inauspicious day[1] not knowing, he shall be innocent. If he shall sacrifice by day or by night, if he shall sacrifice, being a slave or free, it shall be counted duly done. If aught shall be sacrificed before that the senate and the people shall have ordered such sacrifices, the people shall be free and acquitted therefrom." For the same reason games of the first class were vowed at a cost of three hundred and thirty thousand three hundred and thirty-three brass pieces and a third, with three hundred oxen besides to Jupiter, and white oxen and the other customary victims to many other deities. 10

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[1] Literally: "black day." These were for the most part anniversaries of national misfortunes.—D. O.

When the vows had been duly made, a public supplication was ordered, to join in which not only the population of the city came with their wives and children, but also the country folk, whom the public troubles were now beginning to touch in some of their interests. Then a sacred banquet was held for three days, under the care of ten ecclesiastical commissioners. Six banqueting tables were publicly exhibited, to Jupiter and Juno one, a second to Neptune and Minerva, a third to Mars and Venus, a fourth to Apollo and Diana, a fifth to Vulcan and Vesta, a sixth to Mercury and Ceres.[1] Then the two temples were vowed, that to Venus of Eryx by the dictator, Q. Fabius Maximus, because it had been given forth from the books of destiny that the vow should be made by him who held the supreme authority in the state; that to Reason by the prætor, T. Otacilius.

The duties of religion thus discharged, the dictator brought the state of the war and of the country before the senate, which had to determine what and how many should be the legions with which the victorious enemy must be met. It was resolved that he should take over the army of the consul Servilius, should enlist into the cavalry and infantry as many citizens and allies as he thought fit, and should generally act as he considered best for the good of the state. Fabius said that he should add two legions to the army of Servilius. These the master of the horse was to levy, and the dictator named a day on which they were to assemble at Tibur.[2] He made proclamation that all inhabitants of unfortified towns and stations should remove into places of safety, that all the population of the country through which Hannibal was likely to pass should desert it, first burning all buildings and destroying all crops, that he might find no supplies. He then marched along the Flaminian Road[3] to meet the consul.

On reaching the Tiber, near Ocriculum, he came in view of the army and saw the consul advancing toward him with some cavalry; upon this he sent his apparitor with a message to the consul that he was to come to the dictator without his lictors. The consul obeyed him, and their meeting produced a vast impression on citizens and allies, who had almost forgotten what this obsolete office of dictator meant. Then came despatches from Rome with news that some merchantmen, carrying stores from Ostia to the army in Spain, had been taken by a Carthaginian fleet near the harbour of Cosa. Fabius immediately ordered the consul to start for Ostia, to man any ships that might be there or at Rome with soldiers and seamen, to pursue the enemy's fleet, and to protect the coasts of Italy. A vast number of men had been enlisted at Rome. Even freedmen, having children and being of the military age, had taken the oath. Out of these city troops such as were under thirty-five were sent to man the ships, others were left to garrison the city.

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[1] The twelve "dei consentes" who formed the Council of Jove.—D. O.

[2] Tivoli.—D. O.

[3] Built by the late consul, Flaminius. It ran from the Porta Ratumena just under the north slope of the citadel northeastward along Tibur.—D. O.

The dictator took over the consul's army from the hands of Fulvius Flaccus, second in command, and then, traversing the Sabine country, came to Tibur, where he had commanded the new levies to meet by a certain day. From Tibur he marched to Præneste, and so, by cross ways, to the Latin Road; and then, always reconnoitring his ground most carefully, advanced against the enemy, resolved nowhere to risk anything more than necessity might compel. The first day that he pitched his camp in sight of the enemy (the place was not far from Arpi),[1] Hannibal, without a moment's delay, led out his men and offered battle. When he saw that all was quiet in the Roman army, and that there was no sign of any stir in their camp, he returned to his quarters, loudly exclaiming that at last the martial spirit of Rome was broken—they had made open confession of defeat and yielded the palm of glory and valour. But in his heart was a secret fear that he had now to deal with a general very different from Flaminius or Sempronius, and that, taught by disasters, the Romans had at last found a general equal to himself. He felt at once afraid of the wariness of the new dictator; of his firmness he had not yet made trial, and so began to harass and provoke him by repeatedly moving his camp and wasting under his eyes the territory of the allies. At one time he would make a rapid march and disappear; at another he would make a sudden halt, concealed in some winding road, where he hoped that he might catch his antagonist descending to the plain. Fabius continued to move his forces along high ground, preserving a moderate distance from the enemy, neither letting him out of his sight nor encountering him. He kept his soldiers within their camp, unless they were required for some necessary service. When they went in quest of forage or wood, it was not in small parties or at random. Pickets of cavalry and light troops were told off and kept in readiness to meet sudden alarms, a constant protection to his own troops, a constant terror to the vagrant marauders of the enemy. He refused to stake his all on the hazard of a general engagement, but slight enounters, of little importance with a refuge so near, could be easily ventured on; and a soldiery demoralized by former disasters were thus habituated to think more hopefully of their own courage and good luck. But these sober counsels found an adversary not only in Hannibal, but quite as much in his own master of the horse, who, headstrong and rash in counsel and intemperate in speech, was kept from ruining his country only by the want of power. First to a few listeners, then openly before the ranks of the army, he stigmatized his commander as more indolent than deliberate, more cowardly than cautious, fastening on him failings which were akin to his real virtues, and seeking to exalt himself by lowering his chief—a vile art, which has often thriven by a too successful practice.

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[1] Near Foggia, in Apulia.—D. O.

Hannibal passed from the territory of the Hirpini into Samnium, ravaged the country round Beneventum, and took the town of Telesia, still purposely provoking the Roman general, in the hope that the insults and injuries inflicted on the allies might rouse him into fighting a pitched battle. Among the crowd of Italian allies who had been taken prisoners at Trasumennus by Hannibal and set at liberty, were three Campanian knights, whom the Carthaginians had then won over, by liberal gifts and promises, to undertake the task of conciliating to him the affections of their countrymen. They now came and told him that if he would move his army into Campania, he would have an opportunity of securing Capua;[1] the matter seemed too important for the authority on which it rested; Hannibal now doubted, now believed, but was so far moved as to make his way from Campania into Samnium. His informants he sent away with repeated warnings that they must give some substantial proof of their promises, and with instructions to return to him with a more numerous company, some of whom must be men of importance. He gave personal orders to the guide to take him to the territory of Casinum, those who knew the country having informed him that by occupying that pass he could close the outlet by which the Romans might send help to their allies. But the Carthaginian pronunciation was so different from the Latin, that the guide mistook Casinum[2] for Casilinum,[3] and Hannibal, taken out of his intended route, came down through Allifæ, Callifæ, and Cales,[1] on the plains of Stella. When he looked round on the country, which is shut in by hills and rivers, he sent for the guide and asked him where in the world he was. The man told him that he would have his quarters that day at Casilinum. Then at last he discovered the mistake, and heard that Casinum was far away in another direction. The guide was scourged and crucified, to terrify his fellows. Hannibal then fortified his camp, and sent out Maharbal with his cavalry to plunder the Falernian Plain.[2] His ravages extended as far as the Baths of Sinuessa. Great was the damage, but yet greater and more widespread were the panic and terror caused by the Numidian horsemen; but though war raged all around them, all its terrors failed to shake the loyalty of our allies. The truth was that they were under a righteous and moderate rule, and they yielded—and this is the only true bond of loyalty—a willing obedience to their betters.

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[1] The ancient city stood where the town of S. Maria di Capua Vetere now stands.—D. O.

[2] Now Casino. It lay in the mountains near the southern border of Latium.—D. O.

[3] The modern Capua.—D. O.

But when Hannibal had encamped by the Vulturnus, and the fairest lands of Italy were being wasted by fire, and the smoke of burning houses went up in every direction, then the mutinous spirit almost broke out afresh in the army which Fabius was leading along the ridge of the Massic range. For some days, indeed, the troops had been quiet; the army had been marching more rapidly than usual, and they had fancied that this haste was to save Campania from ravage. But when they reached the last spur on the Massic range and saw the enemy beneath them burning every building in the Falernian district, or belonging to the citizens of Sinuessa, and yet heard not a word about fighting, then Minucius broke forth: "Have we come hither to see, as though it were some delightful spectacle, our allies wasted by fire and sword? Are we not ashamed to think—if of none else—yet at least of these fellow-citizens of ours, whom our fathers sent to colonize Sinuessa, and so protect this region from Samnite enemies; and now it is not the Samnite from beyond the border, but the Carthaginian from beyond the sea that has been allowed by our delays and our indolence to make his way hither from the very ends of the earth? We have so degenerated from our fathers that we calmly see the very country, by whose shores they thought it an insult to our power for a Carthaginian fleet to cruise, crowded with enemies, savages from Numidia and Mauretania. We, too, who the other day, in our wrath that Saguntum should be assailed, appealed not only to men, but to

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[1] The modern village of Calvi occupies its site.—D. O.

[2] It lay along the valley of the Volturnus.—D. O.

Heaven and the faith of treaties, now idly gaze on Hannibal as he climbs the walls of a colony of Rome. The smoke from burning houses and fields is blown into our eyes and faces; our ears are deafened with the clamour of allies who cry for help to us even more than to the gods. And we are leading our army, as if they were cattle, through summer pastures and out-of-the-way tracks, hiding ourselves in mists and forests. If Marcus Furius had thought to recover our capital from the Gauls by this plan of wandering over pastures and hills by which this new Camillus, this wonderful dictator, who has been found for us in our troubles, is seeking to save Italy from Hannibal, Rome would now be a city of the Gauls; and much I fear that, if we thus linger, our fathers saved it again and again for Hannibal and the Carthaginians. But that true man and true Roman, as soon as tidings came to Veii that he had been named dictator at the instance of the senate, and bidding of the people, though Janiculum was quite high enough for him to sit and survey the enemy, came down to the plain, and slaughtered the legions of the Gaul on that very day in the middle of the city where now stand the Gauls' 'Tombs,' and on the next day between Rome and Gabii. What? when many years after this we were sent under the yoke at the Caudine Forks by our Samnite foes, was it, pray, by wandering over the Samnite hills, or by assailing and beleaguering Luceria, and by challenging the victorious enemy that L. Papirius Cursor shook the yoke from off Roman necks and placed it on the haughty Samnite? What was it a few years ago but speedy action that gave Caius Lutatius his victory? The very day after catching sight of the enemy, he destroyed their fleet,[1] burdened as it was with stores, and hampered with its own tackling and equipment. It is folly to think that the war can be finished by sitting still and praying. You must take your arms; you must go down to the plain; you must meet the enemy man to man. It is by boldness and action that the power of Rome has grown, not by these counsels of indolence, which only cowards call caution."

A throng of tribunes and Roman knights crowded round Minucius as he played the popular orator, and his fierce words reached even to the ears of the soldiers. All showed plainly enough that, if the matter could have been put to a vote of the army, they would have had Minucius rather than Fabius for their leader.

Fabius had to be on his guard against his own men just as much as against the enemy, and made them feel that they could not conquer his resolution. Though he knew well that his policy of delay was odious, not only in his own camp, but also at Rome, yet he steadfastly adhered to the same plan of action, and so let the summer wear away, till Hannibal, losing all hope of the pitched battle, which he had made every effort to bring on, began to look out for a place for winter quarters, the country which he occupied being one of temporary rather than permanent plenty, a land of orchards and vineyards planted rather for pleasure than utility. Fabius learned all this from his scouts. When he was quite sure that Hannibal meant to leave the Falernian country by the same passes by which he had entered it, he occupied Mount Callicula and Casilinum in some force. The town of Casilinum is divided into two parts by the river Vulturnus, and thus separates the Falernian country from Campania. His main army he led back along the same range, while he sent L. Hostilius Mancinus to reconnoitre with five hundred cavalry of the allies. Mancinus was one of the crowd of youths who frequently listened to the fierce harangues of the master of the horse. At first he moved simply as the leader of a reconnaissance, watching the enemy from a place of safety, but when he saw the Numidian troops scattered everywhere in the villages, and even cut off a few of them by a sudden surprise, he was at once full of the thought of battle, and wholly forgot the dictator's instructions, which were that he should advance as far as he safely could, but should retreat before he could be seen by the enemy. The Numidians, now attacking, now retreating, drew him on, his men and horses alike exhausted, to the very rampart of their camp. Here Carthalo, who was in supreme command of the cavalry, charged at full gallop, sent his adversay flying before he came within javelin throw, and followed the fugitives for five miles continuously. When Mancinus saw that the enemy would not desist from the pursuit, and that he had no hope of escaping, he encouraged his men, and turned to fight, though in no respect was he a match for his foe. And so he and the best of his troopers were surrounded and slain; the others made their escape in wild confusion, first to Cales, and thence by tracks which were scarcely passable to the dictator's army.

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[1] At the Ægusan Islands. The victory ended the first Punic war.—D. O.

It so happened that Minucius had that day rejoined Fabius. He had been sent to post a force in the pass above Tarracina, where it contracts into a gorge close upon the sea. This was to prevent the Carthaginian from making his way along the Appian Road into the country round Rome. Having united their forces, the dictator and the master of the horse moved their camp down from the hills on to the road along which Hannibal would have to march.[1] The distance between them and the enemy was two miles.

The following day the Carthaginian army occupied the whole space between the two camps. The Romans had taken up a position close under their intrenchments. Though it certainly gave them an advantage, yet the Carthaginians advanced with their light cavalry to provoke a battle. They fought, alternately charging and retreating. The Roman army kept its ground. The conflict was protracted, and more to the satisfaction of Fabius than of Hannibal. Two hundred of the Romans, eight hundred of the enemy fell.

Hannibal now seemed shut in. The road to Casilinum was blocked; and while there were Capua, and Samnium, and wealthy allies without end in their rear to furnish the Romans with supplies, the Carthaginians would have to winter amid the rocks of Formiæ, the sands and marshes of Liternum, and in wild forests. Hannibal was quite aware that he was being met by a stategy like his own, as he could not escape by way of Casilinum, but must make for the hills and cross the ridge of Callicula, before the Romans could attack his army, shut in as it was by the valleys. Accordingly, to deceive his foe, he contrived an optical illusion of most alarming appearance, and resolved to move stealthily up the hills at nightfall. The deception was thus arranged: Firewood was collected from all the country round, and bundles of twigs and dry fagots were fastened to the horns of oxen, of which he had many, from the plundered rural districts, both broken and unbroken to the plough. Upward of two thousand oxen were thus treated, and Hasdrubal was intrusted with the business of driving this herd, with their horns alight, on to the hills, more particularly, if he could, to those above the passes occupied by the enemy.

In the dusk of evening, he silently struck his camp; the oxen were driven a little in front of the standards. When they reached the foot of the mountain, where the roads narrowed, the signal was immediately given to hurry the herd with their horns alight up the slope of the hills. They rushed on, goaded into madness by the terror of the flames which flashed from their heads, and by the heat which soon reached the flesh at the root of their horns. At this sudden rush all the thickets seemed to be in a blaze, and the very woods and mountains to have been fired; and when the beasts vainly shook their heads, it seemed as if men were running about in every direction. The troops posted in the pass, seeing fires on the hill-tops and above them, fancied that they had been surrounded, and left their position. They made for the loftiest heights as being their safest route, for it was there that the fewest flashes of light were visible; but even there they fell in with some of the oxen which had strayed from their herd. When they saw them at a distance, they stood thunderstruck at what seemed to be the miracle of oxen breathing fire. As soon as it was seen to be nothing but a human contrivance, they suspected some deep stratagem and fled in wilder confusion than ever. They also fell in with some of the enemy's light-armed troops, but both sides were equally afraid in the darkness to attack, and so they remained until dawn. Meanwhile Hannibal had led his whole army through the pass, cutting off, as he went, some of his opponents, and pitched his camp in the territory of Allifæ.[1]

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[1] It would seem that Fabius, having secured the passes to the north and east, had encamped his main army in the plain in the rear of the Carthaginians.—D. O.

Fabius heard the uproar, but suspecting some stratagem, and in any case averse to fighting by night, he kept his men within their lines. At dawn there was skirmishing under the ridge of the hill, where the Romans cut off some light troops from the main body, and would have easily beaten them, as they were somewhat superior in number, but for the appearance of a Spanish cohort, which Hannibal had sent back to provide for the emergency. The Spaniards were more used to hills; what with their nimble frames and suitable arms, they were lighter and so better able than the Romans to fight among crags and rocks, and they easily baffled in such encounters their lowland foe, with his heavy armour and stationary tactics. After a conflict that was anything but even, they parted, the Spaniards almost all unhurt, the Romans with considerable loss, and so made each for their camp.

Fabius also moved his camp, and traversing the pass, occupied a strong and elevated position above Allifæ. Upon this Hannibal made a feint as if he intended to advance on Rome through Samnium, and turned back, ravaging as he went, to the Pelignian country.[2] Fabius marched along the heights, keeping between the enemy's army and the capital, neither avoiding nor attacking him. Leaving the Peligni, Hannibal altered his route and fell back into Apulia to Gereonium,[1] a town which its inhabitants had deserted in alarm at the fall of a great part of their walls. The dictator fortified a camp in the district of Larinum. From this place he was summoned to Rome on religious business. By advice, and even by entreaties, as well as by his actual authority, he urged the master of the horse to trust to prudence rather than to fortune, and to take himself rather than a Sempronius or a Flaminius as his model of a general. "He must not fancy," he said, "that nothing had been achieved when a summer had been nearly spent in baffling the enemy; the physician often accomplished more by doing nothing than by movement and action. It was no small matter that they had ceased to be vanquished by an enemy who had vanquished them so often, and had begun to breathe again after incessant disasters." After impressing these counsels, but all to no purpose, on the master of the horse, he set out for Rome.

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[1] North of Beneventum in Samnium.—D. O.

[2] Under the east slope of the Apennines, between Lake Fucino and the Adriatic.—D. O.

In the beginning of the summer in which all this happened hostilities commenced in Spain both by land and sea. Hasdrubal added ten ships to the fleet which he had received from his brother ready equipped for action. He gave Himilco a squadron of forty ships, and then, starting from New Carthage, he advanced with his ships close to land and his army on the shore, prepared to give battle to the enemy in whatever form he might encounter him. At first Cn. Scipio, on hearing that the enemy had moved out of his winter quarters, had the same intention. But second thoughts made him shrink from a battle on land, so great was the fame of the enemy's new auxiliaries; and embarking some of his picked troops he went to meet the enemy with a squadron of five-and-thirty ships. On the day after leaving Tarraco he reached an anchorage ten miles distant from the mouth of the Ebro. He had sent in advance two Massilian vessels to reconnoitre. These brought back news that the fleet of the Carthaginians was at anchor in the mouth of the river, and their camp pitched on the banks.

Scipio weighed anchor and advanced against the enemy, hoping to take him unaware and unprepared, and to crush him in the panic of a general attack. There are many towers in Spain built on high ground, which they use both as watch-towers and as defences against robbers. From one of these the hostile fleet was first descried, and the signal given to Hasdrubal. Thus it was on land and in the camp that the alarm first arose, not by the sea or among the ships, where no one could yet hear the dash of the oar, or any other sound of the kind, and the projecting cliffs did not allow the fleet to be seen. Of a sudden horseman after horseman despatched by Hasdrubal ordered the men, who were wandering about the shore or sleeping in their tents, thinking of anything rather than of the enemy and of a battle to be fought that very day, to instantly man their ships and arm themselves; the Roman fleet, it was said, was close to the harbour. Troopers were sent hither and thither with these orders. Soon Hasdrubal himself came up with his whole army. All was uproar and confusion; rowers and sailors rushed together into the ships, which seemed to be flying from the shore rather than going into battle. Before all were well on board, some unfastened their hawsers and drifted toward their anchors;[1] others, to have nothing to check them, cut the anchor ropes. Everything was done with excessive haste and hurry; the preparations of the soldiers hindered the sailors in their work; the panic of the sailors prevented the soldiers from arming themselves or preparing for battle. By this time the Romans were more than approaching; they were bringing their ships straight to the attack. The Carthaginians were confounded quite as much by their own disorder as by the assault of the enemy; after essaying to fight, rather than fighting, they turned their ships to fly; they could not, of course, get into the mouth of the river in their rear, with so widely extended a line, and so many crowding in together. Accordingly, they drove their ships ashore in every direction, and then, plunging into the shallows or jumping on to dry land, armed or unarmed, they made their escape to the ranks of friendly troops drawn up along the shore. However, in the first onset two Carthaginian ships were taken and four sunk.

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[1] On the border of Samnium and Picinum.—D. O.

The Romans, though the enemy was master on shore, and though they saw the hostile lines extended along the coast, pursued without hesitation the routed fleet. To the stern of every ship which had not shattered its bows on the shore or wedged its keel in the sand they fastened ropes, and so dragged them out to sea. Out of the forty they captured twenty-five.

However, the best part of their victory was not this, but that by one slight affair they became masters of all the sea that washes that coast. After this the fleet sailed to Onusa and there they made a descent. They stormed and sacked the city, and then made for New Carthage, ravaged all the country round it, and even set fire to the dwellings that adjoined the walls and the gates. From Carthage the fleet went laden with booty to Longuntica, where there was a vast quantity of esparto grass,[1] which Hasdrubal had collected for the use of his fleet. They removed as much as they wanted and set fire to the rest. Nor did they only cruise along the mainland; they even crossed to the island of Ebusus.[2] Here for two days they assaulted with all their might, but in vain, the capital town of the island. Finding that they were wasting time on what they could not hope to accomplish, they took to plundering the country, sacked and burned several villages, and got back to their ships with more plunder than they had collected from the mainland. Here envoys from the Balearic Islands came to Scipio to ask for peace. From this point the fleet turned back, and they returned to the eastern side of the province, whither assembled envoys from all the tribes near the Ebro and from many that dwelt in remotest Spain. The tribes who were really brought under the sway of Rome and gave hostages were more than one hundred and twenty. The Romans now felt fairly confident of the power of their army and marched as far as the pass of Castulo.[3] Hasdrubal retired to Lusitania,[4] where he was nearer to the Atlantic.

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[1] The sterns of ships in port were fastened by hawsers to the shore. Their prows pointing seaward were anchored in that position.—D. O.

After this it seemed likely that the rest of the summer would pass quietly, and so it would have as far as the Carthaginians were concerned. But the Spanish temper is always restless and eager for change, and, besides this, Mandonius and Indibilis, formerly prince of the Ilergetes, as soon as the Romans had retired from the pass to the coast, called their tribesmen to arms and came intent on plunder into the peaceful territory of Rome's allies. Scipio sent against them some light-armed auxiliaries under the command of a military tribune, who routed them—they were but an undisciplined rabble—after a slight engagement, killing some, capturing others, and disarming many of the rest. The outbreak, however, induced Hasdrubal to stay his march toward the Atlantic coast, and return to the west bank of the Ebro, where he might defend his allies. The Carthaginian camp was pitched in the neighbourhood of Ilergavonia; that of the Romans at Nova Classis, when fresh news changed all at once the seat of war. The Celtiberi, who were the leading tribe of their part of Spain, had sent ambassadors and given hostages to the Romans, and now at the bidding of an envoy from Scipio, they took up arms and invaded with a powerful army the province of New Carthage. They took three towns by storm; and then fought two brilliantly successful battles with Hasdrubal himself, killing fifteen thousand of the enemy and capturing four thousand, together with many standards.

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[1] Used like hemp.—D. O.

[2] The nearest of the Balearic Islands.—D. O.

[3] On the Guadalquiver, about fifty miles above Cordova.—D. O.

[4] Approximately Portugal.—D. O.

This was the state of affairs in Spain when Publius Scipio came into the province. The senate had prolonged his command after the end of his consulship, and sent him with thirty ships of war, eight thousand soldiers, and a great supply of provisions. The fleet with its huge array of transports was descried at a great distance, and excited the liveliest joy among citizens and allies when it ended its voyage in the harbour of Tarraco. Scipio landed his troops there and marched to join his brother. Thenceforward the two carried on the campaign with one heart and purpose. As the Carthaginians were occupied with the Celtiberi, they did not hesitate to cross the Ebro, and not seeing an enemy, continued to advance on Saguntum, to which place it was reported that the hostages from the whole of Spain had been transferred by Hannibal, and were there kept in the citadel by but a small guard. It was only this pledge that stayed the universal inclination of the Spanish tribes toward alliance with Rome. They feared lest the guilt of their defection should be expiated by the blood of their children.

From this difficulty Spain was freed by the policy, inglorious rather than honourable, of one man. Abelux was a noble Spaniard at Saguntum. Once he had been loyal to Carthage; but now—and such characters are common among barbarians—with a change of fortune he had changed his allegiance. Feeling that a deserter who went over to the enemy with nothing valuable to betray, brought nothing but his one worthless and disreputable person, he aimed at being as profitable as possible to his new allies. After anxiously considering everything that fortune could possibly put within his reach, he turned his thoughts by preference to delivering up the hostages, the one thing, he knew, which would win for Rome the friendship of the Spanish chiefs. Knowing, however, that the keeper of the hostages would do nothing but at the bidding of Bostar the governor, he brought his arts to bear on Bostar himself. Bostar had established a camp outside the town, quite on the shore, to close against the Romans any approach on that side. Here Abelux took him aside, and explained to him, as he might to a stranger, the aspect of affairs. "Hitherto," he said, "fear had held the inclinations of the Spaniards in check, because the Romans have been far away; now the Roman camps have been advanced to the west of the Ebro and afford safe shelter and refuge to all who desire a change. The men who are no longer ruled by fear, you must bind by kindness and favours."

Bostar was astonished, and wished to know what this unexpected and all-important concession could be. "Send back," said Abelux, " the hostages to their states. This will be agreeable to the parents personally, who have great weight in their own states, and agreeable to the tribes generally. Every one likes to be treated with confidence; to trust a man's loyalty often binds that loyalty the faster. I claim for myself the office of restoring the hostages to their homes; I would expend all possible pains to carry out my plan and add to an act that is graceful in itself all the grace that I can."

Abelux satisfied Bostar, who had scarcely the average shrewdness of a Carthaginian, and then made his way secretly by night to the Roman outposts, where he met some Spanish auxiliaries, who conducted him to Scipio. To him he explained his proposal, gave and received a promise of friendship, arranged a time and place for handing over the hostages, and so returned to Saguntum. The next day he spent with Bostar in receiving instructions for the business in hand. From the governor he went to those who had the custody of the boys, and set out at the exact hour on which he had agreed with the enemy, having arranged to travel by night, for the purpose, he said, of eluding their watch. Thus he led the party, unknowingly, as it seemed, into a trap which his own craft had prepared. They were conducted into the Roman camp, and the whole business of restoring the hostages to their friends, as had been arranged with Bostar, was carried out in exactly the same way as if the thing were being done in the name of Carthage. Yet though the favour was the same, Rome earned considerably more gratitude than Carthage would have done. Carthage they had found tyrannical and haughty in the day of prosperity, and they might well believe that it was disaster and fear that had softened her; Rome, a stranger before, on her very first introduction to them began with an act of kindness and generosity, and the sagacious Abelux seemed to have had good reason for changing his friends. All now began with surprising unanimity to meditate revolt; and an insurrection would have broken out at once but for the interruption of winter, which compelled both Romans and Carthaginians to seek shelter.

So much for what happened in Spain in the second summer of the Punic war. In Italy Fabius's wise policy of delay had stayed for a while Rome's disasters. It was a policy that gave Hannibal no little anxiety, seeing, as he did, that at length the Romans had chosen to direct their arms a man who fought on system, not by chance; but among his own countrymen, soldiers as well as civilians, it was held in contempt, certainly after the master of the horse had in his absence rashly ventured a battle with a result which it would be more correct to call fortunate than successful. Two circumstances increased the dictator's unpopularity. One was due to the falsehood and craft of Hannibal. Deserters had pointed out to him the dictator's estate, and he had given orders that, while everything round it was levelled to the ground, it should be kept safe from fire and sword and all hostile violence, hoping that this forbearance might be thought the consideration for some secret agreement. The other was the result of the dictator's own action—action possibly doubtful for a time, as he had not waited for the senate's sanction, but finally beyond all question turning out very much to his credit. In the exchange of prisoners it had been agreed between the two generals, following the precedent of the first Punic war, that the side which had more to receive than to hand over should make good as much as two pounds and a half of silver for every man. The Romans had received back two hundred and forty-seven more prisoners than the Carthaginians; finding that after frequent debate on the matter there was delay in voting the money due for these men, because he had not consulted the senate, he sent his son Quintus to Rome, sold the estate which the enemy had spared, and discharged the public obligation at his own cost.

Hannibal was in a stationary camp before the walls of Gereonium, a city which he had taken and burned, but in which he had left a few houses to serve as barns. He sent out two divisions of his army to collect corn, and remained himself with a third division in readiness to move, thus at once protecting his camp and watching against any attack that might be made on his foraging parties.

At this time the Roman army was in the country of Larinum,[1] Minucius, master of the horse, being in command, the dictator, as I have already said, having started for Rome. The camp, pitched hitherto on the hills, on high and secure ground, was now brought down to the plain, and more energetic measures, suited to the temper of the new general, were discussed for attacking the scattered foragers or the enemy's lines, left as they were with a slender garrison. Hannibal did not fail to perceive that a change of plans had followed a change of generals, and that the foe was likely to show more dash than caution. Very strangely, he now, though the enemy was so near, sent out a third of his troops to forage, and kept two thirds in his camp. Next he moved the camp itself nearer to the Romans, about two miles away from Gereonium, on to some rising ground within their sight, to make it plain to them that he was bent on protecting his foragers, should an attack be threatened. From this point he saw some high ground yet nearer and actually overhanging the Roman camp. Should he move on it in the broad light of day, it was certain that the enemy, having a shorter space to traverse, would get the start of him; he sent therefore some Numidians who occupied it under cover of darkness.

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[1] Between Gereonium and the Adriatic.—D. O.

Next day the Romans, despising the scanty numbers that held the place, attacked them, drove them out, and moved thither their own camp. There was now but a very small space between one rampart and the other, and this was almost wholly occupied by Roman troops. At the same time some cavalry and light-armed soldiers darted out against the foragers from the side that was farthest from Hannibal's camp and made a great rout and slaughter in their scattered ranks. And Hannibal did not venture to fight a battle, for a great part of his army was away, and his force was so scanty that he could scarcely protect his camp should it be attacked. He now began to adopt the tactics of Fabius, to sit still and to delay, and retired his men to his first camp outside Gereonium. Some authorities have it that a regular battle was fought; that at the first encounter the Carthaginians were driven in confusion to their camp; that the Romans in their turn were panic-stricken by a sudden sally, and that the day was finally won by the arrival of a Samnite officer, Numerius Decimius. Numerius, whose birth and wealth made him the first man not only in Bovianum, his native place, but in the whole of Samnium, was marching eight thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry into the camp by order of the dictator; he could now be seen by Hannibal in his rear, and presented the appearance of re-enforcements coming from Rome with Fabius. Hannibal, fearing some stratagem, drew back his troops; the Romans pursued, and, with the help of the Samnites, stormed that same day two redoubts. Of the enemy there fell six thousand, of the Romans five thousand men; but though the loss on both sides was so nearly equal, a foolish report of a splendid victory was sent to Rome with a despatch from the master of the horse that was yet more foolish.

These matters were often debated both in the senate and in the assembly of the people. When, amid the universal joy, the dictator alone would believe neither report nor despatch, and declared that, allowing all to be true, he was more afraid of successes than reverses, then Marcus Metilius, tribune of the people, spoke out. "This," he said, "really can not be endured, that the dictator should not only have set himself, when he was with the army, against any attempt at success, but should also, when he is not with it, set himself against a success actually achieved; that, in his tedious campaigning, he should purposely waste time to keep himself longer in office and to enjoy a monopoly of power both at Rome and in the field. One consul has fallen in battle, the other has been banished far away from Italy under the pretence that he is to pursue the Carthaginian fleet. The two prætors are employed in Sicily and Sardinia, though there is now no need for a prætor in either province. Marcus Minucius, the master of the horse, is almost kept in prison that he may not even see the enemy or do any of a soldier's business. Good heavens! it is not only Samnium, which indeed we have given up to Carthage just as much as if it were Spain beyond the Ebro, but Campania and the country round Cales and Falerii that have been ravaged, while the dictator sits still at Casilinum and employs the legions of the Roman people in protecting his own estate. An army eager to fight and a master of the horse have been almost shut up within their intrenchments; their arms have been taken from them, just as if they had been prisoners from the enemy. At length, when the dictator left them, they marched out of their lines, like men released from a siege, and routed and put to flight the enemy. For these reasons were the old spirit present to the commons of Rome, I should have boldly proposed that Quintus Fabius be deposed. As it is, I shall offer a strictly moderate resolution, equalizing the power of the dictator and the master of the horse. Even if this is carried, Fabius must not join the army till he has appointed a consul in the room of Caius Flaminius."

The dictator abstained from all public speeches on behalf of a most unpopular policy. Even in the senate he was heard with disfavour when he extolled the skill of Hannibal, and maintained that the disasters of the last two years had been incurred through the rashness and inexperience of our generals, and that the master of the horse would have to answer to him for having fought in disobedience to his commands. "If," he said, "I am supreme in command and counsel, I will soon make men know that, with a good general, fortune is of little account, that good sense and sound judgment carry the day, and that it is far more glorious to have kept an army safe at a critical moment and without disgrace than to have slain many thousands of the enemy." But he urged these arguments to no purpose; and so, after appointing Marcus Atilius Regulus consul, as he did not wish to stay himself and wrangle about claims to power, he left for the army by night.

There was an assembly of the commons at dawn. Silent ill-feeling toward the dictator and a liking for the master of the horse were strong in the public mind, but men hardly dared to come forward and advocate what was really popular.[1] Thus the motion, though it found abundant favour, still wanted supporters. One man alone was found to argue for the bill, Caius Terentius Varro, prætor of the year before, a man of birth not only humble but positively mean. It was said that his father had been a butcher, who sold his own goods by retail, and who had employed this very son in the menial employments of his trade.

Growing to manhood, he found in the money left by his father the hope of rising from these sordid gains to a nobler position; the advocate's gown suited his taste; noisy declamations and causes for ignoble clients brought him first to notoriety and afterward to public office. Becoming quæstor, once plebeian and once curule ædile, and at last prætor, he was now even raising his aspirations to the consulship. With no small cunning he sought to win the people's favour out of the dislike felt for the dictator, and secured for himself all the popularity of the resolution.

All men, whether at Rome or in the army, whether friends or foes, took the bill as an intentional insult to the dictator. Not so the dictator himself. In the same dignified spirit in which he had borne the charges made against him before the populace, he now bore the wrong which the commons inflicted in their rage. The despatch from the senate announcing the equalization of military authority reached him on his way. Confident that the commander's skill could not be equalized along with the right to command, he returned to the army with a soul that neither his fellow-citizens nor the enemy could subdue.

As for Minucius, success and popularity had already made him scarcely endurable, and now he began to boast without restraint or modesty that he had vanquished Fabius quite as much as he had vanquished Hannibal. "This marvellous general discovered in our trouble to be a match for Hannibal, this supreme commander, this dictator has been put on a level with me, his inferior, his master of the horse made such by the will of the people, though there is no precedent for it in our history, and though in Rome the master of the horse has been wont to tremble and quake at the axes and rods of the dictator. So brilliantly conspicuous have been my good fortune and valour. It is for me therefore to follow out my destiny, if the dictator persists in a delay and an inaction on which gods and men alike have pronounced sentence."

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[1] As being entirely unprecedented.—D. O.

Accordingly, on the first day that he met Quintus Fabius, he declared that the first thing to be settled was how they were to exercise the divided command. His own opinion was that the supreme authority and command should rest with them on alternate days, or for some settled time, if a longer period seemed preferable. They would thus be a match for the enemy not only in strategy, but also in actual force, should any opportunity for action present itself. This plan in nowise approved itself to Fabius. Everything, he saw, would thus be at the mercy of any mischance that might befall his colleague's rashness. His command had been shared, not taken from him; he would never willingly relinquish the duty of prudently directing matters, as far as might be; he would share the troops with him rather than periods or days of command, and would save by his counsels what he could, since he might not save all. He had his way, and the legions were divided between the two, as was the regular practice with the consuls. The first and fourth fell to Minucius, the second and third to Fabius. They also made an equal division of the cavalry, of the allies, and of the Latin auxiliaries. The master of the horse also chose to have a separate camp.

Hannibal was now doubly delighted, and not a single movement of his foe escaped him. The deserters told him much, and he learned much from his own spies. He would entrap in his own fashion the frank rashness of Minucius, while the experienced Fabius had lost half of his strength. There was some rising ground between the camp of Minucius and that of the Carthaginians, and it was clear that whoever should occupy it would thereby make the enemy's position less favourable. It was not so much Hannibal's desire to gain this without fighting, though that would have been worth the attempt, as to find in it the occasion of a battle with Minucius, who would, he was quite sure, sally forth to oppose him. All the ground between them seemed at first sight useless for purposes of ambush. Not only had it no vestige of wood about it, but it was without even a covering of brambles. In reality, nature made it to conceal an ambush, all the more because no hidden danger could be feared in so bare a valley.

In its windings were caverns, some of them large enough to hold two hundred armed men. Into these hiding-places, wherever there was one which could be conveniently occupied, he introduced five thousand infantry and cavalry. Still in so exposed a valley the stratagem might be discovered by the incautious movement of a single soldier, or by the gleam of arms, and he therefore sent a few troops at early dawn to occupy the hill mentioned before, and so to distract the attention of the enemy. To see them was to conceive at once a contempt for their scanty numbers. Every man begged for the task of dislodging the enemy and occupying the place. Conspicuous among these senseless braggarts was the general himself, as he called his men to arms and assailed the enemy with idle threats. First he sent his light troops, then his cavalry in close array; at last, seeing that the enemy were receiving re-enforcements, he advanced with his legions in order of battle.

Hannibal, too, as the conflict waxed fiercer and his troops were hard pressed, sent again and again infantry and cavalry to their support, till his line of battle was complete, and both sides were fighting with their whole strength. First of all the Roman light-armed troops, attacking, as they did, from below an elevation already occupied, were repulsed and thrust back, carrying panic with them into the cavalry behind and flying till they reached the standards of the legions. It was the infantry that alone stood firm amid the rout and seemed likely, if once they had had to fight a regular battle in the face of the enemy, to be quite a match for him. The successful action of a few days before had given them abundance of courage; but the ambushed troops unexpectedly rose upon them, charged them on the flank and in the rear, and spread such confusion and panic that they lost all heart for fighting and all hope of escape.

Fabius first heard the cry of terror; then saw from afar the broken lines. "It is true," he cried, "disaster has overtaken rashness, but not sooner than I feared. They made him equal to Fabius, but he sees that Hannibal is his superior both in courage and in good fortune. Another time, however, will do for angry reproof and censure; now advance the standards beyond the ramparts. Let us wring from the enemy his victory, from our countrymen the confession of error."

Many had already fallen and many were looking for the chance to fly, when the army of Fabius, as suddenly as if it had dropped from heaven, appeared to help them. Before javelins were thrown or swords crossed, it checked the Romans in their headlong flight, the enemy in the fierce eagerness of their attack. Where the ranks had been broken and the men scattered hither and thither, they hurried from all sides to the unbroken line; larger bodies had retreated together, these now wheeled round to face the enemy in a circular formation, sometimes slowly retiring, sometimes standing in firm and close array. By the time that the beaten army and the unbroken army had all but combined into a single force and were advancing against the enemy, Hannibal gave the signal for retreat, thus openly confessing that, as he had conquered Minucius, so he had himself been worsted by Fabius.

Returning to the camp late on this day of checkered fortune, Minucius assembled his troops. "Soldiers," he said, "I have often heard that the best man is he who can tell us himself what is the right thing; that next comes he who listens to good advice; and that he who can not advise himself or submit to another, has the meanest capacity of all. Since the best blessing of heart and understanding has been denied us, let us hold fast that next best gift which is between the two, and while we learn to rule, make up our minds to obey the wise. Let us join our camp to the camp of Fabius. When we have carried our standards to his headquarters, and I have given him the title of parent, so well deserved by the service which he has done us, and by his high position, you, my soldiers, will salute as the authors of your freedom the men whose right hands and swords lately saved you. So this day will give us, if nothing else, yet at least the credit of having grateful hearts."

The signal was given, and proclamation made to collect the camp equipage. Then they started and marched in regular array to the dictator's camp, much to his wonder and that of those who stood round him. When the standards were set up before the hustings, the master of the horse stepped forward and called Fabius by the name of "father," while the whole array saluted as "authors of their freedom" the soldiers as they stood grouped around their commander. "Dictator," he said, "I have put thee on a level with my parents by this name, and it is all that speech can do; but while I owe to them life only, to thee I owe the safety of myself and of all these. Therefore I am the first to reject and repeal that decree which has been to me a burden rather than an honour, and praying that this act may be prospered to thee and me and to these thy armies, the preserver and the preserved alike, I put myself again under thy command and fortunes, and restore to thee these standards and legions. Forgive us, I pray, and allow me to keep my mastership of the horse, and each of these his several rank."

There was a general clasping of hands; and when the assembly was dismissed, the soldiers were kindly and hospitably invited by strangers as well as friends. Thus a day which but a few hours before had been full of sorrow and almost of unspeakable disaster became a day of merriment. In Rome, as soon as the news of this incident arrived, followed and confirmed by letters, not only from the generals but from many persons in either army, every one joined in extolling Maximus to the skies. Hannibal and the Carthaginians equally admired him. They felt at last that it was with Romans and in Italy that they were fighting. For the last two years they had so despised both the generals and the soldiers of Rome that they could scarcely believe themselves to be fighting with that same people of whom they had heard so terrible a report from their fathers. Hannibal, too, they say, exclaimed, as he was returning from the field, "At last the cloud which has been dwelling so long upon the hills has burst upon us in storm and rain."

While these events were occurring in Italy, the consul Cneius Servilius Geminus, with a fleet of one hundred and twenty ships sailed round the coasts of Sardinia and Corsica, received hostages from both islands, and then crossed over to Africa. Before landing on the mainland, he ravaged the island of Menige, and received ten talents of silver from the inhabitants of Cercina,[1] as a consideration for not devastating their territory also. He then passed over to the African coast and landed his forces. The soldiers and seamen were now taken to ravage the country, and dispersed themselves just as if they were plundering an uninhabited island. This recklessness drew them into ambuscades; they were straggling, and the enemy was compact; they knew nothing of the country, and the enemy knew it well: finally they were driven back to their ships with heavy loss and great disgrace. As many as a thousand men, and among them the quæstor Sempronius Blaesus, perished. The fleet then hurriedly leaving a coast crowded with foes, sailed to Sicily, and was handed over at Lilybæum to the prætor Titus Otacilius, whose second in command, Publius Sura, was to take it back to Rome. The consul himself went overland through Sicily, and crossed the strait to Italy. A despatch from Fabius had summoned him and his colleague,

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[1] Both in the Gulf of Cabes.—D. O.

Marcus Atilius, that they might take his army off his hands, as his six months' command was now nearly at an end.

Almost all the annalists relate that Fabius was dictator when he conducted his campaign against Hannibal. Cœlius adds that he was the first dictator created by the people. But it has escaped Cœlius and the other writers that the surviving consul, Cneius Servilius, who was then far away in the province of Gaul, alone had the right of naming a dictator; that the country, terror-stricken by disaster, would not endure the delay, and had recourse to the plan of creating by popular election a pro-dictator; and that his achievements, the great distinction that he won as a general, and an exaggerated account of his honours in after generations, easily led to the belief that he had been dictator, when really he had been but pro-dictator.

Atilius took command of the army of Fabius, and Geminus Servilius of that of Minucius. They fortified their winter camp in good time, and were thoroughly agreed in employing the tactics of Fabius for what was left of the autumn campaign. Whenever Hannibal sallied out to collect supplies, they were ready to meet him at this place and at that; they harassed his march, they cut off stragglers; but the hazard of a general engagement, which the enemy sought in every possible way to bring on, they declined. Hannibal was reduced to such extreme want that he would have gone back to Gaul, but that his retreat would have looked like a flight, and he had no hope of supporting his army in this country were the next consuls to follow the same tactics.

When winter had brought the war to a standstill at Gereonium, envoys from Naples came to Rome. They brought into the senate-house forty very heavy bowls of gold, and spoke to the following effect: "We know that the treasury of the Roman people is being exhausted by the war. Seeing, then, that you are fighting just as much for the cities and lands of the allies as for the capital and citadel of Italy, Rome, and your own empire, the men of Naples hold it right to give to the help of the Roman people the gold which has been left them by their ancestors alike for the adornment of their temples, or for a reserve in case of need. Had we thought that our own services were of any worth, we should have offered them with the same readiness. The senate and people of Rome will best please us by looking on all the possessions of the men of Naples as their own, and by deigning to receive from them a gift to which the good-will of those who freely offer it rather than its actual magnitude gives greatness and dignity." The envoys were thanked for their munificence and zeal, and the lightest of the bowls was accepted.

About this time a Carthaginian spy who had eluded capture for two years was caught in Rome and dismissed with his hands lopped off. Twenty-five slaves were crucified for having conspired in the Campus Martius, the informer being rewarded with his liberty and twenty thousand sesterces. An embassy was sent to Philip, King of Macedon, to demand the extradition of Demetrius of Pharos, who had taken refuge with him after his defeat; another to the Ligures to expostulate with them for helping the Carthaginians with money and men, and also to observe from the immediate neighbourhood what was going on among the Boii and the Insubres. Envoys also were sent to King Pineus in Illyria to demand the tribute, the time for which had expired, or, if he wished payment to be postponed, to receive hostages. Crushing as was the pressure of the war upon our shoulders, yet nothing in any country, however remote, escaped the diligent care of Rome. Religious scruples also arose because the Temple of Concord which the prætor, Lucius Manlius, had vowed two years before in Gaul on the occasion of a mutiny, had not been contracted for up to that time. Two commissioners, Caius Pupius and Cæso Quinctius Flamininus, were appointed for the purpose by Marcus Æmilius, prætor of the city, and contracted for the building of the temple in the citadel.[1]

This same prætor also in obedience to a resolution of the senate sent letters to the consuls to the effect that if they thought fit one of them should come to Rome to hold the election for new consuls, and that any day they might wish should be fixed for the assembly. The consuls replied that they could not without damage to the public interests leave the neighbourhood of the enemy, and that therefore the elections should be held by an interrex in preference to calling away either of the consuls from the seat of war. It seemed to the senate more in order that a dictator should be named by the consul for the purpose of holding the election. Lucius Veturius Philo was so named, and appointed Manius Pomponius Matho his master of the horse. There was some legal flaw in these appointments, and they were ordered fourteen days afterward to abdicate their offices, and an interregnum was the result.

The consuls had their command prolonged for a year.[2] The senate named as interrex first Caius Claudius Cento, son of Appius of that name, and after him, Publius Cornelius Asina. During the latter's term of office the elections were held, and fiercely contested between patricians and plebeians. The lower orders were striving to elevate to the consulship Caius Terentius Varro, a man of their own class, who had ingratiated himself with them by his invectives against the nobles, and the arts which win popularity, and who, since the shock which he had given to the position and power of the dictator Fabius, had found in another man's unpopularity a certain distinction for himself. The patricians opposed him with all their might, fearing lest men should find in such attacks a common road to equality. Quintus Bæbius Herennius, tribune of the commons, a kinsman of Varro, inveighed not only against the senate, but also against the augurs, because they had forbidden the dictator to complete the elections, seeking at their expense that which might win favour for his own candidate. "It is the nobles," he cried, "eager for war as they have long been, who brought Hannibal into Italy; it is they who, when the struggle might be ended, wickedly prolonged the war. When it had been proved by the success of Minucius during the absence of Fabius that four legions combined could fight with advantage, two legions were sent for the enemy to slaughter, and then, rescued from slaughter, to gain the titles of father and protector for the man who kept the Romans from victory before he kept them from defeat. After this the consuls followed the tactics of Fabius and protracted the war which they might have finished. This is the compact which all the nobles have made among themselves; we shall not see the end of the war till we raise to the consulship a real plebeian, that is, a man from the ranks; for our plebeian nobility[1] have now been initiated into the patrician religious ritual, and have learned to despise the commons ever since they ceased to be despised by the patricians. Who does not see that their aim and object have been to bring about an interregnum, that the elections may be controlled by the patricians?[2] This was what the consuls had in view in lingering with the army, this was the reason why, when they had reluctantly named a dictator to conduct the elections, they had fought hard to get this dictator's appointment pronounced irregular by the augurs. They have their interregnum, then; but one consulship certainly belongs to the commons of Rome;[3] the people would use it freely and give it to the man who would prefer winning an early victory to holding a long command."

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[1] Or rather on the slope of and backed up against the Capitoline Hill. —D. O.

[2] As proconsuls.—D. O.

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[1] The conscripti who had been added to the senate.—D. O.

[2] Interreges were always patricians.—D. O.

[3] By the Licinian law, passed 367 B. C.—D. O.

With such oratory the commons were wrought to fury. Three patricians were candidates, Publius Cornelius Merenda, Lucius Manlius Vulso, Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, and two men of ennobled plebeian families, Caius Atilius Serranus, and Quintus Ælius Pætus, one of whom was pontiff and the other augur, but the single consul elected[1] was Caius Terentius, who had therefore to preside over the election of a colleague. By this time the nobles had found that their candidates were not strong enough. They induced Lucius Æmilius Paulus, after a long and earnest resistance, to stand. He had been consul with Marcus Livius, and had escaped half ruined from the condemnation which had overtaken his colleague and himself, and he was no friend to the commons. On the next election day, all Varro's opponents retiring, Æmilius was appointed rather as a rival to thwart him than as a colleague. The election of prætors was next held; Manius Pomponius Matho and Publius Furius Philus were appointed. To Philus was allotted the jurisdiction of prætor of the city; to Pomponius the jurisdiction over causes between citizens and aliens. Two more prætors were appointed, Marcus Claudius Marcellus for Sicily, and Lucius Postumius Albinus for Gaul. All these magistrates were appointed in their absence. Not one, except the consul Terentius, had any office committed to him which he had not held before, and not a few gallant and energetic men were passed over, because at such a crisis it was thought that no one should be trusted with an office to which he was new.

The armies also were increased. But as to what additional forces of infantry and cavalry were raised, my authorities vary so much, both as to the number and the class of troops, that I have not ventured to speak with any certainty. Some say that ten thousand fresh troops were levied by way of re-enforcement; others that four new legions were enrolled, so that there should be an available force of eight legions; they say also that the number of the infantry and the cavalry in each legion was augmented, a thousand foot and a hundred horse being added to each, so that a legion now had five thousand foot and three hundred horse, the allies supplying double the number of cavalry and the same number of infantry. It is affirmed by some writers that there were eighty-seven thousand two hundred armed men in the Roman camp when Cannæ was fought. All indeed agree that things were done with

[1] None of the others received enough votes.—D. O.

more vigour and energy than in former years, because the dictator had given them the hope that the enemy might be conquered.

But before the new legions marched from Rome, the College of the Ten were directed to consult and examine the sacred books on account of the general terror which certain new portents had caused. It was declared that both at Rome, on Mount Aventine, and at Aricia, and at the same hour, there had fallen a shower of stones; that statues in the Sabine country had dripped plentifully with blood, and that cold water had flowed from a hot spring. And indeed the frequent repetition of this portent was peculiarly alarming. In the vaulted street which used to lead to the Campus several men were struck and killed by lightning. These portents were expiated as the books directed. Envoys from Pæstum[1] brought bowls of gold to Rome. They received a vote of thanks, as had the people of Naples, but the gold was not accepted.

About the same time there arrived at Ostia a fleet from King Hiero with a great supply of provisions. The envoys were introduced into the senate and spoke to this effect: "The news of the destruction of the consul Caius Flaminius and his army was so grievous to King Hiero that he could not have been more troubled by any disaster to himself and his realm. And so, though he is well aware that the greatness of the Roman people is almost more worthy of admiration in disaster than in success, yet he has sent everything with which good and loyal allies are wont to supply the needs of war, and he earnestly entreats the senate not to refuse to accept them. First of all, for good fortune's sake, we bring a golden statue of Victory, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. Accept it, and keep it, and reckon it as your own forever. We have also brought three hundred thousand pecks of wheat, and two hundred thousand of barley, lest supplies should fail you, and we will bring in all that you want besides to any point you may command. The king knows that the Roman people use no infantry or cavalry that is not Roman, or of the Latin nation, yet he has seen in the camps of Rome light-armed troops even of foreign race. He has sent, therefore, a thousand archers and slingers, a force well fitted to cope with the islanders and Moors and other tribes who fight with missiles." The envoys added the suggestion that the prætor commanding in Sicily should cross over with a fleet to Africa. The enemy, with war in their own borders, would be less free to send re-enforcements to Hannibal.

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[1] First a Greek, later a Roman, colony on the coast, about fifty miles south of Naples. The ruined temples there are the finest remains of the kind outside of Athens.—D. O.

The senate replied that Hiero was an honest man and an admirable ally, who had been consistently loyal from the day that he became the friend of the Roman people, and had munificently helped the commonwealth of Rome at all times and in all places. This loyalty was as dear to the Roman people as it deserved to be. They had not accepted the gold that had been offered by certain nations, though they accepted the kindness of the act. But they did accept, for good fortune's sake, the statue of Victory, and gave and consecrated to the goddess a seat in the Capitol, the temple of almighty and most merciful Jupiter. "Solemnly established of her own good-will and pleasure in that citadel of Rome, she will ever be firm and steadfast to the Roman people." The slingers, the archers, and the corn were handed over to the consuls. Twenty-five ships of five banks of oars were added to the fleet of one hundred and twenty sail, which Titus Otacilius, the pro-prætor, had in Sicily, and leave was given him to cross over to Africa, if he thought it for the public advantage.

The consuls, after completing their levy, delayed their departure a few days till the soldiers from the allies and the Latin nation should come in. Then—a thing never done before—the troops had the oath of allegiance administered to them by the tribunes of the soldiers. Up to that time there had been nothing but the obligation to assemble at the bidding of the consuls and not to depart without their leave, and the custom, when they were formed into their companies of a hundred and their troops of ten, that the infantry soldiers of each company and the horsemen of each troop swore to each other that they would not leave their fellows for fear's sake or flight, nor quit their ranks except to take up or seek a weapon, to strike a foe, or to save a friend. From a voluntary agreement among themselves this was now changed into an oath regularly administered by the tribunes.

Before the army left Rome, the consul Varro delivered several fierce harangues, in which he declared that on the very day on which he saw the enemy he would finish this war, which, brought as it had been into Italy by the nobles, would cling to the vitals of the commonwealth, if it had more generals such as Fabius. His colleague Paulus spoke once, and that on the day before he left the city, with words that were more true than welcome. He said nothing harsh against Varro, except this only, that he wondered how a general without knowing anything of his own or the enemy's army, of the nature of the ground, or the geography of the country, could be sure, while he was still a civilian in the city, what he would have to do when he was a soldier, and could even predict the day on which he would give battle to his foe. As for himself, seeing that circumstances determine plans, rather than plans circumstances, he would indulge in no premature anticipations, and would hope that action cautiously and deliberately conducted would end in success. Rashness, besides its folly, was in this conjuncture peculiarly unfortunate. Evident as it was that Paulus would voluntarily prefer counsels of safety to counsels of haste, Quintus Fabius Maximus, wishing to strengthen him in this resolve, thus addressed him, it is said, on the eve of his departure:

"Had you a colleague like yourself, Lucius Æmilius—and I would that it were so!—or were you like your colleague, my words would be superfluous. Were both of you good men, you would do all that the common weal and your own honour demanded; were both of you bad men, you would neither listen to my words nor lay my counsels to heart. As it is, when I see what your colleague is, and what you are, I speak, and speak only to you, whose valour and patriotism must, I see, be all in vain if one half of the commonwealth be helpless and evil counsels have the same weight and authority as good. You are mistaken, Paulus, if you think that you will not have to contend quite as much with Terentius as with Hannibal. I do not know whether you will not find this opponent more dangerous to you than that open enemy. With the one you will contend in the battle-field only; with the other in every place, at every time. Against Hannibal and his legions, you will fight with your infantry and your cavalry; Varro, when in command, will assail you with your own troops. Heaven forbid that I should trouble you with the sinister recollection of Flaminius! Yet, when he was consul, it was only in his command and in the army that he began to show his insanity; this man, before he stood for the consulship, while he was standing for it, and now that he is consul, before he has seen the camp or the enemy, has played and is playing the madman. If he could raise such storms among our civilians by bragging of battle and battle-fields, what, think you, will he do with armed men—young men, remember—in circumstances where action follows immediately on speech? Yet if he shall give battle forthwith, as he declares he will do, then either I know nothing of military art, of this kind of war, and of this enemy, or some other place will be made yet more famous than Trasumennus by our disasters. This is no time for boasting, when you only are here, and I, if I err, would rather err in despising than in seeking fame; but this is the simple truth. There is but one method of fighting with Hannibal, and that is the method which I followed. It is not only results that show us this (fools are taught by results), but a reasoning which has remained and must remain unchanged as long as circumstances shall continue the same. It is in Italy we are fighting, in our own home, on our native soil; countrymen and allies are everywhere about us; they help and will help us with arms, men, horses, provisions (this proof of their loyalty they have already given us in our adversity), while time makes us continually better, wiser, more steadfast. Hannibal, on the other hand, is in a strange, a hostile country, where all is adverse and unfriendly, far from his home and native land. Neither by land nor sea can he find peace; no cities, no fortified places receive him; he sees nothing anywhere to call his own; he lives from day to day on what he steals. Scarce a third of the army with which he crossed the Ebro is left to him. He has lost more by hunger than by the sword, and for the few that remain he has not food enough. Do you doubt, then, that by sitting still we shall conquer a man who grows feebler every day, who has neither provisions nor re-enforcements nor money? How long has he been sitting before the walls of Gereonium, a poor fort in Apulia, as if they were the walls of Carthage? But even before you I will not boast of myself. See how the last consuls, Cneius Servilius and Atilius played with him. This is the one path of safety, Paulus, and thus it is your own countrymen, rather than the enemy, who will make it difficult and dangerous for you. True, our own soldiers will have the same wish as the enemy, and Varro, Roman consul as he is, will desire exactly what Hannibal the Carthaginian general desires. Singly you must resist the two commanders. And you will resist, if you stand really firm against both popular opinion and idle rumour, if neither the foolish vainglorying of your colleague nor your own undeserved disgrace shall move you. Truth, they say, is too often eclipsed, but never extinguished. He who spurns false glory, shall possess the true. Let them call you coward when you are cautious, dilatory when you are deliberate, no soldier when you show true strategy. I had rather that a skilful enemy should fear than that a foolish friend should praise you. The man who dares all risks, Hannibal will despise; the man who does nothing rashly, he will fear. I do not advise you to do nothing; I advise you that, whatever you do, you let reason, not fortune, guide you. Always keep yourself and your forces under your own control. Be always prepared, always on the watch. Never miss your own opportunity; never give an opportunity to the enemy. He who will not hurry, will find all things clear, all things certain. Haste is both improvident and blind."

The consul's reply was by no means in a cheerful tone. He allowed that what Fabius said was true, but not that it was easy to put into practice. A dictator had found his master of the horse unmanageable. What power and influence would a consul have to resist a turbulent and headstrong colleague? "In my first consulship," said Paulus, "I escaped, half consumed, out of the fire of popular fury; I wish that all things may turn out well. If any disaster befall us, I shall sooner trust my life to the weapons of the enemy than to the votes of my enraged fellow-citizens."

It was, they say, with these words on his lips that Paulus set out. He was attended by the leading patricians, the plebeian consul, by his own plebeian adherents, more conspicuously honoured by numbers than by worth. When they reached the camp, the old army was combined with the new; two camps were formed, the newer and weaker being nearer to Hannibal, while the first retained the greater part of the army and all the best troops. Marcus Atilius, consul of the last year, pleaded his age, and was sent back to Rome; Geminus Servilius was set to command a Roman legion and two thousand cavalry and infantry of the allies in the smaller camp. Hannibal, though perceiving that the hostile forces were half as large again as before, was yet marvellously delighted at the arrival of the consuls. Not only was there nothing left out of the plunder that every day brought in, but there was not even a place remaining to be plundered; all the corn had been carried into fortified towns as soon as the country grew unsafe, so that, as was afterward discovered, scarce ten days' supply of corn remained, and the Spaniards had arranged to desert from sheer hunger, if only the Romans could have waited for their full opportunity.

Chance gave encouragement to the rash and impetuous temper of the consul in a confused skirmish that began in an attempt to drive off some plunderers, followed by a hasty rush of the soldiers without preparation or orders from their commanders, and the fortune of the day went against the Carthaginians. As many as seventeen hundred fell; of the Romans and allies not more than a hundred were killed. The consul Paulus, who was in command that day (the two consuls commanded alternately), checked the wild pursuit of the conquerors, amid wrathful protestations from Varro, that they were letting the enemy slip out of their hands, and that he might have been thoroughly beaten had they not paused. Hannibal was not much distressed at this loss. He rather believed that it would be, so to speak, a bait to the rashness of the headstrong consul and of the new soldiers especially. He knew quite as much about his foe as he did about his own troops; he knew that two men wholly unlike and without unity of purpose were in command, and that nearly two thirds of the army were recruits. It seemed to him that both time and place favoured a stratagem. Making his soldiers carry with them nothing but their arms, he quitted his camp, leaving it full of property both public and private. He drew up his infantry in concealment behind the hills on his left, and his cavalry on the right; and made the baggage pass up the valley between, hoping to surprise the Romans while their thoughts and hands were busied with the plunder of a camp which seemed to have been deserted by the sudden flight of its occupants. Many fires were left in the camp, intended to create the impression that he had wished to keep the consuls where they were, till he had got a long start in his retreat, just as he had deceived Fabius the year before.

When day broke, the Romans saw with astonishment, first, that the pickets were withdrawn, and then when they approached the camp, that there was an unusual stillness. As soon as they were quite certain that it was deserted, there was a rush to the headquarters of the consul,[1] and a cry that the enemy had fled in such haste that they had abandoned their camp with the tents standing, and that to conceal their retreat, many fires had been left burning. A loud shout was set up that the consuls should at once order an advance and lead them to pursue the enemy, and forthwith plunder the camp. One of the consuls was nothing better than one of the mob of soldiers. Paulus said again and again that they must be prudent and cautious. At last, seeing no other way of holding his own against the mutineers and their leader, he sent Marius Statilius with a Lucanian troop of horse under his command to reconnoitre.

Riding up to the gates and bidding the rest remain outside the lines, Marius and two others entered the intrenchments, and after carefully surveying every point, brought back word that there was certainly some hidden danger; that the fires that had been left were on the side of the camp nearest to the Romans, the tents were open and everything of value was left perfectly accessible; that he had even seen silver strewn at random in some places along the paths, as if to invite plunder. What was calculated to restrain the soldiers from their greed of gain, only inflamed them. A shout arose that if the signal were not given they would go without their generals; but there was a general forthcoming, for Varro immediately gave the signal to start. Paulus, whose only wish was for delay, heard that the auguries of the sacred chicken [1] did not sanction an advance, and bade the fact be communicated to Varro just as he was marching out of the camp-gates. Varro was greatly vexed, but the recent disaster of Flaminius and the famous defeat of the consul Claudius in the first Punic war,[2] had impressed religious fears upon his mind. I may almost say that Heaven itself that day postponed rather than averted the doom that was hanging over the Romans. It so happened that while the consul was bidding the soldiers retire into the camp and they were refusing to obey him, two slave attendants, one belonging to a trooper from Formiæ and the other to a trooper from Sidicinum, who had been captured among the foragers by the Numidians when Servilius and Atilius were consuls, that day escaped to their old masters. They were brought to the consuls and told them that the whole army of Hannibal lay in ambush behind the hills. Their opportune arrival restored the authority of the consuls, though one consul, bent as he was on popularity, had by an unprincipled indulgence impaired the dignity of his office.[3]

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[1] The consul in command on that day.—D. O.

Hannibal saw that the Romans had indeed moved rashly, but were not yet venturing the last desperate risk, and he returned disappointed to his camp, now that his stratagem was discovered. He could not remain there many days, as provisions were running short. Every day new plans suggested themselves, not only among his troops, a miscellaneous crowd, the refuse of the world, but to the general himself. Murmurs that soon grew into loud clamours had been heard, demands for overdue pay, and complaints first of scanty rations and then of absolute famine; rumours had spread that the mercenaries, the Spaniards especially, had talked of changing sides, and Hannibal himself was said to have sometimes had thoughts of retreating into Gaul, hurrying away with his cavalry, but leaving all his infantry behind. Such being the plans discussed and such the temper prevailing in the camp, he resolved to move into Apulia, a warmer country, where the harvest would be earlier; the greater too his distance from the enemy, the more difficult would desertion be for the weaker spirits in his army. He started during the night, leaving, as he had done before, a few fires and tents to deceive the enemy. Fear of some such stratagem as before would, he hoped, keep them where they were. But when after a thorough exploration of all the country beyond the camp, and on the other side of the hills, by Statilius, the Lucanian officer mentioned already, it was reported that the hostile army had been seen in the distance, the question of pursuit was at once debated. The two consuls adhered to their former opinions, but as nearly all voted with Varro, and no one, except the ex-consul Servilius, with Paulus, the judgment of the majority prevailed, and the army moved out, to make Cannæ,[1] for so destiny would have it, famous forever for a great Roman defeat. Hannibal had pitched his camp near that village, so as not to face the wind called Vulturnus, which, blowing across plains parched with drought, carries with it clouds of dust. The arrangement was most convenient for the camp, and was afterward found to be of similar advantage when they marshalled their troops for battle. Their own faces were turned away and the wind did but blow on their backs, while the enemy with whom they were to fight was blinded by volumes of dust.

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[1] That is, they refused to eat the corn offered them.—D. O.

[2] Publius Claudius commanded the fleet at the battle of Drepanum. When informed that the sacred chickens refused to eat he replied, "Then they shall drink," and ordered them to be cast overboard forthwith.—D. O.

[3] By his insubordination on his colleague's day of command.—D. O.

The consuls, after duly reconnoitring the roads, followed the Carthaginians till they reached Cannæ, where they had the enemy in sight. They then intrenched and fortified two camps, separating their forces by about the same distance as before at Gereonium. The river Aufidus, which flowed near both camps, furnished water to both armies, the soldiers approaching as they most conveniently could, not, however, without some skirmishing. From the smaller camp, which had been pitched on the farther side of the Aufidus, the Romans procured water with less difficulty, as the opposite bank was not held by any hostile force. Hannibal saw his hope accomplished, that the consuls would offer battle on ground made for the action of cavalry, in which arm he was invincible. He drew up his men, and sought to provoke his foe by throwing forward his Numidian troopers. Then the Roman camp was once more disturbed by mutiny among the troops and disagreement between the consuls. Paulus taunted Varro with the rashness of Sempronius and Flaminius; Varro reproached Paulus with copying Fabius, an example attractive to timid and indolent commanders, and called both gods and men to witness that it was no fault of his if Hannibal had now a prescriptive possession of Italy. "I," said he, "have my hands tied and held fast by my colleague. My soldiers, furious and eager to fight, are stripped of their swords and arms." Paulus declared that if any disaster befell the legions recklessly thrown and betrayed into battle without deliberation or forethought, he would share all their fortunes, while holding himself free from all blame. Let Varro look to it that they whose tongues were so ready and so bold, had hands equally vigorous in the day of battle.

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[1] Midway between Barletta and Canosa.—D. O.

While they thus wasted the time in disputing rather than in deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his lines drawn up till late in the day, called back the rest of his troops into his camp, but sent forward the Numidian cavalry across the river to attack the water-parties from the smaller of the two Roman camps. Coming on with shouting and uproar they sent the undisciplined crowd flying before they had even reached the bank, and rode on till they came on an outpost stationed before the rampart and close to the very camp-gates. So scandalous did it seem that a Roman camp should be alarmed by some irregular auxiliaries that the only circumstance which hindered the Romans from immediately crossing the river and forming their line of battle was, that the supreme command that day rested with Paulus. But the next day Varro, without consulting his colleague, gave the signal to engage,[1] and drawing up his forces led them across the river. Paulus followed him; he could withhold his sanction from the movement, but not his support. The river crossed, they joined to their own the forces retained by them in the smaller camp, and then formed their lines. On the right wing (the one nearer to the river) they posted the Roman cavalry and next the infantry. On the extreme flank of the left wing were the allied cavalry, next the allied infantry, side by side with the Roman legions in the centre. Slingers and other light-armed auxiliaries made up the first line. Paulus commanded the right wing; Varro the left; Geminius Servilius had charge of the centre.

At dawn, Hannibal, sending in advance his slingers and light-armed troops, crossed the river, assigning each division its position as it crossed. His Gallic and Spanish cavalry he posted near the river bank on the left wing, facing the Roman horse; the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry; the centre showed a strong force of infantry, having on either side the African troops, with the Gauls and Spaniards between them. These Africans might have been taken for a Roman force; so largely were they equipped with weapons taken at Trebia, and yet more at Trasumennus. The Gauls and Spaniards had shields of very nearly the same shape, but their swords were widely different in size and form, the Gauls having them very long and pointless, while the Spaniards, who were accustomed to assail the enemy with thrusts rather than with blows, had them short, handy, and pointed. These nations had a specially terrible appearance, so gigantic was their stature and so strange their look. The Gauls were naked above the navel; the Spaniards wore tunics of linen bordered with purple, of a whiteness marvellously dazzling. The total number of the infantry who were that day ranged in line was forty thousand, that of the cavalry ten thousand. Hasdrubal commanded the left wing; Maharbal the right; Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, was in the centre. The sun—whether the troops were purposely so placed, or whether it was by chance—fell very conveniently sideways on both armies, the Romans facing the south, the Carthaginians the north. The wind (called Vulturnus by the natives of those parts) blew straight against the Romans and whirled clouds of dust into their faces till they could see nothing.

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[1] This was a red flag hoisted above the general's tent.—D. O.

With a loud shout the auxiliaries charged, the light troops thus beginning the battle. Next the Gallic and Spanish horse of the left wing encountered the right wing of the Romans. The fight was not at all like a cavalry engagement; they had to meet face to face; there was no room for manœuvring, shut in as they were by the river on one side and the lines of infantry on the other. Both sides pushed straight forward till, with their horses brought to a stand and crowded together in a mass, each man seized his antagonist and strove to drag him from his seat. The struggle now became mainly a struggle of infantry; but the conflict was rather fierce than protracted. The Roman cavalry were defeated and put to flight. Just before the encounter of the cavalry came to an end the fight between the infantry began. The two sides were equal in strength and courage, as long as the Gauls and Spaniards kept their ranks unbroken; at last the Romans, after long and repeated efforts, broke, by their wedge-shaped front and deep formation, the enemy's column, which, advanced as it was from the rest of the line, was shallow and therefore weak. Pursuing the broken and rapidly retreating foe, they made their way without a halt through the rout of panic-stricken fugitives till they reached, first, the centre of the line, and then, meeting with no check, the reserves of the African troops. These had been stationed on the wings which had been somewhat retired, while the centre, where the Gauls and Spaniards had been posted, was proportionately advanced.[1] As that column fell back, the line became level; when they pushed their retreat, they made a hollow in the centre. The Africans now overlapped on either side, and as the Romans rushed heedlessly into the intervening space, they first outflanked them and then, extending their own formation, actually hemmed in their rear. Upon this the Romans, who had fought one battle to no purpose, quitted the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had been slaughtering, and began a new conflict with the Africans, a conflict unfair, not only because they were shut in with foes all round them, but because they were wearied, while the enemy was fresh and vigorous.

On the left wing of the Romans the cavalry of the allies had been posted against the Numidians. Here, too, battle had been joined, though with little spirit for a time, the first movement being a Carthaginian stratagem. Nearly five hundred Numidians who, besides their usual armour and missiles had swords hidden under their cuirasses, rode out from their own line with their shields slung behind their backs as though they had been deserters, leaped in haste from their horses and threw their shields and javelins at the feet of the Romans. They were received into the centre of the line, taken to the extreme rear, and bidden to keep their place behind. While the battle spread from place to place, they remained motionless; but as soon as all eyes and thoughts were intent on the conflict, they seized the shields which lay scattered everywhere among the piles of dead, and fell on the Roman line from the rear. They wounded the backs and legs of the men, and, while they made a great slaughter, spread far greater panic and confusion. While there was terror and flight on the right, and in the centre an obstinate resistance, though with little hope, Hasdrubal, who was in command in this quarter, withdrew the Numidians from the centre, seeing that they fought with but little spirit, and having sent them in all directions to pursue the enemy, re-enforced with the Spanish and Gallic cavalry the African troops, wearied as they now were with slaughter rather than with fighting.[2]

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[1] The Carthaginian line was drawn up in crescent formation, with the centre purposely thinned.—D. O.

[2] The Gallic and Spanish horse had circled the Roman rear, and, having broken the cavalry of the allies and sent the Numidians in pursuit, they now fell upon the rear of the Roman centre.—D. O.

Paulus was on the other side of the field.[1] He had been seriously wounded at the very beginning of the battle by a bullet from a sling, but yet he repeatedly encountered Hannibal with a compact body of troops, and at several points restored the fortune of the day. He was protected by the Roman cavalry, who at last sent away their horses when the consul became too weak to manage his charger. Some one told Hannibal that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount. " He might better hand them over to me bound hand and foot," said he. The horsemen fought on foot as men were likely to fight, when, the victory of the enemy being beyond all doubt, the vanquished preferred dying where they stood to flight, and the victors, furious with those who delayed their triumph, slaughtered the foes whom they could not move. Move them, however, they did—that is, a few survivors, exhausted with wounds and fatigue. All were then scattered, and such as were able sought to recover their horses and fly. Cn. Lentulus, as he galloped by, saw the consul sitting on a stone and covered with blood. " Lucius Æmilius," he cried, " the one man whom Heaven must regard as guiltless of this day's calamity, take this horse while you have some strength left, and I am here to be with you, to lift you to the saddle, and to defend you. Do not make this defeat yet sadder by a consul's death. There are weeping and sorrow enough without this." The consul replied: " 'Tis a brave thought of thine, Cn. Cornelius; but waste not the few moments you have for escaping from the enemy in fruitless pity. My public message to the senators is that they must fortify Rome and make its garrison as strong as may be before the victorious enemy arrives. My private message to Quintus Fabius is that Lucius Æmilius remembered his teaching in life and death. As for me, let me breathe my last among my slaughtered soldiers. I would not again leave my consulship to answer for my life,[2] nor would I stand up to accuse my colleague, and by accusing another protect my own innocence."

While they thus talked together, they were overtaken, first by a crowd of Roman fugitives and then by the enemy. These last buried the consul under a shower of javelins, not knowing who he was. Lentulus galloped off in the confusion. The Romans now fled wildly in every direction. Seven thousand men escaped into the smaller, ten thousand into the larger camp, ten thousand more into the village of Cannæ itself.

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[1] He had passed from the routed right coming to the centre.—D. O.

[2] He had been tried after his former consulship for misappropriation of plunder taken in the Illyrian war.—D. O.

These last were immediately surrounded by Carthalo and the cavalry, for no fortification protected the place. The other consul, who, whether by chance or of set purpose, had not joined any large body of fugitives, fled with about five hundred horsemen to Venusia. Forty-five thousand five hundred infantry, two thousand seven hundred cavalry, and almost as many more citizens and allies are said to have fallen. Among these were the quæstors of both consuls, Lucius Atilius and Furius Bibaculus, twenty-nine tribunes of the soldiers, not a few ex-consuls, ex-prætors, and ex-ædiles (among them Cn. Servilius and Marcus Minucius, who the year before had been the master of the horse, and consul some years before that), eighty who were either actual senators or had filled such offices as made them eligible for the senate, and who had volunteered to serve in the legions. In this battle three thousand infantry and one thousand five hundred cavalry are said to have been taken prisoners.

Such was the battle of Cannæ, as famous as the disaster at the Allia, and though less serious in its consequences, thanks to the inaction of the enemy, yet in loss of men still more ruinous and disgraceful. The flight at the Allia lost the city but saved the army; at Cannæ the consul who fled was followed by barely fifty men; with the consul who perished, perished nearly the whole army.

The two camps held a defenceless crowd with no one to command them. The occupants of the larger camp sent a messenger to their neighbours, suggesting that they should come over to them, while night still kept the enemy wrapped in the profound sleep that would follow battle and the joyous banquets of conquerors; they might then unite in one body and retreat to Canusium. Some wholly scorned the proposal. "Why," said they, "do not the men who send for us come themselves, being just as well able to effect the junction as we? The fact is that the whole space between us is crowded with the enemy, and they had sooner expose the persons of others to this deadly peril than their own."

Others did not so much disapprove of the proposal as want courage to execute it. Then cried Publius Sempronius Tuditanus, a tribune of the soldiers: "Would you sooner be taken prisoners by this rapacious and cruel enemy, and have a price put on your heads and your value determined by inquiries as to whether you are Roman citizens or Latin allies, while others are winning honours out of the miseries and insults you endure? You would not suffer it if you are fellow-countrymen of the consul, Lucius Æmilius, who chose to die with honour rather than live with disgrace, and of all those gallant citizens who lie in heaps about him. Before day comes upon us, before larger forces of the enemy intercept our way, let us charge through this disorderly and undisciplined foe that clamours at our gates. Courage and the sword can force their way even through the densest enemy. Your column can as easily scatter this loose disorganized array as if it opposed no resistance. Come, then, with me, all you who wish yourselves and the commonwealth to be in safety." Saying this, he drew his sword, formed a column, and passed through the midst of the enemy. Seeing that the Numidians aimed at their right sides, which were exposed, they changed their shields to their right arms, and escaped to the number of six hundred into the greater camp, and then, having been joined by another considerable force, immediately made their way to Canusium without loss. This action among the conquered came more from the impulse which natural courage or accident supplied than from any concerted plan or any officer's generalship.

Round the victorious Hannibal crowded his officers with congratulations and entreaties that now that this mighty war was finished he should take what remained of that day and the following night for rest, and give the same to his wearied soldiers. Maharbal, the general of his cavalry, thought that there should be no pause. "Nay," he cried, "that you may know what has been achieved by this victory, you shall hold a conqueror's feast within five days in the Capitol. Pursue them; I will go before you with my cavalry, and they shall know that you are come before they know you are coming." Hannibal felt that his success was too great for him to be able to realize it at the moment. "He commended," he said, "Maharbal's zeal, but he must take time to deliberate." Maharbal replied: "Well, the gods do not give all gifts to one man. Hannibal, you know how to conquer; not how to use a conquest." That day's delay is believed to have saved Rome and its empire.

The next day, at daybreak, they issued forth to collect the spoil and to gaze upon a scene of slaughter, at which even a foe must have shuddered. Many thousands of the Roman dead lay there, foot-soldiers and horsemen as chance had thrown them together in the battle or the flight. Some were cut down by the foe as they rose covered with blood from the field of death, revived by the cold of the morning which had closed their wounds. Some, who were discovered lying alive, but with the sinews of thighs and knees divided, bared their necks and throats and begged the foe to shed what blood yet remained to them. Others were found with their heads buried in holes in the earth, and it was evident that they had made these holes for themselves, had heaped up the soil on their faces, and so suffocated themselves. Of all sights the most striking was a Numidian who lay with a dead Roman upon him; he was alive, but his ears and nose were mangled, for with hands that were powerless to grasp a weapon, the man's rage had turned to madness, and he had breathed his last while he tore his enemy with his teeth.

Till a late hour of the day Hannibal was gathering in the spoils. This done, he marched to attack the smaller camp. His first act was to throw up an earthwork, and so shut them off from the river. But the whole force, so worn out were they with toil and sleeplessness and even wounds, surrendered sooner than he had expected. It was agreed that they should give up their horses and arms, should pay for every Roman citizen three hundred "chariot" pieces,[1] for every ally two hundred, for every slave one hundred, and that, this ransom discharged, they should depart with one garment apiece. They admitted the enemy into their camp, and were all put under arrest, the citizens and allies being kept separate. During the delay thus caused, all who had strength and courage sufficient—that is, about four thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry—escaped from the greater camp and sought refuge, some marching in column, others by twos and threes, across country, a way quite as safe, into Canusium. The camp was surrendered by the timid and disabled remainder on the same terms as the other. The booty secured was immense, and the whole of it was handed over to the troops, except the horses, the prisoners, and any silver that was found. Most of this was in the trappings of the horses; for of plate for the table they used very little, at least when on service. Hannibal then ordered that the bodies of his own dead should be brought together for burial. It is said that there were as many as eight thousand, all men of tried valour. Some writers say that the body of the Roman consul was also found after search and buried.

Those who had made their escape to Canusium, an Apulian lady, named Busa, of distinguished family and great wealth, supplied with food, clothing, and money for travelling, asking from the people of Canusium for nothing beyond their bare walls and roofs. For this munificence the senate voted her, at the end of the war, public honours.

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[1] Most of the consular denarii (worth about seventeen cents) bore on their reverse the device of a four-horse chariot (quadriga) or a two-horse chariot (biga).—D. O.

At Canusium there were four tribunes of the soldiers, Fabius Maximus of the first legion (son of the Fabius who had been dictator the year before), Publicius Bibulus, and Publius Cornelius Scipio of the second legion, and, of the third legion, Appius Claudius Pulcher, who had very recently been ædile. The supreme command was unanimously assigned to Scipio, who was a very young man, and to Claudius. They were holding council with a few friends about the state of affairs, when Publius Furius Philus, whose father was an ex-consul, said that it was idle for them to cling to utterly ruined hopes. The state, he declared, was given over for lost. Certain young nobles, with Lucius Cæcilius Metellus at their head, were thinking of flying beyond sea and deserting their country for the service of some foreign king. In face of a peril, terrible in itself, and coming with fresh force after so many disasters, all present stood motionless in amazement and stupefaction. They proposed that a council should be called to consider the matter, but the young Scipio, Rome's predestined champion in this war, declared that it was no time for a council. " We must dare and act," he said, " not deliberate, in such awful calamity. Let all who desire the salvation of their country, come armed with me. No camp is more truly a camp of the enemy than that in which men have such thoughts." He immediately started with a few followers for the house of Metellus; there he found a gathering of the youths of whom he had heard. Drawing his sword over the heads of the conspirators, " It is my fixed resolve," he cried, " as I will not myself desert the commonwealth of Rome, so not to suffer any other Roman citizen to desert it; if I knowingly fail therein, almighty and merciful Jupiter, smite me, my house, and fortunes with utter destruction! I insist that you, Lucius Cæcilius, and all others present, take this oath after me. Whoever takes it not, may be sure this sword is drawn against him." They were as frightened as if they saw the victorious Hannibal before them, and to a man they swore and delivered themselves to the custody of Scipio.

While this was passing at Canusium, the consul was rejoined at Venusia[1] by as many as four thousand five hundred infantry and cavalry, who had dispersed over the country in flight. The people of Venusia distributed them among various households where they might find kindly welcome and refreshment. To each horseman they gave an outer and an inner garment with twenty-five "chariot" pieces, to each foot-soldier ten pieces and such arms as he lacked. Public and private hospitality of every kind was shown to them; and the town did its best not to let a lady of Canusium surpass the people of Venusia in liberality. The growing numbers[1] made the burden on Busa's kindness too heavy. There were now as many as ten thousand men, and Appius and Scipio, on hearing that the other consul was alive, sent to tell him what forces of infantry and cavalry they had with them, and to ask him at the same time whether he would have the army moved to Venusia or remain at Canusium. Varro brought his own troops to Canusium. There was now, at least, something like a consul's army, which might be thought fit to defend itself against the enemy behind walls, if not in the field.

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[1] Modern Venosa.—D. O.

At Rome report said that no such mere remnant of citizens and allies survived, but that the army with the two consuls had been utterly destroyed, and that the whole force had ceased to exist. Never before, with Rome itself still safe, had there been such panic and confusion within our walls. I shall decline the task of attempting a lengthened description which could not but be far inferior to the truth. The year before a consul with his army had perished at Trasumennus; it was not wound after wound, but multiplied disasters that were announced. Two consuls and the armies of two consuls had perished. Rome had now no camp, no general, no soldiers. Hannibal was master of Apulia, of Samnium, of nearly the whole of Italy. Certainly there was not a nation in the world which would not have been overwhelmed by such a weight of calamity. Compare, for instance, the blow which the Carthaginians received in the sea-fight at the Ægates Islands, a blow which made them evacuate Sicily and Sardinia and allow themselves to be burdened with indemnity and tribute; compare again the defeat in Africa, by which Hannibal himself was subsequently crushed. In no respect are they comparable with Cannæ, except because they were borne with less courage.

Marcus Furius Philus and Manius Pomponius, the prætors, summoned the senate to meet in the Hall of Hostilius, to deliberate about the defence of Rome. They felt, no doubt, that now that our armies had perished, the enemy would advance to attack the city, the only warlike operation indeed that remained. In the face of calamities as mysterious as they were overwhelming, they could not even so much as form a definite plan; their ears were deafened with the cries of wailing women, for as nothing had been published, the living and the dead were indiscriminately bewailed in almost every house. It was the opinion of Quintus Fabius Maximus that some light horsemen should be sent along the Appian and Latin roads to question any whom they might meet—and certainly stragglers from the rout would be found in all directions—what had happened to the consuls and their armies, and, if Heaven in pity for the empire had left some remnant of the Roman nation, where these forces were; where Hannibal had gone after the battle, what he meditated, what he was doing and likely to do? They must have young and energetic men to discover these facts; the duty of the senators themselves—for there were but very few magistrates in the city—would be to stop the confusion and the alarm at home; to forbid the matrons from appearing in public, and to compel them to keep themselves each in her own house; to prohibit loud lamentations for the dead, to enforce silence throughout the city, to see that all who brought news were taken to the prætors, to wait at home for the bearer of tidings that affected themselves, and to set sentinels at the gates who were to forbid all egress and make men see that their only hope of saving their own lives lay in the safety of Rome and its walls. The tumult once hushed, the senators should be summoned once more to the house and consulted as to the defence of the city.

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[1] That is, at Canusium.—D. O.

This motion was passed unanimously and without discussion. The crowd was forced by the magistrates to leave the forum, and the senators separated to quiet the uproar; not till then did a despatch from the consul Caius Terentius arrive. Lucius Æmilius and his army, it said, had perished; the writer himself was at Canusium, gathering the relics of this terrible disaster, like the salvage from a shipwreck; he had nearly ten thousand men without discipline or organization. Hannibal was quiet at Cannæ, trafficking about the ransoms of the prisoners and the other booty in anything but the spirit of a conqueror, in anything but the fashion of a great general.

Then the names of the dead were communicated to their families. So full was the city of lamentation that the yearly festival of Ceres was dropped. It was not lawful for a mourner to keep it, and there was not at that time a single matron who was not a mourner. In the fear that for this same reason other sacred rites, public or private, might be neglected, a decree of the senate limited the mourning to thirty days. No sooner had the uproar in the city been quieted, and the senate again summoned to their chamber, than there came a despatch from Lucius Otacilius, pro-prætor, to the effect that King

Hiero's dominions were being ravaged by a Carthaginian fleet; that the king had begged his help, and that he was intending to give it, when news came that another fleet was stationed off the Ægates, ready equipped to attack Lilybæum and another of the provinces of Rome, the moment the Carthaginians should find that he had gone to protect the Syracusan coast. A fleet, therefore, was wanted if they meant to shield their ally King Hiero of Sicily.

When the despatches from the consul and the prætor had been read, they resolved that Marcus Claudius, who was in command of the fleet stationed at Ostia, should be sent to the army at Canusium, with a letter of instructions to the consul that at the first opportunity, as far as it could be done with advantage to the state, he should come to Rome. The College of the Ten were ordered to consult the books, and Quintus Fabius Pictor was sent to the oracle at Delphi to inquire what form of prayer and supplication might propitiate the gods, and what was to be the end of all these fearful disasters. Meanwhile, in obedience to the books of fate, some unusual sacrifices were offered. Among them were a man and a woman of Gaul, and a man and a woman of Greece, who were buried alive in the Ox-market in a stone-vaulted chamber, not then for the first time polluted by what Roman feeling utterly abhorred, human sacrifice.

The gods having been, as they thought, duly propitiated, Marcus Claudius sent from Ostia to Rome for the defence of the city fifteen hundred soldiers whom he had with him, enlisted for service in the fleet. He then sent on the naval (i. e., the third) legion to Sidicinum, and handing over the fleet to his colleague, Marcus Furius Philus, hastened, a few days afterward, by forced marches to Canusium. After this Marcus Junius was named dictator, and Titus Sempronius master of the horse, by the authority of the senate, and these proclaimed a levy, and enrolled all of seventeen years of age and upward, and some yet younger. Four legions and a thousand cavalry were thus raised. They also sent to the allies and to the Latin nation for soldiers to be enlisted according to the treaty obligations. Armour, weapons, and other necessaries were ordered to be in readiness, and old trophies won from enemies were taken down from the temples and colonnades. The scarcity of freemen and the pressure of necessity suggested a new kind of levy. Eight thousand able-bodied young men from among the slaves, after the question had been put individually whether they were willing to serve, were purchased and armed at the public cost. These troops had this to recommend them, that they rendered it possible to ransom prisoners at a less cost.

Hannibal, after his great success at Cannæ, was bent on schemes which suited a conqueror rather than one who had yet a war to wage. The prisoners were brought out and classified; the allies, as he had done before at Trebia and Lake Trasumennus, he dismissed with some kind words. The Romans, too, he addressed, as he had never done before, in quite gentle terms; he had no deadly feud, he said, with Rome; he was fighting for freedom and empire. His fathers had yielded to the valour of Rome; he was now doing his utmost that Rome should yield in turn to his own valour and good fortune. He would therefore give the prisoners an opportunity of ransoming themselves; the sum would be five hundred "chariot" pieces for each horseman, three hundred for each foot-soldier, one hundred for each slave. The price put on the horsemen was somewhat larger than that which had been agreed upon when they surrendered, but they joyfully accepted any kind of terms which permitted them to treat. It was resolved that they should themselves elect ten deputies, who were to go to the senate at Rome. No security was taken for their good faith, except an oath that they would return. One Carthalo, a noble of Carthage, was sent with them, bearing conditions of peace, if there should chance to be any inclination in that direction. After they had left the camp, one of their number, a man who had none of a Roman's temper, pretending that he had forgotten something, returned to the camp, so as to acquit himself of his oath, and before night overtook his companions. As soon as it was announced that they were on their way to Rome, a lictor was sent to meet Carthalo with a message that he was to quit Roman territory before nightfall.

The dictator allowed the delegates of the prisoners to address the senate. Their leader, ~~Marcus Junius~~, spoke as follows: "No country, senators, as we all well know, has ever held prisoners cheaper than has our own; yet unless we are too well satisfied with our own case, no prisoners have ever fallen into the hands of the enemy who were less deserving of neglect than we. We did not surrender our arms on the field of battle from fear, but after prolonging our resistance almost into the night, when we stood upon heaps of dead, we retreated to our camp. During the remainder of that day and during the night that followed, worn out as we were with toil and wounds, we defended our intrenchments; the next day, hemmed in by the victorious army, and shut off from water, seeing no hope of cutting a way through the dense ranks of the foe, and thinking it no shame that with fifty thousand men slain in the field there should be some remnant of Roman soldiers from the fight of Cannæ, then at last we agreed upon a price at which we might be ransomed and released, and surrendered the arms which could no longer give deliverance. We had heard that your ancestors ransomed themselves from the Gauls for gold, and that your fathers, sternly set as they were against all conditions of peace, yet sent envoys to Tarentum to treat for the ransoming of prisoners. Yet the disgrace of our battle at Allia with the Gauls, and of our battle at Heraclea with Pyrrhus, was not so much in the loss as in the panic and flight of either day. The plains of Cannæ are covered with heaps of Roman dead, and we survive only because the enemy had not sword or strength to slaughter any more. There are some, too, among us who were not even in the battle, but were left to guard the camp, and came into the hands of the enemy when the camp was surrendered. I do not envy the fortune or position of any fellow-countryman or comrade, nor would I wish to exalt myself by depreciating others; but—unless there is some prize for speed of foot and for running—they who fled, without arms for the most part, from the battle, nor stopped till they reached Canusium or Venusia, can not justly put themselves above us, or boast that the commonwealth finds more help in them than in us. But you will employ both them (good and gallant soldiers, too) and us, who will be yet more eager to serve our country, seeing that it is by your kindness that we shall have been ransomed and restored to that country. You are levying troops from every age and class; I hear that eight thousand slaves are being armed. There is the same number of us, and we can be ransomed at a cost no greater than that for which they are bought. Were I to compare our worth with theirs, I should wrong the name of Rome. And there is another point, senators, which I think you ought to consider in deciding such a matter, should you incline to the sterner course, and do it without regard for any deserving of ours, and that is, who is the enemy to whom you leave us? Is it to a Pyrrhus who treated his prisoners as guests? Or is it to a barbarian, a Carthaginian, of whom one can scarcely imagine whether he be more rapacious or more cruel? Could you see the chains, the squalor, the hideous condition of your countrymen, verily the sight would not move you less than if, on the other side, you looked on your slaughtered legions lying dead on the plains of Cannæ. You may behold the anxiety and the tears of the kinsmen who stand in the porch of your house and await your answer. If they are so anxious, so troubled for us and for those who are absent, what, think you, are the thoughts of those whose life and liberty are at stake? Good God! if Hannibal should choose to belie his own nature, and be merciful to us, yet we could not think our lives worth anything to us, when you have thought us unworthy to be ransomed. In former days there returned to Rome certain prisoners whom Pyrrhus sent back without ransom; but they returned with envoys, taken from the first men in the state, who had been sent to ransom themselves. Can I return to my country, I, a citizen, not valued at three hundred pieces of money?[1] Every one has his own feelings, senators. That my life and person are in peril, I know, but I am more troubled by the peril to my character, if we are to depart condemned and repulsed by you; for that you spared the money men will never believe."

As he ended, there rose from the crowd in the place of assembly a doleful cry. They stretched out their hands toward the senate-house, praying that their children, brothers, kinsmen might be restored to them. Mingled with the crowd of men were many women, brought thither by fear and affection. All strangers were ordered to withdraw, and the debate in the senate began. There was great diversity of opinion; some thought that the prisoners should be ransomed at the cost of the state; others that no public expense should be incurred, but that it should not be forbidden to ransom them at the expense of private persons; that any one who could not command the money at once, might have it lent to him from the treasury, giving security to the state by bondsmen and mortgages. At last Titus Manlius Torquatus, who was old-fashioned, and, some thought, overstern in his severity, spoke, it is said, as follows: "If the envoys had been content with demanding on behalf of those who are in the enemy's hands that they should be ransomed, I should have briefly stated my opinion, without a word of reproach against any one of them. For surely you only needed to be reminded that you must keep to the practice handed down from our fathers for the setting an example necessary to preserve military discipline. As it is, they have almost boasted that they surrendered to the enemy, and claimed it as their right that they should be preferred not only to the prisoners taken on the field, but even to those who made their way to Canusium and Venusia, and to the consul Terentius Varro himself; and therefore I shall not let you, senators, remain in ignorance of anything that was done there. I would that what I am about to say before you I was saying at Canusium before the army itself, the best possible witness to each man's bravery or cowardice; or that at least Publius Sempronius himself was here, for, had they taken him for their leader, they would this day be soldiers in the camp of Rome, not prisoners in the enemy's hand. The enemy was wearied with fighting, or exhilarated with victory; many of them had actually gone back to their camp; they had the whole night for breaking away, and seven thousand armed men could have broken away even through a dense array of the enemy; yet they neither endeavoured to do this of themselves, nor chose to follow the lead of another. Nearly all night long did Publius Sempronius Tuditanus warn them and urge them without ceasing to follow him while the enemy around the camp was still weak, while quiet and silence still prevailed, while darkness would shelter the attempt. Before dawn, he said, they might reach a place of safety—the cities of our allies. If, as Publius Decius,[1] tribune of the soldiers, spake in Samnium in the days of our grandfathers; if, as in the first Punic war, when we ourselves were young men, Calpurnius Flamma,[2] spake to three hundred volunteers whom he was leading to capture a height situated in the very midst of the foe, 'Let us die, comrades, and deliver the blockaded legions from their peril by our death'—if, I say, Publius Sempronius had thus spoken, I should take them neither for men nor Romans if he had found no companions in his valour. But he shows you a way that leads to safety quite as much as to glory; he seeks to bring you back to your country, to kinsfolk, wives, and children. You have not the courage to be saved. What would you do if you had to die for your country? Fifty thousand countrymen and allies lie about you slain that very day. If so many examples of valour stir you not, nothing ever will stir you. If such a fearful slaughter does not make life seem worthless to you, nothing ever will make it. Are you free citizens, and possessed of full rights? You may hold your country dear. Yes, you may hold it dear, while it is your country and you its citizens. Too late you hold it dear, your rights forfeited, your citizenship lost, yourselves turned into Carthaginian slaves. Are you to return at the cost of a ransom to the position which only cowardice and wickedness made you quit? To Publius Sempronius when he bade you arm yourselves and follow him, you would not listen; you listened to Hannibal when he bade you betray your camp and deliver up your arms. As it is, I only charge them with cowardice when I might charge them with crime. Not only did they refuse to follow Sempronius when he gave them honourable advice, but they did their best to obstruct and keep him back till these gallant men drew their swords and chased the cowards away. I say that Sempronius had to force his way first through the ranks of his countrymen, then through the ranks of the foe. Is our country to care for citizens of such sort that, if all others had been like them, she could not count on a single one of those who fought at Cannæ as a citizen indeed? Out of seven thousand armed men there were six hundred who dared to cut their way out, who returned to their country with their arms and their freedom; and to these six hundred the enemy made no resistance. How absolutely safe would have been the path, think you, to a body consisting of nearly two legions! And you would have to-day at Canusium twenty thousand armed men, gallant and loyal. As it is, how can these men be good and loyal citizens? Brave they do not even themselves claim to be; unless, perhaps, some one can believe that men who sought to prevent a sally, nevertheless looked with favour on those who sallied, and that they do not grudge them the deliverance and the glory that their valour has won for them, knowing all the while that their own fear and cowardice have brought on them an ignominious servitude. They chose to hide in their tents waiting at once for the light and the enemy, rather than to sally forth in the silence of night. But, you will say, they had not the courage to sally from the camp, yet they had courage enough to defend their camp bravely. Blockaded, I suppose, night and day, they defended the rampart with their arms, and themselves behind the rampart. At last, after reaching the extremity of daring and suffering, lacking everything to support life, their famine-stricken limbs refusing to bear the weight of their arms, they yielded to the necessities of nature rather than to arms. At daybreak the enemy approached the rampart; before eight o'clock, without venturing on any conflict, they surrendered their arms and themselves. Here, mark you, was their two days' soldiership. When they ought to have stood on the field and fought, they fled to the camp; when they ought to have fought before their rampart, they surrendered; in field and camp useless alike. And is it you that I am to ransom? When it is your duty to sally out of the camp, you hesitate and tarry; when you are bound to stay and defend the camp, you surrender camp and arms and yourselves to the enemy. I would as soon think of ransoming them, senators, as I would of surrendering to Hannibal the men who cut their way out of the camp through the midst of the enemy, and by a supreme effort of valour gave themselves back to their country."

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[1] About fifty dollars.

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[1] P. Decius Mus served as tribune of the soldiers in the Samnite war, 343 B. C. In the mountain passes of Samnium the Roman consul had allowed his army to be surrounded in a valley by the enemy. Destruction seemed inevitable; when Decius offered, with the hastati and principes of the legion, to seize a height which commanded the way by which the Samnites were hastening down to attack the Roman army. Here he maintained himself gallantly, while the Roman army gained the summit of the mountain. In the ensuing night he persuaded his soldiers to follow him and break through the Samnites who were encamped around him. Succeeding in this brave attempt, he joined the consul and induced him to make an immediate attack upon the enemy, which resulted in a brilliant victory. (See Livy vii, 34.) This Decius is the same who gave his life, with heroic devotion, as the price of Roman victory in the great Latin war, B. C. 340.—CHASE'S LIVY.

[2] Calpurnius Flamma was a tribune of the soldiers in the first Punic war. A Roman consular army in Sicily having been led into a defile where it found itself beset by the Carthaginians on the surrounding heights, Calpurnius offered to draw the fire of the enemy by occupying a hill in the pass, with the prospect of certain death for himself and the soldiers who should follow him. While the Carthaginians were fighting with him the Roman army escaped.—CHASE'S LIVY.

Many of the senators had near relatives among the prisoners, but when Manlius had done speaking, in addition to the precedent of Rome's immemorial severity in regard to prisoners came the thought of the vast sum required. The treasury must not be exhausted, for large sums had already been spent in buying and arming slaves, and Hannibal, who according to all report was in the utmost need, must not be enriched. When the sad answer came that the prisoners were not to be ransomed, adding a new grief to the old in the loss of so many citizens, the people attended the envoys to the gates with many tears and complaints. One of them went to his home, as having acquitted himself of his oath by the pretence of his return to the camp. When this became known and reached the ears of the senate, they unanimously voted that the man should be seized and taken under an escort furnished by the state to Hannibal.

There are also other reports about the prisoners. It is said that ten came first. There was some doubt in the senate whether or no they were to be admitted into the city. They were admitted on the condition that they were not to have a hearing in the senate. While they tarried longer than any one expected, three new envoys came, Lucius Scribonius, Caius Calpurnius, and Lucius Manlius. Then at last, on the motion of Scribonius, a tribune of the people, the question was raised of ransoming the prisoners, and the senate decided against it.

Upon this the three new envoys returned to Hannibal, but the old envoys remained on the understanding that having returned to Hannibal for the purpose of reviewing the names of the prisoners, they were released from their obligation. There was a fierce debate in the senate about them, and the proposal to give them up was lost by a few votes. But as soon as new censors came into office, so crushed were they under every mark of censure and degradation, that some of them at once committed suicide, and the rest for the remainder of their lives shunned not merely the forum, but almost the very light of day and the public streets. We may wonder why our authorities differ so much from each other, more easily than to determine what is true.

How greatly this disaster surpassed all previous disasters is clearly shown by the fact that the loyalty of our allies, steadfast until that day, now began to waver, simply, indeed, because they despaired of the maintenance of our empire. The following tribes revolted to the Carthaginians: the Atellani, the Calatini, some of the Apulians, all the Samnites except the Pentri, all the Bruttii and the Lucani. To these must be added the Uzentini, nearly all the Greek cities of the coast, Tarentum, Metapontum, Crotona, and Locri, and the whole of Cisalpine Gaul.[1] Yet all these disasters and defections never made the Romans so much as mention peace, either before the consul returned to Rome, or after his return had renewed the remembrance of the terrible loss sustained. On this latter occasion, indeed, such was the high spirit of the country, that when the consul returned after this great disaster of which he had himself been the chief cause, all classes went in crowds to meet him, and he was publicly thanked because he had not despaired of the commonwealth. Had he been a Carthaginian general, they knew that there was no torture which he would not have had to suffer.

[1] These included the greater part of southern and northern Italy. All that remained were the Latins, the Roman colonies, and a few allied cities and tribes.—D. O.

BOOK XXIII

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (CONTINUED)

HANNIBAL, immediately after the battle of Cannæ and the capture and plunder of the enemy's camp, had moved from Apulia into Samnium. One Statius Trebius had invited him into the country of the Hirpini, promising to put Compsa into his hands. Trebius was a native of Compsa,[1] and ranked as a noble among his fellow-citizens, but he had formidable opponents in the faction of the Mopsii,[2] a family of influence through the favour of Rome. After the news of the battle of Cannæ, when Trebius had begun to talk commonly of Hannibal's coming, the Mopsii quitted the city, and the place was at once surrendered to the Carthaginians and a garrison admitted. There Hannibal left all his booty and his baggage; then dividing his army, he instructed Mago to accept the alliance of all the towns in that district which were revolting from Rome, and to force into revolt such as refused, while he himself marched through Campania toward the Lower Sea [3] with the intention of attacking Naples, and so to possess himself of a city on the coast.

On entering Neapolitan territory he posted some of his Numidians in ambuscade wherever he conveniently could (and there are many deep lanes and unseen hollows), others he ordered to ride up to the city gates, displaying in their front the plunder driven out of the fields. As they seemed to be neither numerous nor disciplined, a troop of cavalry charged them, and then, as they designedly retreated, was drawn into an ambuscade and surrounded. Not a man would have escaped had not the proximity of the sea and some vessels near the shore, fishing boats for the most part, afforded an escape to such as could swim. But, as it was, some young nobles were taken or slain in the skirmish, among them Hegeas, the commander of the troop, who fell as he too rashly pursued the retiring foe. The sight of walls by no means easy of assault deterred the Carthaginians from attacking the town.

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[1] Modern Conza.—D. O.

[2] It was the aristocratic faction in the Italian cities that had been fostered by and were faithful to Rome. Hannibal was naturally compelled to look to the popular party and to a few disaffected nobles. This same political line was drawn throughout all classical antiquity, and Rome's policy stood her in good stead in the present emergency.—D. O.

[3] That part of the Mediterranean bounded by Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica.—D. O.

Hannibal next directed his march toward Capua, a city demoralized by long prosperity and the bounty of nature, and, most of all, where all was corruption, by the license of a populace that enjoyed a freedom totally without restraint. A certain Pacuvius Calavius had rendered the town senate servilely submissive to himself and to the commons. The man was a noble as well as a popular favourite, but he had gained his influence by base intrigues. In the year of our disaster at Trasumennus he held, as it chanced, the highest office. Convinced that the populace, which had long hated the senate, would seize the opportunity of revolution to venture on an outrageous crime, that, should Hannibal march into the neighbourhood with a victorious army, it would massacre the senators and betray Capua to the Carthaginians, this man, who, bad as he was, was not wholly and utterly depraved, and would rather rule in a flourishing than in a ruined state, and was assured that no state deprived of its public council could flourish, resorted to a policy, the design of which was, while retaining a senate, to make it subservient to himself and to the commons.

He summoned the senate, and began by telling them that, were it not necessary, any scheme of revolt from the Romans would be anything but acceptable to him, as he himself had children by the daughter of Appius Claudius, and had given his only daughter in marriage to Marcus Livius at Rome. " But," he added, " a far more serious and formidable crisis is now impending. The populace are not simply thinking of a revolt which will sweep the senate out of the city, but are bent on handing over to Hannibal and the Carthaginians a city stripped of its leaders by a massacre of every senator. I wish to rescue you from this peril, if only you will let me, and, forgetting past political strifes, trust me." When they all yielded under the constraint of terror, " I will confine you," he said, " in the senate-house, and by expressing my approval of designs which it would be vain for me to oppose, just as if I were myself an accomplice in the meditated crime, I will find a way of safety for you. Take for this my word any guarantee you please." Such guarantee having been given, he went out, ordering the senate-house to be closed, and leaving a military guard at the entrance so that no one could enter or quit the chamber without his permission.

Then he summoned the townsfolk to an assembly. "You have often wished, Campanians," he said, "that you had the power of inflicting punishment on a wicked and infamous senate. That power you now have, without tumultuously storming, with the utmost peril to yourselves, the houses of individual citizens, guarded, as they are, by a force of clients or of slaves; you have it in safe and uncontrolled possession. Take them, as they are, shut up, all of them, in the senate-house, alone, unarmed. But you must not do anything hurriedly or rashly. You shall have from me the right to pronounce sentence of life and death on them, one by one, so that each may pay the penalty he has deserved. But, above all things, you ought to indulge your resentment only on the condition of postponing it to your safety and your interest. Of course you hate, so I suppose, these senators, yet do not wish to be wholly without a senate, as you must have either a king, detestable alternative, or else, as the only deliberative assembly for a free state, a senate. Consequently, you must do two things at once. You must rid yourselves of the old senate and elect a new one. I will order the senators to be summoned singly, and I will take your opinions as to their fate. What you decide in each case shall be carried out; but you must elect as a new senator in each one's room a man of firmness and energy before you inflict punishment on the guilty."

Pacuvius then sat down, and, throwing the names into an urn, ordered the name which was first drawn by lot to be called out, and the man himself to be led out of the senate-house. As soon as the name was heard, every one on his own account exclaimed that the man was bad and vile and deserved punishment. Thereupon Pacuvius said: "I see what the opinion is in this case. Choose, then, in the place of a bad and vile man a good and upright senator."

At first there was a silence. They were at a loss to suggest a better man. Then when somebody, throwing off his diffidence, suggested a name, there instantly began a much louder shouting, some declaring that they did not know the man, others alleging against him various infamies, or low birth and abject poverty, or some sort of disgraceful occupation or trade. This was repeated with more violence when a second and a third senator was summoned, and it was thus evident that they disliked the man, but that no one was forthcoming to choose into his place. For there was no use in naming the same persons already named, only to hear themselves insulted, and the remainder were far more low-born and obscure than those who first occurred to men's thoughts. And so the crowd dispersed, saying that the evils best known were always the most endurable, and insisting on the senators being released from custody.

The senate, which was thus made to owe their lives to Pacuvius, felt much more bound to him than to the commons, and the man ruled by a consent that was now universal, without the help of arms. The senators, from that time disregarding their traditions of dignity and freedom, flattered the populace; they would greet them, give them friendly invitations, entertain them at splendid banquets, take up their causes, range themselves on their side, and insure, by empannelling favourable juries, that verdict which was the most acceptable and likeliest to win popularity with the lowest class. In fact all business was now transacted in the senate just as if the commons were there assembled. Thus a community which had always been inclined to luxury, not simply from some defect in character, but from an overflowing abundance of pleasures and the charm of every delight which earth or sea could furnish, became at last so thoroughly demoralized by the indulgence of the leading citizens and the license of the populace, that sensuality and extravagance passed all bounds.

To this contempt of the laws, the magistrates, and the senate, there was added now, after the battle of Cannæ, scorn of that for which some respect had still remained, the Roman power. One thing only delayed their revolt. An ancient right of intermarriage had united many of their great and powerful families with Rome, and among the many citizens that served in Roman armies were three hundred knights, strongest bond of all, as being to a man the noblest of the Campanians, whom the Romans had picked out and despatched to garrison the cities of Sicily. Their parents and kinsfolk succeeded with difficulty in having an embassy sent to the Roman consul.

The envoys found that the consul had not yet started for Canusium, but was still at Venusia with a few half-armed followers, the most pitiable object possible to good allies; to the arrogant and disloyal, such as were the Campanians, equally despicable. The consul even increased the contempt felt for himself and his fortunes by too openly and nakedly exposing the disaster. When the envoys told him that the senate and people of Campania were grieved that any calamity should have befallen the Romans, and began to promise all things needful for war, he replied: "When, men of Campania, you bid us make requisitions on you for whatever we want for war, you observe the usual form in addressing allies rather than use language suitable to our present plight. For what has been left us at Cannæ that, as those who still possess something of their own, we could wish allies to make up the deficiency? Are we to order infantry from you, as though we had cavalry? Are we to say that we need money, as if that was our only want? Fortune has left nothing to make up. Our legions, our cavalry, our arms, our standards, our horses, our soldiers, our money, our supplies, were destroyed utterly either on the field or in the two camps which we lost the next day. So, men of Campania, it is not for you to help us in war, but almost to undertake war for us. Bethink yourselves how, when your panic-stricken ancestors in days of old were driven within their walls and were in dread of the Sidicine[1] as well as the Samnite foe, we received them into alliance and saved them at Saticula,[2] and for nearly a hundred years, with varying fortune, bore the brunt of a war with the Samnites that was begun on your behalf. Add to this recollection that, when you were in our power, we gave you a treaty on equal terms, your own laws; finally, what, at any rate before the disaster of Cannæ, was the greatest of boons, we gave our Roman citizenship to a large proportion of your citizens and shared it with you. And so, Campanians, you ought to regard this disaster, which we have sustained, as common to us both, and feel that you have to defend a common fatherland. It is not with Samnites or Etruscans that we have to do; in that case the empire, if wrested from us, would still remain in Italy. The Carthaginian foe drags with him a soldiery that is not even native to Africa, drags it from the remotest regions of the earth, from the ocean straits and the Pillars of Hercules, a soldiery strange to law, to compact, almost to human speech. Ruthless and savage as they are by nature and habit, their leader has himself yet further brutalized them by making bridges and barriers out of heaps of human bodies, and teaching them to feed (I loathe to utter it) on human flesh.[3] That men fed on food so horrible, men whom it would be a sin even to touch, we should regard and own as our masters; that we should seek our laws from Africa and Carthage and let Italy be a province of the Numidians and Moors—who, if he were so much as born in Italy, would not curse such a destiny? It will be a glorious thing, men of Campania, for an empire which has fallen by a Roman defeat to have been saved and recovered by your loyalty, your might. Thirty thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry can, in my belief, be raised from Campania. Already you have money and corn in abundance. If you show a good faith equal to your resources, Hannibal will not feel himself to be a conqueror nor the Romans to have been conquered."

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[1] There is some mistake here, as the Capuans had aided the Sidicines against the Samnites.—D. O.

[2] The position of the Roman camp in Samnium at the outbreak of the first Samnite war.—D. O.

[3] Stories rife among the vulgar. Livy makes Varro adopt them in his character of demagogue.—D. O.

With this speech of the consul the envoys were dismissed. As they were on their way home one of them, Vibius Virrius, said that the time was come when the Campanians might not only recover the territory which the Romans had taken from them in past days, but even possess themselves of the empire of Italy. "We shall conclude," he said, "a treaty with Hannibal on what terms we please, and there will be no question that when the war is over and Hannibal returns victorious into Africa, taking his army with him, the empire of Italy will be left in the hands of the Campanians." All the envoys agreed with what Vibius said, and gave such a report of their mission that every one imagined that the name of Rome was utterly effaced.

The commons and a majority of the senate began instantly to think of a revolt. The persuasions of the older citizens, however, obtained a postponement for a few days. At last the opinion of the majority prevailed, and the same envoys who had gone to the Roman consul were to be sent to Hannibal. In some histories I find it recorded that previous to their departure and the final decision for revolt, envoys were sent by the Campanians to Rome, with a demand that one consul should be a Campanian if Rome desired aid for her empire. There was a burst of indignation, and it was ordered that they should be removed from the senate-house, and a lictor was sent to conduct them out of the city and bid them tarry that day outside Roman territory. But as this too closely resembles a demand formerly made by the Latins, and as Cælius and other writers had omitted it not without good reason, I fear to give it as a well-authenticated story.

The envoys came to Hannibal and negotiated a peace with him on the following terms: No Carthaginian general or magistrate was to have any authority over a Campanian citizen, and no Campanian citizen was to be called on for military or any other service against his will. Capua was to have its own laws and its own magistrates. The Carthaginians were to hand over to the Campanians three hundred of their Roman prisoners, such as the Campanians themselves might choose; these were to be exchanged for the Campanian knights serving in Sicily. Such were the stipulated terms. But the Campanians crowned this compact by the perpetration of infamous outrages. The commanding officers of our allies and other Roman citizens, some of whom were employed in military service of some sort, others tied to the spot by private affairs, were all suddenly seized by the populace, and at their bidding shut up in the public baths, to be kept in safe custody, it was alleged, but really to die a horrible death by suffocation in the heated atmosphere.

Decius Magius, a man to the supremacy of whose influence nothing was wanting but a rational temper in his fellow-citizens, had opposed these proceedings as well as the despatch of the embassy to the Carthaginians with all his might. As soon as he heard that Hannibal was sending them a garrison, he reminded them, as a parallel case, of the insolent tyranny of Pyrrhus and of the pitiable servitude of the Tarentines. First he publicly protested against the admission of the troops; next he insisted that, if admitted, they should either be driven out, or better yet, if they had a mind to clear themselves of the crime of revolt against ancient allies of kindred blood, they should massacre the Carthaginian garrison and again submit themselves to Rome. All this, and indeed it was not done in secret, was reported to Hannibal. First, he sent messengers to summon Magius to his presence in the camp; then, upon the haughty refusal of Magius on the ground that Hannibal had no authority over a Campanian citizen, the Carthaginian, roused to fury, ordered the man to be arrested, chained, and dragged before him. Afterward fearing that violence might lead to uproar, and the excitement of men's minds provoke some rash conflict, he sent out in advance a message to Marius Blossius, chief magistrate of Campania, that he would be at Capua the next day, and started from the camp with a small force.

Marius called an assembly and issued a proclamation that the people were to go in a body with their wives and children to meet Hannibal. All did so, not in mere obedience, but with enthusiasm; for the populace were well disposed to Hannibal and were intensely eager to see a general now famous for so many victories. Decius Magius did not go out to meet him, neither did he keep himself at home, as this would have implied a fear of conscious guilt. He strolled leisurely up and down the forum with his son and a few of his dependants, while all the citizens were rushing excitedly to welcome and gaze on Hannibal. On entering the town Hannibal at once demanded a meeting of the senate. The leading Campanians implored him not to transact any serious business that day, but to celebrate it with hearty joy, as the festal occasion of his arrival. Though he was naturally impetuous in his wrath, yet, not to begin by a refusal, he passed most of the day in viewing the city.

He was entertained by Sthenius and Pacuvius, men distinguished by their rank and wealth. Pacuvius Calavius, of whom I have already spoken as the leader of the party which had dragged the country into the Carthaginian alliance, brought his son, a young man, to the house. He had forced him away from the companionship of Decius Magius, with whom the youth had stood up for the Roman alliance in opposition to the treaty with Carthage, and neither the changed temper of the citizens nor the authority of his father had driven him from his resolution. For this youth the father, by intercessions rather than by apologies, now secured Hannibal's pardon. Overcome by the entreaties and tears of the parent, Hannibal gave orders that both son and father be invited to dinner, though he had not intended that any Campanian should be present at the entertainment except his hosts and Vibellius Taurea, a man of fame as a soldier.

The feasting began early in the day, and the banquet was not in Carthaginian fashion, or in conformity with military discipline, but both rich and luxurious, as might have been expected in a city and a house furnished with every allurement of pleasure. One alone, the young Calavius, could not be urged to drink, either by the solicitations of the host or even by the occasional pressing of Hannibal; he himself pleaded indisposition, while his father gave as a further reason his very natural excitement. About sunset Calavius left the banquet, and was followed by his son. As soon as they reached a retired spot (it was a garden at the back of the house), the son said, "I suggest a plan, father, by means of which we Campanians shall at once not only secure from the Romans pardon for the error of our revolt to Hannibal, but shall also enjoy far greater esteem and favour than ever in the past." Full of amazement the father asked what the plan was, when the youth threw back his toga from his shoulder, and exposed to view a sword girt at his side. "Now," he exclaimed, "with the blood of Hannibal I will make a binding treaty with Rome. I wished you to know this beforehand, should you perchance prefer to be absent while the deed is done."

The old man, on hearing and seeing this, felt as if he were witnessing the deed of which he was hearing, and was beside himself with terror. "I implore and entreat you, son," he said, "by every bond which unites a child to his parent not to be bent on doing and suffering before a father's eyes all that is unspeakably horrible. Did we but a few hours ago plight our faith, swearing by every imaginable divinity, and joining hand to hand, that we are now to leave a friendly conversation, and in a moment arm against him hands bound by these sacred pledges? Do you rise from the hospitable table to which you with only two other Campanians have been invited purposely to stain that very table with the blood of your host? Have I, a father, been able to obtain mercy from Hannibal for my son, and can I not obtain mercy from that son for Hannibal? But put aside all sacred ties, all good faith, all obligation, all sense of duty; dare a deed unspeakably horrible, provided along with the guilt it does not bring ruin on us. Is it alone that you mean to fall upon Hannibal? What say you to that crowded gathering of freemen and of slaves, to the gaze of all eyes steadfastly bent on one man, to those many strong hands? Will they be paralyzed at the moment of your mad attempt? And the face of Hannibal himself, the face which armed hosts can not confront, at which the people of Rome quail, will you confront it? Suppose the absence of other safeguards; will you have the heart to strike down me, your father, when I interpose my life to save that of Hannibal? Well, but it is through my breast that you must smite and pierce him. Suffer yourself now to be dissuaded here rather than to be vanquished there. Let my entreaties prevail with you, as this day they have prevailed for you."

Then seeing the youth in tears he clasped him round the waist, clung to him with kisses, and did not cease his entreaties till he had constrained him to cast aside his sword, and to pledge himself to do no such deed. Upon this the youth replied: "As for myself, the duty I owe my country shall be paid to my father. I sorrow for your lot, for you have to bear the guilt of a thrice-betrayed country, betrayed first when you prompted revolt from Rome, a second time when you prompted a peace with Hannibal; a third time this day, when you are an obstacle and a hindrance to the restoration of Capua to the Romans. Receive this sword, my country, with which I armed myself in your defence to enter this stronghold of an enemy, since a father wrests it from me." With these words, he flung the sword over the hedge of the garden into the public street, and that there might be no suspicion of the matter, returned himself to the banquet.

Next day Hannibal attended a full meeting of the senate. The first part of his address was very conciliatory and friendly. In this he thanked the Campanians for having preferred his friendship to alliance with Rome, and among other magnificent promises he assured them that Capua would soon be the head of all Italy, and that even the Romans with its other peoples would seek laws from their city. One man alone was to have no part in the Carthaginian friendship and in the treaty they had concluded with him, Decius Magius, a man who was not and ought not to be called a Campanian. Of that man he required the surrender, and in his own presence his case must be considered and a resolution of the senate be passed.

All voted for the proposal, though many were of opinion that the man did not deserve such ruin, and that this was no slight beginning toward breaking down the rights of freedom. Hannibal left the senate-house, and taking his seat on the magistrate's bench, ordered Decius Magius to be arrested, set at his feet, and put on his defence. When the man, who still retained his high spirit, urged that by the terms of the treaty this could not be insisted on, he was thrown into chains, and orders were given that he should be conducted to the camp, with a lictor behind him. So long as he was led along with his head uncovered, he harangued incessantly as he went, shouting to the crowds that gathered round him: "You have, Campanians, the freedom which you sought. In the middle of the forum, in broad daylight, under your eyes, I who am inferior to no man of Campania, am dragged away in chains to execution. What worse violence could be done if Capua were a captured city? Go and meet Hannibal, deck your streets and keep the day of his arrival as a holiday, so that you may gaze on this triumph over your fellow-citizens."

As the mob seemed to be excited at these shouts of his, his head was covered and orders were given to hurry him swiftly outside the city gate. And so he was conducted to the camp, and instantly put on board a vessel and despatched to Carthage. Even the senate, it was thought, if a disturbance in the city were provoked by this shameful business, might repent of having surrendered their chief man, and, should an embassy be sent for his recovery, they would either have to offend their new allies by refusing their first request, or else, by granting it, have to tolerate the presence of a leader of discord and disorder at Capua.

A storm drove the vessel to Cyrenæ, which was then under the rule of kings. Here Magius fled for refuge to the statue of King Ptolemæus,[1] whence he was conveyed by guards to Alexandria into the king's presence. Having explained to Ptolemæus that he had been put in chains by Hannibal in violation of the terms of a treaty, he was set at liberty and permission to return to Rome or to Capua, as he chose, was granted him. Magius said that Capua was not safe for him, while Rome, during the war between the Romans and Campanians, would be a home for a deserter rather than for a friendly visitor. There was not a country wherein he would sooner live than the realm of the prince in whom he had found the champion and upholder of his freedom.

During these occurrences, Quintus Fabius Pictor, our envoy, returned from Delphi and read from a written document the oracle's reply. The gods and goddesses to whom prayer was to be made, and the mode of making it, were given. Next it said: "If, Romans, you will do accordingly, your plight will be better and easier, and your commonwealth will fare more as you would wish, and victory in the war will be with the people of Rome. When your state has prospered and has been saved, send to the Pythian Apollo a gift out of the gains you will have earned, and pay him honour out of the plunder, the booty, and the spoils. Put wantonness far from you."

This translated from the Greek verses he read aloud, and then he said that on leaving the oracle he at once offered sacrifice to all these gods and goddesses with wine and incense; that the presiding priest of the temple had bidden him go on board his ship with the same laurel garland which he had worn when he visited the oracle and performed the sacrifice, and that, fulfilling all the directions prescribed him with the most conscientious care and exactness, he had laid the garland on the shrine of Apollo at Rome. The senate decided that these sacred rites and prayers should be carefully performed at Rome at the earliest opportunity.

During these proceedings in Rome and Italy, there had arrived at Carthage with tidings of the victory at Cannæ, Mago, Hamilcar's son. He had not been despatched by his brother from the actual battle-field, but had been detained some days in receiving into alliance the Bruttian communities, as one after another they revolted. As soon as a meeting of the senate had been granted him, he recounted his brother's achievements in Italy, how he had fought battles with six generals, four being consuls, and two respectively a dictator and a master of the horse, and with armies under consular command; how he had slain over two hundred thousand men, and taken over fifty thousand prisoners. Of the four consuls two had fallen; of the two remaining one was wounded, and the other, after losing his entire army, had barely escaped with fifty men. The master of the horse had been routed and put to flight; the dictator, as he had never trusted himself to fight, was reputed a peerless general. The Bruttians and Apulians, some of the Samnites and Lucanians, had revolted to Carthage; Capua, the head not only of Campania but even of Italy after the prostration of Rome by the battle of Cannæ, had given itself up to Hannibal. For so many great victories it was reasonable that there should be a formal thanksgiving to the immortal gods.

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[1] Surnamed Philopater.—D. O.

Then in confirmation of such joyful intelligence, he bade them pour on the threshold of the senate-house rings of gold in so vast a heap as to make up, when measured, three pecks and a half according to some authors. But the prevalent and more probable report is that they did not exceed one peck. Afterward he explained, to prove the disaster was yet greater than it seemed, that only a knight, and of the knights only the first in rank,[1] wore this ornament. The drift of his speech was that the nearer was Hannibal's prospect of ending the war, the more ought they to support him with assistance of every kind. He was fighting far from home in the heart of an enemy's country; there was a vast consumption of provisions and money, and so many battles, though they had destroyed whole armies of the enemy, had to some extent reduced the forces of the conqueror as well. They ought therefore to send re-enforcements; they ought to send money for pay and provisions to troops which had deserved so well of the name of Carthage.

Amid the universal joy that followed Mago's words, Himilco, a man of the Barcine faction, who thought he saw room for taunting Hanno, said: "Well, Hanno, do you still repent of our having made war on the Romans? Bid us surrender Hannibal; tell us we are not to render thanks to the immortal gods for such successes. Let us hear the voice of a Roman senator in the Carthaginian assembly-house." Hanno replied: "I would have been silent to-day, fellow-senators, rather than say amid the common rejoicing of all what may not be quite welcome to you. Now, however, when asked by a senator whether I still repent of our having made war on the Romans, you would see in me, were I to be silent, a temper either haughty or servile. The first is the character of the man who forgets the freedom of others; the latter that of him who forgets his own.

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[1] That is, the equites equo publico. The rest wore the iron ring of the plebeians.—D. O.

"My answer to Himilco," he went on to say, "is that I have not ceased to repent of the war, and that I never shall cease to find fault with your invincible general till I see the war ended on some tolerable terms. Nothing, indeed, but a new peace will terminate my regret for the peace of old days. And so what Mago hast just boastfully told us to the present delight of Himilco and Hannibal's other partisans, may delight me, because success in war, if we choose to use our good fortune, will give us a more favourable peace. If, indeed, we let slip this opportunity when we may have the credit of offering peace rather than of accepting it, I am afraid that even this present rejoicing of ours will grow wanton and end in vanity. And yet even now what does it mean? 'I have destroyed whole armies of the enemy; send me soldiers.' What else would you ask had you been beaten? 'I have taken two of the enemy's camps, full, of course, of booty and provisions; give me corn and money.' What else would you want from us had you been despoiled and deprived of your camp? And that I may not merely express my own surprise at everything, let me say that I—for I, too, since I have answered Himilco, have the fullest right to ask a question—desire that either Himilco or Mago will answer me. The fight at Cannæ, you say, was almost the destruction of Rome's empire, and all Italy is admitted to be in revolt. Has any nation of Latin race revolted to us? has a single man of the five-and-thirty Roman tribes deserted to Hannibal?"

Mago's reply was a denial in both cases. "Then," said Hanno, "too many of the enemy still remain. But I should like to know what is the temper, what the confidence of this host." Mago said that of this he knew nothing. "Nothing may be more easily known," was Hanno's answer. "Have the Romans sent any envoys to Hannibal to treat for peace? Have you had news of any mention at all of peace at Rome?"

To this again Mago said No. "Then we have," said Hanno, "a war upon our hands just as fresh as on the day when Hannibal crossed over into Italy. Many of us are still alive to remember the frequent alternations of victory in the former Punic war. Never did our fortunes seem more prosperous both by sea and land than previous to the consulship of Caius Lutatius and Aulus Postumius. As soon as they were consuls, we were utterly defeated at the Ægates Islands. And if now, too (the gods avert the omen!), fortune somewhat change, do you hope, when vanquished, for the peace which, now that we are victorious, no one offers? I have indeed an opinion to express, if the question is to be whether we are to offer the enemy peace or to accept it; but if you mean to discuss Mago's demands, I maintain that we have no business to send what he asks to a conquering army, still less ought we to send it when they are deluding us with a vain and empty hope."

A few only were impressed by Hanno's speech. His feud with the Barcine family impaired the authority of his advice, and the joy, too, which at the moment possessed all hearts made their ears deaf to anything which might weaken the grounds of their exultation. The war, they thought, would soon be over, if they resolved to exert themselves a little. And so with the heartiest unanimity a vote was carried in the senate to send Hannibal, as re-enforcements, four thousand Numidians, with forty elephants and a supply of money. An officer with supreme powers was sent on at once with Mago into Spain to raise twenty thousand infantry and four thousand horse to fill up the ranks of the armies in Italy and Spain.

All this, however, was done as tardily and languidly as is usual in the midst of success. The plight of the Romans as well as their natural energy kept them from being dilatory. The consul failed not in any duty which he had to discharge, and the dictator, Marcus Junius Pera, after due performance of the sacred rites and the customary application to the popular assembly for permission to use a horse,[1] not content with the two city legions which the consuls had raised early in the year, a levy of slaves and a muster of troops from Picenum and Gaul, stooped to the last resource of a country almost past hope, when honour must yield to necessity. He issued a proclamation addressed to all who had committed capital offences or who were in prison as convicted debtors, that such of them as should serve as soldiers under him should by his authority be released from punishment and debt. Six thousand of these men he equipped out of the Gallic spoils, which had been carried in the triumph of Caius Flaminius, and so he marched from Rome with twenty-five thousand armed soldiers.

After receiving the submission of Capua and making another fruitless appeal to the hopes and fears of the Neapolitans, Hannibal led his army into the country round Nola. His attitude, indeed, was not immediately hostile, as he did not despair of a voluntary surrender, but he meant, should they long disappoint his hopes, to spare the people nothing in the way of all possible suffering or terror. The senate, especially the leading men, loyally adhered to their alliance with Rome; the commons, as usual, were all for change and devoted to Hannibal, while they let their thoughts dwell on the horror of ravaged fields and the many hardships and indignities they would have to endure in a siege. Instigators of revolt, too, were not wanting. Thus the senators, seized with apprehension that if they openly stood their ground there was no possibility of resisting the infuriated populace, found means to defer the calamity by feigning compliance. They pretended that they liked the notion of revolt to Hannibal, but that it was not sufficiently definite on what terms they would be entering into a new treaty and alliance.

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[1] Zonaras says this could not be done except when the dictator was about to take the field.—D. O.

Having thus secured some delay, they despatched envoys with all speed to the Roman prætor, Marcellus, who was with an army at Casilinum. They explained to him how extreme was the jeopardy of the people of Nola; how their territory was in the hands of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, how their city would be his forthwith, unless they received aid. By conceding a promise to the populace that they would revolt when they wished, the senate had prevailed on them not to rush into instant revolt.

Marcellus warmly praised the citizens of Nola, and bade them delay matters by the same pretexts till his arrival. Meanwhile they were to conceal what had passed between them and himself and all prospect of help from Rome. From Casilinum he directed his march toward Caiatia,[1] whence, after crossing the Vulturnus, he reached Nola through the district of Saticula and Trebula over the hills above Suessula.[2]

On the arrival of the Roman prætor, the Carthaginian quitted the territory of Nola and marched down to the sea, close to Naples. He was eager to possess himself of a town on the coast, that ships might have a safe passage from Africa; but as soon as he heard that the place was held by a Roman officer (Marcus Junius Silanus was there, invited by the citizens themselves), he passed by Naples as he had Nola, and made for Nuceria.[1] For some time he besieged the place, frequently attacking it, frequently addressing vain solicitations now to the populace, now to the chief men, until at last he obtained its surrender by famine on the understanding that the inhabitants were to leave it without arms and with one garment apiece. Then, inasmuch as from the first he had wished to seem friendly to all Italians, except Romans, he offered rewards and honours to those who remained and were willing to serve under him. Not a man, however, did he secure by this prospect. They all fled hither and thither, wherever ties of friendship or the impulse of the moment urged them, through the towns of Campania, to Nola and Naples especially. About thirty senators, all, as it happened, of the first rank, made for Capua, and finding themselves shut out because they had closed their gates against Hannibal, took refuge at Cumæ. The spoil of Nuceria was given to the soldiers; the city was plundered and burned. Marcellus held Nola as much by the good-will of its leading men as by confidence in his garrison. The populace he dreaded, and above all one Lucius Bantius. The conscious guilt of attempted revolt and fear inspired by the Roman prætor prompted this man at one moment to betray his birthplace, at another, should fortune fail him in this, to desert to the enemy. He was a youth of spirit, and the noblest knight of the time among all our allies. Hannibal had found him half dead at Cannæ amid a heap of slain; he had treated him kindly, had even made him a present, and so sent him home. Gratitude for these favours made him wish to hand over Nola to the control and dominion of the Carthaginians, and the prætor saw that he was restless and disquieted by thoughts of revolution.

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[1] Now Caiazzo.—D. O.

[2] Now Sessola. The text of this paragraph has been much questioned and more or less doctored to meet geographical conditions. —D. O.

As the man had to be either checked by punishment or won by kindness, Marcellus thought it better that a brave and energetic ally should be secured for himself than lost to the enemy. He therefore invited him to his quarters and spoke kindly to him. "You have a host of envious fellow-citizens," he said, "and hence one may easily infer, what no citizen of Nola has told me, how numerous have been your noble deeds in war. However, if a man has once been a soldier in a Roman camp, his valour can not remain hidden. Many who have served with you tell me what a brave man you are, what dangers you have repeatedly encountered for the safety and honour of the Roman people, and how you never quitted the field of Cannæ till you were buried almost lifeless under a falling mass of men, horses, and arms. And so, Heaven's blessing on your valour. From me you shall have every distinction and reward; and that you may be the oftener with me, you shall see that this means both honour and advantage to you."

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[1] Now known as Nocera Inferiore.—D. O.

The young man was delighted at these promises. Marcellus presented him with a splendid charger, and bade his quæstor count out for him five hundred silver coins. His lictors had orders to allow him to visit him as often as he pleased. This courtesy on the part of Marcellus so completely subdued the temper of the high-spirited youth that from that time Rome had not a braver and more loyal champion among her allies.

Hannibal being once more before the gates of Nola (he had again moved his camp thither from Nuceria), and the populace once more thinking of revolt, Marcellus on the enemy's approach had retired within the walls. He did not fear for his camp, but no opportunity of betraying the town would he give to those too numerous citizens who were intent on treachery. Both armies now began to array themselves for battle, the Roman army before the walls of Nola, the Carthaginians in front of their camp. Hence ensued skirmishes with varying result between the town and the camp, as the generals did not choose either to hold back the few soldiers who rashly challenged their foes or to give the signal for a general engagement.

Such being now the position day after day of the two armies, the leading citizens of Nola told Marcellus that there were nightly communications between the commons and the Carthaginians, and that it had been decided to plunder the baggage and property of the Roman troops as soon as they marched out of the gates, then to close the gates and take possession of the ramparts, intending to admit the Carthaginians instead of the Romans the moment they had the control of their own affairs and of the town. Marcellus, on receiving this information, highly commended the senators of Nola, and resolved to try the fortune of battle before any disturbance broke out in the town.

He drew up his army in three divisions at three gates facing the enemy, with orders that the baggage was to follow close behind, and that the soldiers' servants, the sutlers, and the invalids were each to carry a stake. At the middle gate he posted the main strength of his legions and his Roman cavalry, at the other two his raw recruits, his newly enlisted men, and his light-armed troops. The inhabitants of Nola were not allowed to approach the walls or the gates, and the force intended as a reserve was assigned to the baggage, so that an attack might not be made on it when the legions were engaged in the fight.

Thus drawn up they stood within the gates. Hannibal, who, as he had done for several days, had his troops under arms till a late hour, was at first astonished that the Roman army did not march out of the city, and that not a single armed soldier appeared on the walls. Concluding that the secret of the communications had been betrayed, and that fear kept his friends quiet, he sent back part of his troops to their camp with orders to bring up to the front all the appliances for an assault, as he was confident that, if he met hesitation with prompt action, the populace would raise some disturbance in the town. While all were hurrying in bustle and excitement to their several posts amid the foremost standards and the front line was approaching the wall, suddenly the gate was thrown open, at the order of Marcellus the trumpet sounded the signal, a shout was raised, and first the infantry and then the cavalry flung themselves on the enemy with all the fury of their fiercest attack. They had already carried terror and confusion enough into the centre of his line, when from the two adjacent gates the lieutenants, Valerius Flaccus and Caius Aurelius, burst upon his flanks. Added to all this came a shout from the sutlers and soldiers' servants and the rest of the crowd set to guard the baggage. To the Carthaginians, who were specially scornful of the scanty numbers of the foe, this gave the sudden semblance of an immense army. I would not myself venture to affirm what some authors state, that two thousand eight hundred of the enemy were slain, with a loss of not more than five hundred Romans. However, whether the victory was as great or less considerable, a mighty result, the greatest perhaps throughout the war, was achieved that day. For indeed not to be defeated by Hannibal was for the victors on that occasion a harder matter than it was afterward to defeat him.[1]

As soon as Hannibal, who had now lost all hope of possessing himself of Nola, had retired to Acerræ,[2] Marcellus instantly closed the city gates, setting guards at them that no one might go out, and then held an inquiry in the forum on the men who had been in secret communication with the enemy. More than seventy he convicted and beheaded; their property was by his order confiscated for the uses of the Roman people; the senate was invested with supreme authority, and Marcellus marched out with his whole army and established himself in a camp overlooking Suessula.

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[1] As being the first occasion when the Romans broke the spell of Carthaginian fortune. As for this and many future victories there is reason to believe them much exaggerated. Hannibal's presence in particular being frequently inferred, perhaps in accordance with the Roman custom of attributing victories and defeats to the auspices and hence to the persons of absent consuls and emperors.—D. O.

[2] Now Acerra.—D. O.

The Carthaginian at first attempted to persuade Acerræ to a voluntary surrender, but on seeing that the inhabitants were resolute, he prepared for a siege and an assault. The townsfolk had more courage than strength. Despairing of the defence of their city when they saw the blockade closing round their walls, they stole away in the silence of night, before the circle was completed, through any gap in the lines or at any negligently guarded point, and with or without the track of roads to guide them they fled, as design or chance suggested, to those cities of Campania which it was certain had not thrown off their allegiance.

After plundering and burning Acerræ, Hannibal, who had received intelligence from Casilinum that the Roman dictator was advancing with his legions, and who feared some revolutionary movement also in Capua with the enemy's camp in such close proximity, marched his army to Casilinum. The place was then held by five hundred citizens of Præneste, and with them were a few Romans and men of Latin nationality, whom the news of the battle of Cannæ had driven thither for refuge. The levy at Præneste not having been completed by the proper day, these five hundred had left their homes too late. They had reached Casilinum before the news of the defeat, and being there joined by other Romans and allies, they had marched out of the town in considerable force, when tidings of the battle turned them back to it. There, notwithstanding the suspicions of the Campanians and their own fears, they passed some days in securing themselves against plots and in hatching plots in their turn, till they knew as a certain fact that negotiations were on foot for the revolt of Capua and the admission of Hannibal. Then they massacred the townsfolk by night and seized the part of the city on this side of the Vulturnus, the river which divides it. And so the Romans had this force as a garrison at Casilinum. There was also in addition a cohort from Perusia[1] of four hundred and sixty men, driven to Casilinum by the same news which a few days before had driven thither the men of Præneste. There were about enough armed soldiers to defend so small an extent of walls, surrounded too as the place was on one side by a river. Want of corn, however, made the number of men seem actually excessive.

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[1] Now Perugia.—D. O.

As soon as Hannibal was within a moderate distance of the place he sent forward some Gætulians, under an officer named Isalcas, with orders, first of all, in the event of a friendly interview being possible, to coax the citizens with kindly words into opening their gates and admitting a garrison; but, should they persist in obstinate resistance, to resort to force and try an assault on any part of the city that might be practicable. When they approached the walls, all was silent, and it seemed a solitude. Fear, so the barbarian thought, had driven them away, and he was preparing to storm the gates and break down the barriers, when suddenly they were thrown open, and two cohorts, drawn up inside for this express purpose, burst forth with great uproar and made havoc of the enemy. The foremost ranks having been thus beaten back, Maharbal was despatched with a stronger force of the best soldiers, but even he could not sustain the furious onset of the cohorts. At last Hannibal pitched his camp before the walls, and, small as was the place and small the garrison, prepared for an attack in full force, with his whole army. While he was threatening and harassing the town, having drawn his lines completely round the walls, he lost several of his soldiers, and these his bravest men, struck down from the ramparts and towers. Once, when the besiegers in their turn attacked, he all but cut them off by confronting them with a troop of elephants, and drove them back in confusion to their walls with considerable loss for such a mere handful of men. More would have been slain had not night stopped the fighting.

Next day the heart of every soldier was fired with ardour for the assault; the more so when a golden wreath was offered for the first man on the ramparts, and when Hannibal himself taunted the captors of Saguntum with their tardy efforts to storm a fortress which stood on level ground, and reminded them one and all of Cannæ, Trasumennus, and Trebia. The regular siege-works and mines were then applied, nor did the Roman allies fail to meet the various attempts of the enemy with force and skill of every kind. The siege-works they encountered with barriers for defence, and the hostile mines they intercepted with counter-mines, thus opposing a resistance to every open or secret attack, till actual shame turned Hannibal from his purpose. He fortified a camp, leaving in it a moderate force, that the siege might not be regarded as abandoned, and retired into winter quarters at Capua.

Here for most of the winter he had his army under cover. Often and long had it steeled itself against every human hardship, and of comfort it had had no trial or experience. And thus the men whom no intensity of misery had conquered, were now ruined by a superfluity of good things and an excess of pleasure, all the more utterly, as from the novelty of these enjoyments they plunged into them so greedily. Sloth, wine, feasting, women, baths, and idle lounging, which, with daily habit, became increasingly attractive, so enervated both body and mind, that henceforth it was their past victories rather than their present strength which saved them. This error of the general was considered by good judges of the art of war more fatal than his not having marched instantly from the field of Cannæ to Rome. Delay on that occasion could be thought only to have deferred victory; this blunder sacrificed, as it seemed, the strength needful for victory. And so undoubtedly, just as if it had been another army with which he had left Capua, Hannibal maintained afterward none of his old discipline. In fact, entanglements with women made many of his men return thither, and the moment they began to serve under canvas, and trenching and other military duties came upon them, body and spirit alike gave way, as if they had been raw recruits. From that time during the whole period of the summer campaign, numbers would steal away from the ranks without leave, and it was Capua, and Capua only, that was the hiding-place of the deserters.

As winter gradually relaxed, Hannibal marched his soldiers out of their quarters, and went back to Casilinum. Though there had been a cessation from all attacks on the place, still the prolonged blockade had reduced the inhabitants and the garrison to the extremity of want. The Roman camp was under the command of Tiberius Sempronius, as the dictator had gone to Rome to renew the auspices. Marcellus was himself eager to relieve the besieged, but he was detained alike by the swollen waters of the river Vulturnus and the entreaties of the citizens of Nola and Acerræ, who were in dread of the Campanians, should the Roman force retire. Sempronius merely watched Casilinum, without attempting any movement, as the dictator's instructions were that he was not to engage in any operations during his absence. Yet the news he received from Casilinum was such as might easily overcome the utmost patience. It appeared, in fact, that some, rather than endure their hunger, had flung themselves from the walls, while others stood on them unarmed, with their bare bodies exposed to the blows of missiles. All this Sempronius bore with impatience. As he dared not fight without orders from the dictator (though fight he saw he must, if he was openly to get corn into the place), and as there was no other hope of introducing corn secretly, he collected grain from all the neighbouring country, filled a number of casks with it, and sent a message to the commander at Casilinum to have any casks stopped which the river floated down. The following night, when all were watching the stream, intent on the hopes held out by the Roman message, the casks floated down the mid-channel of the river, and the corn was equally distributed among the entire population. The same thing was done on the next day and the day after. It was by night that the casks were despatched, and by night that they arrived; thus the enemy's sentries were eluded.

After a time the river became more than usually rapid from continuous rains, and drove the casks by a cross eddy to the side guarded by the enemy. There they were seen, stranded in beds of willow which grew on the banks, and the matter being reported to Hannibal, he set a stricter watch, so that nothing sent to the town down the Vulturnus might escape him. Nevertheless, a vast quantity of walnuts, thrown out of the Roman camp, and floated down the middle of the stream, was caught in wicker nets. At last the inhabitants were reduced to such want that they tried to chew leathern thongs and the hides off their shields, steeped in hot water, and scrupled not to devour mice, or, indeed, any living creature; even every kind of grass and roots they tore up from the bottom of their walls. The enemy, having ploughed up all the grass-grown surface outside the ramparts, they sowed it with rape, upon which Hannibal exclaimed, "Am I to sit still before Casilinum till those seeds grow?" He who hitherto had not listened to a word about terms, now at last allowed them to discuss with him the ransom of free-born citizens. Seven ounces of gold was the price agreed on for each. Having received a guarantee of safety, they surrendered. They were kept in chains till all the gold was paid. Then they were allowed to go back in good faith. This is more probable than that they were charged by the cavalry as they were leaving, and cut to pieces. Most of them were natives of Præneste. Out of five hundred and seventy who were in the garrison, somewhat less than half had perished by hunger or the sword; the rest returned in safety to Præneste with their officer, Marcus Anicius, who had formerly been a clerk. His statue commemorated the events, set up, as it was, in the forum at Præneste, mailed, clad in a toga, and with the head covered, and there were three standards with this inscription on a bronze plate: " Marcus Anicius vowed this vow for the soldiers who served in garrison at Casilinum." The same inscription was written under three standards deposited in the Temple of Fortune.

The town of Casilinum was restored to the Campanians and garrisoned by a force of seven hundred men from Hannibal's army, that it might not be attacked by the Romans after the withdrawal of the Carthaginians. The Roman senate voted double pay and five years' exemption from service to the soldiers from Præneste. When the Roman franchise was offered them for their valour, they elected to make no change in their condition. History is less clear as to the treatment of the citizens of Perusia, as no light is thrown upon it by any monument of their own, or by any vote of the Romans.

At this same time the people of Petelia,[1] the only Bruttian community which had been steadfast to its friendship with Rome, were assailed, not only by the Carthaginians, who were in occupation of their country, but also by the other Bruttians, from whose cause they had separated themselves. Being quite unable to hold out against their troubles, they sent envoys to Rome to beg for protection. The entreaties and tears of these men, who had burst into doleful complainings at the doors of the senate-house, where they were told that they must take care of themselves, moved the senators and the commons to the deepest commiseration. Again the question was submitted to the senate by the prætor Marcus Æmilius, and after an anxious review of the resources of the empire, they were constrained to confess that they had no longer any means of protecting distant allies. They bade them return home; they had done all that loyalty demanded; and they must now face their position, and do the best they could for themselves.

As soon as the result of the embassy was reported at Petelia, such sudden grief and terror overwhelmed their senate, that some proposed flight and the desertion of their city, each man to escape as he could, while some were for joining the other Bruttians, and through their intervention surrendering to Hannibal. That party, however, prevailed which contended that nothing was to be done hurriedly and rashly, and that they ought to reconsider the matter. Next day it was discussed with less agitation, and it was decided, through the influence of the aristocracy, that everything was to be removed from the country, and that the city and its walls were to be strengthened for defence.

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[1] North of Croton, near the Promontory of Crimesa, now Punta dell' Alice.—D. O.

Despatches came to Rome about the same time from Sicily and Sardinia. The despatch from Titus Otacilius, pro-prætor of Sicily, was first read out before the senate. It stated that Lucius Furius, the prætor, had arrived at Lilybæum with a fleet from Africa; that he was severely wounded and in the utmost danger of his life; that the troops and seamen had neither pay nor corn from day to day, and that there were no means of furnishing it. He strongly advised them to send such supplies as soon as possible, and if they thought fit, one of the new prætors as successor to himself.

A despatch to much the same effect as to soldiers' pay and corn was sent by Aulus Cornelius Mammula, pro-prætor of Sardinia. Both he and Otacilius received for answer that there were no means of sending either, and they were bidden to do their best for their fleets and armies. Otacilius having sent envoys to Hiero, the only remaining stay of the Roman people, obtained from him as much money as he required for pay, and corn for six months. Cornelius in Sardinia received liberal contributions from the allied communities. At Rome, too, in consequence of the scarcity of money, three finance-commissioners were appointed on the proposal of Marcus Minucius, tribune of the commons. They were Lucius Æmilius Papius, who had been consul and censor, Marcus Atilius Regulus, who had been twice consul, and Lucius Scribonius Libo, who was then tribune of the commons. Two commissioners were also appointed, Marcus and Caius Atilius, for the dedication of the Temple of Concord, which had been vowed by the prætor Lucius Manlius. And there was an election of three pontiffs, Quintus Cæcilius Metellus, Quintus Fabius Maximus, and Quintus Fabius Flaccus, into the places of Publius Scantinius, who had died, of Lucius Æmilius Paullus, the consul, and Quintus Ælius Pætus, both of whom had fallen in the battle of Cannæ.

The senators having, as far as it was possible for human forethought, made up for the losses which fortune had inflicted on them by a succession of disasters, began at last to look anxiously to themselves, to the solitude of the senate-house, and the scanty number of those who met for public business. Indeed, since the consulship of Lucius Æmilius and Caius Flaminius, the list of senators had not been revised, although during those five years so large a number had been swept off in the reverses of war, not to speak of ordinary casualties to individuals. At the urgent demand of all, the matter was brought forward for discussion by the prætor, Marcus Æmilius, the dictator having left Rome for the army immediately after the loss of Casilinum. Spurius Carvilius then in a long speech deplored the paucity, or rather absolute dearth, of citizens out of whom senators could be chosen, and went on to say that, to fill up the number of the senate and to bind to themselves more closely the Latin communities, he recommended as a most important step the granting of the franchise to two senators out of each of these communities, should the Roman senate approve, and their election into the place of deceased senators.

The senate heard the proposal with as much impatience as they had formerly listened to the demand of the Latins themselves. A murmur of indignation ran through the whole senate-house, Manlius especially exclaiming, " Even now there is a man of that same stock from which sprang that consul in the days of old who threatened to slay with his own hand any Latin whom he saw in the house." Quintus Fabius Maximus replied, that never had anything been mentioned in the senate at a more inappropriate time than this allusion, calculated, as it was, additionally to disturb the minds of the allies, just while their temper was so undecided, and their loyalty was wavering; that this rash speech of a single man ought to be buried in a universal silence; and indeed, if ever there had been in the senate-house a secret so sacred as to require silence, this above all things should be hidden, concealed, forgotten, regarded as unsaid.

This quashed all further mention of the subject. It was decided to appoint, as dictator to revise the senatorian roll, a man who had previously been censor, and indeed the oldest of the ex-censors who were living. A vote was also passed to summon the consul Caius Terentius to nominate the dictator. Terentius hurried back to Rome by forced marches from Apulia, where he left a garrison, and on the following night, as was customary,[1] he named Marcus Fabius Buteo dictator for six months, without a master of the horse, in accordance with the senate's resolution.

Having mounted the rostrum with his lictors, Fabius said: " I do not approve of there being two dictators at one time, a thing never done before, or of being dictator myself without a master of the horse; or of the censor's authority being centred in one man, in the same man indeed for a second time;

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[1] The nomination of a dictator took place in the dead of night, apparently without witnesses, so that no interruption might vitiate the auspices.—D. O.

or of giving supreme power for six months to a dictator, unless he is appointed to carry on the government. When any transgression of due limits has been occasioned by fate, circumstances, or necessity, I will myself fix a limit.[1] I will not remove from the senate any of those whom the censors, Caius Flaminius and Lucius Æmilius, chose into that body; I shall merely require the names to be copied and read out, as I do not wish a verdict or decision on a senator's character to rest with one man. The places of deceased senators I will so fill up as to show that I am guided by a preference of class to class, not of individual to individual."

After reading out the list of the old senate, Fabius first chose into the places of deceased members, all who subsequently to the censorship of Lucius Æmilius and Caius Flaminius had held the higher curule offices, but had not yet been admitted senators,[2] taking them in the order of their previous appointments; then, such as had been ædiles, tribunes of the commons, and quæstors. Next, he made his selection from those who had not indeed held office, but who had the spoils of an enemy[3] set up in their houses, or who had obtained a crown for saving a citizen's life. Having thus added to the senate a hundred and seventy-seven members, he at once retired from office, and stepped down from the rostrum a private citizen, his lictors having had orders to depart. And then he mingled with the groups of citizens who were transacting their private business, purposely thus passing away the time that he might not take them from the forum to escort him home.[4] But notwithstanding this delay, men's interest in him did not die away, and they attended him to his house in crowds. On the following night the consul went back to his army without informing the senate, that he might not be detained at Rome on account of the elections.

Next day the senate, on being consulted by the prætor, Marcus Pomponius, passed a resolution to communicate with the dictator and request that, if he thought it for the public good, he would come to Rome with the master of the horse and the prætor Marcus Marcellus to appoint new consuls. The senators would then be able to learn from their own lips what was the position of the state and to take measures accordingly. All came who were summoned, leaving behind them officers to command the legions. The dictator after a few modest words about himself claimed most of the glory for Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, the master of the horse, and then gave notice of the elections, in which were to be appointed consuls, Lucius Postumius, for a third time in his absence, who then held the province of Gaul, and Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, who was master of the horse and curule ædile. The new prætors were Marcus Valerius Lævinus, Appius Claudius Pulcher, Quintus Fulvius Flaccus, and Quintus Mucius Scævola. The dictator, having appointed these magistrates, returned to his army in winter quarters at Teanum,[1] leaving the master of the horse at Rome, who being about to enter on office, might take the senate's opinion as to the levy and equipment of armies for the coming year.

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[1] The text of this sentence is in dispute, and the suggested readings are all vague and unsatisfactory.—D. O.

[2] These were entitled to the honour.—D. O.

[3] That is, slain by him in battle or single combat.—D. O.

[4] A customary compliment.—D. O.

Just when they were most busy with these matters, a fresh disaster was reported, for fate heaped calamity on calamity that year. Lucius Postumius, the consul elect, it was reported, had been destroyed in Gaul, together with his army. He was about to march his troops through a vast forest, which the Gauls called Litana. On its right and left sides, along the Roman route, the Gauls had cut the trees in such a manner that though they would stand, if undisturbed, they must fall at the impulse of a slight blow. Postumius had two Roman legions, and had raised from the coasts of the Upper Sea such a force of allies that he marched into the enemy's country with twenty-five thousand armed men. Having posted themselves on the borders of the forest, the Gauls gave a push to the outermost of the trees which they had undermined, the moment the army entered the pass. One tree fell on another, itself insecure and barely standing, and arms, men, and horses, were overwhelmed on both sides by the falling mass, so that scarce ten men escaped. Most of them having been killed by the trunks of the trees or by broken boughs, the Gauls who occupied the whole forest in armed force, slaughtered the remainder, whom the unexpected disaster had confounded. Out of that vast host a few only were taken prisoners; these were making for a bridge over a river, and were intercepted by the enemy, by whom the bridge had been previously secured. There Postumius fell, fighting with all his might to save himself from capture. The Boii bore in triumph the spoils they had taken from the general's person, and his head, which they had cut off, to a temple reputed the most sacred in their country. Then having after their fashion cleared out the contents of the head, they set the skull in gold, and it served them as a sacred vessel for libations in their solemn rites. It was also used as a drinking-cup by the priest and by the ministers of the temple. The plunder too taken by the Gauls was as great as their victory. For though most of the beasts were crushed by the downfall of the trees, all else, as nothing was lost in the confusion of flight, was found strewn along the line where the army lay.

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[1] Now Civitati.—D. O.

On the news of this calamity, the citizens were for many days in such alarm that all shops were shut, and a solitude as of night reigned through Rome. The senate assigned to the ædiles the business of going round the city and ordering the shops to be opened, and the display of public grief to be withdrawn from the streets. Tiberius Sempronius then called the senate and spoke words of comfort and encouragement to the senators. They who had not succumbed under the catastrophe of Cannæ, he said, must not let themselves be cowed by smaller misfortunes. If only matters went prosperously, as regarded the Carthaginian foe and Hannibal, and this he hoped for the future, the war with the Gauls might be safely disregarded and deferred, and the avenging of their disastrous blunder would rest with Heaven and with the Roman people. It was the Carthaginian foe, and the armies with which they must wage the war against him, which ought now to be the subject of their deliberations and discussions.

Sempronius himself first stated in detail what infantry and cavalry, what force of citizens and of allies, composed the dictator's army. Marcellus next fully explained the total number of his own troops. Inquiry was made of well-informed persons as to the force which the consul, Caius Terentius, had in Apulia. There was no attempt at calculating how consular armies of adequate strength[1] for such a war were to be made up, and it was therefore decided to let Gaul alone for that year, notwithstanding that a just resentment suggested action. The dictator's army was assigned to the consul. As for the army of Marcellus, it was agreed that such of the soldiers as had been in the flight at Cannæ, should be transferred to Sicily and serve there, as long as war continued in Italy. Thither also all the feeblest men in the dictator's legions were to be removed without any fixed period of service, except those who had been through the prescribed number of campaigns. The two city legions were given to the consul who should have been elected in the room of Lucius Postumius. It was resolved to appoint him as soon as it could be done without disregard of the auspices. Two legions likewise were to be summoned from Sicily, each at the earliest opportunity, and out of these the consul to whom might fall the command of the city legions, was to take as many soldiers as he might require. The consul, Caius Terentius, was to have his powers extended for the ensuing year, and there was to be no reduction in the numbers of the army which he had for the defence of Apulia.

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[1] That is, armies of two legions each with the regular quotas of allies. —D. O.

During these movements and preparations in Italy, the war in Spain went on as vigorously as ever. Up to this time, however, it was favourable to the Romans. Publius and Cneius Scipio had divided their forces, Cneius conducting operations by land, Publius by sea. The Carthaginian general, Hasdrubal, who distrusted his resources in both arms, kept himself far away from the enemy, seeking safety in his distance and in his position, till after long and urgent entreaty a re-enforcement of four thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry was sent him from Africa. Thus at last with hopes revived he moved his camp nearer the foe, and personally directed the preparation and equipment of a fleet to defend the islands and the coast. He was busily engaged in carrying out this new movement when the desertion of his ships'-captains struck him with dismay. He had censured them severely for abandoning in panic his fleet on the Ebro, and since that occasion they had never been really faithful either to their commander or to the interests of Carthage. These deserters had prompted a movement among the tribe of the Tartesii,[1] some of whose towns had at their instigation revolted. One town they had themselves taken by assault. The Carthaginian arms were now turned from the Romans against this tribe, and Hasdrubal, having entered the enemy's country with an invading army, resolved to attack Chalbus, a renowned chief of the Tartesii, who with a strong force was posted in his camp before the walls of the town which a few days previously had been captured. Accordingly, he sent on some light troops in advance to lure the enemy into fighting, and scattered some of his infantry throughout the surrounding country, to lay it waste and to intercept stragglers. Thus at one and the same moment the camp was in commotion, and in the country round there were flight and massacre. But after a while, making their way back to the camp from all parts, and by every road, they lost their fears so completely that they had spirit enough not only to defend their lines but even to challenge the enemy to battle. They rushed out of the camp in armed array, dancing in their native fashion, and their sudden daring struck terror into the foe who but just before had been himself the assailant. Hasdrubal upon this marched his troops up a hill of moderate height, further protected by the barrier of a stream, and hither he also withdrew the light-armed detachment sent on in advance and his scattered cavalry. But as he did not trust much either to the hill or to the river, he intrenched his camp. While this mutual fear lasted, several skirmishes took place; in these the Numidian trooper was no match for the Spaniard, or the Moor with his dart for his shield-bearing antagonist, who was as nimble as himself and considerably his superior in resolute courage and enduring strength.

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[1] The country near the lower course of the Bætis.—D. O.

Finding that they could not lure the Carthaginians into an engagement by showing themselves before their camp, and that to storm it was not easy, they took by assault the town of Ascua, into which Hasdrubal on entering the enemy's territory had conveyed corn and other supplies, and they possessed themselves of all the surrounding country. By this time, whether on the march or in camp, they were no longer under the restraint of authority. The heedlessness which, as often happens, followed on success was perceived by Hasdrubal. He urged his men to fall on the enemy, all dispersed and out of their ranks as they were, marched down the hill and advanced on their camp in battle array. News of his near approach was brought by bewildered fugitives from watch-towers and sentry-posts, and there was a general call to arms. Every man snatched up his weapons and rushed instantly into battle, without order or signal or military formation. The foremost were already in action, while others were running up in bands, and others again had not yet quitted their camp. At first, however, their very daring dismayed the enemy. Soon finding that they had charged a dense mass, themselves a mere handful, and that they were far too few to be safe, they looked back, one on another, and, repulsed on every side, formed in square. With limbs in close contact and arms touching, and pressed into a confined space in which they had scarcely room to move their weapons, they were hemmed in by a circle of the enemy and cut down till late in the day. A mere fraction of them made a rush out and fled to the forests and mountains; the camp too was abandoned in the same panic, and the whole tribe the next day surrendered itself.

They did not long, however, remain at peace. Soon afterward instructions came from Carthage that Hasdrubal, at the earliest opportunity, was to lead his army into Italy. The news, as soon as it spread, turned nearly all men's sympathies throughout Spain from Carthage to Rome. Hasdrubal accordingly at once sent a despatch to Carthage, explaining what injury the rumour of his departure had caused. If he were really to start on his march, he wrote, Spain would be Roman territory before he crossed the Ebro. For not only had he neither a force nor a general to leave in his place, but the Roman commanders were such, that with equal strength it was barely possible to resist them. So, if they had any care for Spain, they must send some one to succeed him with a strong army, and he too, even supposing that all went prosperously, would find the province no light burden.

Though this despatch at first made a deep impression on the Carthaginian senate, still, as Italy was first and chief in their thoughts, they would have no change as regarded Hasdrubal and his troops. Himilco was sent with a thoroughly efficient army and a re-enforced fleet to hold and secure Spain by land and sea. As soon as he had crossed with his military and naval armament, he fortified a camp, hauled his vessels ashore and surrounded them with intrenchments. With some picked cavalry and at all possible speed, he then made his way to Hasdrubal, equally vigilant, whether the temper of the tribes through which he passed was doubtful or hostile. Having explained the orders and instructions of the senate, and having been advised in turn how the war ought to be conducted in Spain, he went back to his camp. His speed more than anything else insured his safety, as he had got quite clear from the country before the people could unite.

Hasdrubal did not move his camp till he had exacted contributions in money from all the tribes under his control, for he knew well that Hannibal had in some cases purchased his passage for money, that he had procured his Gallic auxiliaries simply by hiring them, and that had he attempted such a march without any money he would hardly have penetrated as far as the Alps. So he hurriedly called in money-contributions and marched down to the Ebro.

When the Carthaginian orders and the march of Hasdrubal came to the knowledge of the Romans, both the generals at once put everything else aside, united their forces and prepared to oppose and resist the enemy's plans. For they were persuaded that should such a general as Hasdrubal with his Spanish army effect a junction with Hannibal, himself alone a foe against whom Italy could hardly stand, it would be the end of Rome's empire. Harassed by such apprehensions, they drew their armies together on the Ebro. After crossing the river and holding a long consultation whether they should confront the foe or be satisfied with keeping him from his proposed march by attacking Carthaginian allies, they prepared for an attempt on a town, named Ibera from the neighbouring river, then the richest in that part of the country. Hasdrubal on being aware of this, instead of giving aid to his allies, proceeded himself to advance to the attack of a town which had lately put itself under Roman protection. So the Romans abandoned the siege already begun, and turned their arms against Hasdrubal himself.

For a few days the hostile camps were separated by an interval of five miles, and there were some trifling skirmishes, without, however, any marching out to battle. At last on one and the same day, as though by concert, the signal for action was given on both sides, and with all their forces they advanced into the open plain. The Roman army was drawn up in three lines, part of the light troops being posted in front of the first line and part behind the standards, while the cavalry closed in the wings. Hasdrubal strengthened his centre with Spaniards, placing his Carthaginians on the right wing, his Africans and mercenary auxiliaries on the left. He stationed Numidian troopers close to the Carthaginian infantry before one wing, and the rest of his cavalry near the Africans in front of the other. All his Numidians, however, were not posted on the right wing; only those who, like the circus-riders, were trained to control two horses, and who, when the battle was at its hottest, would often leap in all their accoutrements from the weary to the fresh steed; such was their activity and so well trained was their breed of horses.

It was thus that the armies were drawn up; the hopes of the generals on either side were almost equally confident, as neither in numbers nor in the character of the troops was there a decided superiority with either Romans or Carthaginians. The spirit of the soldiery differed widely. The Romans, though they were fighting far away from their country, had easily been convinced by their officers that they were fighting for Italy and Rome. Consequently, as if their return home depended on the issue of the battle, they had resolved in their hearts to conquer or die. Less resolute were the men in the other army. Most of them were Spaniards, who would rather be beaten in Spain than dragged victorious into Italy. And so at the first onset, almost before the javelins had been thrown, the centre retreated, and when the Romans charged them with great impetuosity, turned and fled. The battle was

quite as fierce on the wings. On this side the Carthaginian, on that the African, pressed his attack, assailing in front and rear an enemy almost surrounded. But the Roman army by this time had gathered all its force into its centre, and was sufficiently strong to drive back the enemy's wings. Thus there were two distinct battles, in each of which the Romans, being superior both in numbers and strength, when once the enemy's centre had been broken, were decisively victorious. A vast multitude fell on the field, and, but for the precipitate flight of the Spaniards almost before the action had begun, there would have been very few survivors out of the entire army. Between the cavalry there was absolutely no fighting, for the Moors and Numidians, as soon as they saw the centre give way, instantly took to headlong flight, leaving the wings exposed, and even driving the elephants before them. Hasdrubal remained on the field till all was over, and then escaped with a handful of men out of the midst of the slaughter. The Romans took and plundered the camp. This battle secured for Rome the allegiance of any waverers in Spain, while it did not leave Hasdrubal the hope of remaining in the country with tolerable safety, much less of marching his army into Italy. All this having been made known at Rome by despatches from the Scipios, there was joy, not so much at the victory as at the hindrance of Hasdrubal's passage into Italy.

During these operations in Spain, Petelia in Bruttium was stormed by Himilco, Hannibal's chief officer, within a few months after the beginning of the siege. The victory cost the Carthaginians much blood and many wounds, and it was the force of hunger more than anything else which conquered the besieged. After having devoured all their corn, and the flesh of every species of quadruped, usual or unusual, they at last prolonged life on hides of leather, on grass and roots and the soft bark of trees, and leaves stripped from bushes. Nor were they finally captured till they wanted strength to stand on the walls and carry their arms. Having thus recovered Petelia, the Carthaginian general marched his army to Consentia.[1] The place was less obstinately defended, and in a few days he received its submission.

About the same time a Bruttian army invested Croton,[2] a Greek city, once mighty in arms and fighting-men, but then brought so low by a succession of great disasters that less than

[1] The capital of the Bruttii, now Cosenza.—D. O.

[2] One of the most ancient and greatest of the Greek colonies, now Cotrone.—D. O.

two thousand citizens of all ages still survived. A city thus empty of defenders fell an easy prey to the enemy. The citadel only was saved, whither amid the confusion of the storming some fled out of the midst of the slaughter. Locri,[1] too, where the populace was betrayed by the leading citizens, revolted to the Bruttians and Carthaginians. Rhegium[2] alone in that part of the country persisted to the last in its loyalty to Rome and retained its independence. The same inclination to revolt likewise reached Sicily, and even the house of Hiero did not keep itself wholly free from desertion. Gelon, the eldest son of the family, despising alike his father's old age and the alliance of Rome, went over to the Carthaginians after the defeat of Cannæ, and would have disturbed Sicily had he not been carried off, while he was arming the populace and exciting our allies, by a death so timely that it actually threw suspicion on his father.

Such were the events of the year, with their various issues, in Italy, Sicily, and Spain. At its close Quintus Fabius Maximus asked leave of the senate to dedicate the temple, which, when dictator, he had vowed to Venus of Eryx. The senate passed a resolution that Tiberius Sempronius, the consul elect, should, as soon as he entered on office, propose to the commons a vote authorizing Quintus Fabius to be one of two commissioners for the purpose of its dedication. In honour also of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, who had twice been consul and augur, his three sons, Lucius, Marcus, and Quintus, gave in the forum a celebration of funeral games lasting three days, with twenty-two pairs of gladiators. In their capacity of curule ædiles, Caius Lætorius and Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, the consul elect, who during his ædileship had been master of the horse, celebrated the Roman games, the ceremony occupying three days. The plebeian games[3] given by the ædiles Marcus Aurelius Cotta and Marcus Claudius Marcellus were thrice solemnized.[4] When the third year of the Punic war came round, Tiberius Sempronius entered on his office as consul on the first of March. Quintus Fulvius Flaccus, who had previously been consul and censor, and Marcus Valerius Lævinus, held respectively, as prætors, the home and foreign jurisdiction. The provinces of Sicily and Sardinia fell to Appius Claudius Pulcher and Quintus Mucius Scævola.

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[1] Another Greek colony.—D. O.

[2] Now Reggio.—D. O.

[3] "The Roman Games" were held by the curule ædiles in September, "The Plebeian Games" by the plebeian ædiles in November.—D. O.

[4] Presumably on account of irregularities.—D. O.

The commons voted to Marcellus all the powers of a consul, as he alone of Roman generals since the disaster of Cannæ had conducted operations successfully in Italy.

The senate, the day on which they held their first deliberation in the Capitol, passed a resolution that out of the double tax demanded that year, half should at once be called in, and that from this, immediate pay should be furnished to the soldiers, except to those who had served at Cannæ. With respect to the armies, they decided that Tiberius Sempronius, the consul, should appoint a day on which the two city legions should muster at Cales, whence they were to be marched to Claudius's camp on Suessula. The legions at that place, of which the army at Cannæ had mainly consisted, were to be transported under Appius Claudius, the prætor, into Sicily, and those in Sicily were to be conveyed to Rome. Marcus Claudius Marcellus was despatched to the army which on the day appointed was to assemble at Cales, having received orders to march the city legions to Claudius's camp. Appius Claudius sent Mæcilius Croto, as his lieutenant, to take the command of the old army and to conduct it to Sicily.

Men waited at first in silent expectation for the consul to hold an election for the appointment of his colleague, but when after a while they saw that Marcellus had been purposely, as it were, sent out of the way, the very man whom above all others they wished to be made consul that year for his brilliant achievements when prætor, angry murmurs arose in the senate-house. The consul, on perceiving this, said, " Both measures, senators, were for the public advantage, the despatch of Marcus Claudius to Campania for an exchange of armies, and the not giving notice of the elections until he had returned after the settlement of the business with which he was intrusted, so that you might have as consul the man demanded by this crisis in public affairs and especially desired by yourselves." Thus nothing was said about the elections till Marcellus returned.

Meanwhile two commissioners were appointed, Quintus Fabius Maximus and Titus Otacilius Crassus, for the dedication, respectively, of the Temples of Reason [1] and of Venus of Eryx. Both stood on the Capitol, and were separated only by a water channel. As to the three hundred Campanian knights who after loyally serving their time in Sicily had come to

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[1] The translation, though fairly literal, is rather unfortunate in view of the crazy goddess of the French Revolution. "The Roman Mens" was the personification of mind, and the object of her worship was that the citizens might be guided by right and justice.—D. O.

Rome, a proposal was made to the commons that they should be Roman citizens, and likewise burghers of Cumæ, reckoning from the day previous to the revolt of the Campanian community from Rome. What chiefly prompted the motion was the assertion of the men themselves, that they did not know to what people they belonged, as they had left their old country and had not yet been duly admitted into that to which they had returned.

As soon as Marcellus came back from the army, notice was given of an election for the appointment of one consul in the room of Lucius Postumius. Marcellus was chosen with the utmost unanimity to enter on the office at once, but thunder having been heard at the moment of his assumption of the consulate, the augurs were summoned, and pronounced that there was in their opinion a flaw in his election; and the senators generally gave out that the appointment, now for the first time, of two plebeian consuls, was not acceptable to the gods. Marcellus having abdicated office, there was elected in his place Fabius Maximus, now consul for the third time.

That year the sea glowed like fire; at Sinuessa a cow gave birth to a colt; at Lanuvium blood trickled down the statues in the Temple of Juno Sospita, and round the temple there was a rain of stones. For the last portent there was the usual nine days' celebration of sacred rites, and the other prodigies were duly expiated.

The consuls now divided the armies between them. The army at Teanum, which had been under the dictator Marcus Junius, fell to Fabius, Sempronius taking the command of the volunteer slaves at that place, with twenty-five thousand of our allies. To the prætor Marcus Valerius were assigned the legions which had returned from Sicily, and Marcellus was sent with a consul's powers to the army encamped at Suessula for the protection of Nola. The prætors of Sicily and Sardinia started for those provinces. Public notice was given by the consuls that whenever they summoned a meeting of the senate, the senators and all who had the privilege of speaking in the house were to assemble at the Capena Gate. Those prætors whose business was the administration of justice held their courts near the public reservoir; here all litigants were directed to answer to their recognisances, and here law was administered during the year.

Carthage, meanwhile, whence Mago, Hannibal's brother, was on the point of crossing into Italy with twelve thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry, twenty elephants, and a thousand talents of silver, under a convoy of sixty war-ships, received the news of her ill-successes in Spain and of the defection of almost all the tribes in that country to Rome. Some would have Mago with such a fleet and army give up Italy and turn his attention to Spain, when suddenly the hope of recovering Sardinia brightened the prospect. There was, they were told, but a small Roman force there; the old prætor, Aulus Cornelius, who knew the province thoroughly, was leaving, and a new governor was expected. Then, too, the hearts of the people were weary of their long subjection; last year the government had been harsh and extortionate. They were crushed by heavy taxes and unfair contributions of corn, and nothing was wanting but a head to lead them in revolt. Such was the report of a secret embassy sent by the chief inhabitants, the scheme having been organized mainly by Hampsicora, who was then by far the first man in influence and wealth. This news coming almost at the same moment, both bewildered and encouraged them. Mago was despatched with his fleet and forces to Spain, and Hasdrubal, to whom they had voted an army nearly equal to Mago's, was chosen to take the command in Sardinia.

At Rome the consuls, after transacting all necessary business in the city, at once bestirred themselves for war. Tiberius Sempronius gave his soldiers notice of a day by which they were to assemble at Sinuessa, and Quintus Fabius, having first consulted the senate, issued orders that every one was to convey his corn from the fields into fortified towns before the first of June. Whoever failed to do this was to have his estate plundered, his slaves sold by auction, and his farm-buildings burned. Even the prætors appointed to administer justice were not exempted from military duties. The prætor Valerius, it was decided, was to go to Apulia and succeed to the command of the army of Terentius, and, as soon as the legions from Sicily had arrived, he was to use them for the defence of that district, and send the troops of Terentius to Tarentum under one of his lieutenant-generals. Twenty-five ships were also given him with which to guard the coast between Brundisium and Tarentum. The prætor, Quintus Fabius, had an equal number for the defence of the coasts in the neighbourhood of Rome. To the pro-consul, Terentius Varro, was assigned the business of levying troops in Picenum, and of defending that country. Titus Otacilius, after dedicating the Temple of Reason on the Capitol, was sent to Sicily with the fullest powers, as admiral of the fleet.

All kings and nations were now attentively observing this struggle between the two most powerful peoples of the world.

It was so especially with Philip, King of Macedon, because he was comparatively near to Italy, being separated from it only by the Ionian Sea. As soon as he heard by report that Hannibal had crossed the Alps, while rejoicing in the war that had broken out between the Romans and the Carthaginians, his mind wavered as to the nation with which he would prefer that victory should rest, and he saw that their relative strength was yet doubtful. When a third battle had been fought, and victory a third time was with the Carthaginians, he inclined to the side of success, and sent envoys to Hannibal. Avoiding the ports of Brundisium[1] and Tarentum, because they were held by Roman guard-ships, they landed at the Temple of Juno Lacinia.[2] Thence they made for Capua, through Apulia, and fell into the midst of the Roman outposts. They were taken to Marcus Valerius Lævinus, the prætor, who had his camp in the neighbourhood of Nuceria. There the head of the embassy, Xenophanes, boldly declared that he had been sent by King Philip to contract friendship and alliance with the Roman people, and that he had communications to make to the consuls and to the senate and people of Rome. Amid the revolts of old allies, Valerius was overjoyed at a new alliance with so illustrious a prince, and treated these enemies with all the courtesy due to friends. He gave them an escort and guides to show them the roads carefully and tell them what points and what passes were in the occupation of the Romans or of enemies. Xenophanes passed through the Roman posts into Campania, and thence by the nearest route into Hannibal's camp. With him he concluded a treaty and an alliance on the following terms: King Philip, with as large a fleet as possible (it seemed that he was about to equip two hundred ships), was to cross into Italy and ravage the coasts; he was to the best of his power to make war by land and sea. The war over, all Italy with Rome itself was to be the possession of the Carthaginians and Hannibal, and all the spoil was to fall to Hannibal. Italy being thoroughly conquered, they were to sail to Greece and make war on such kings as they pleased. The states on the mainland and the islands lying off Macedonia were to belong to Philip and his kingdom.

Such were the general terms of the treaty concluded between the Carthaginian leader and the Macedonian envoys. Gisgo, Bostar, and Mago, who had been sent with them as envoys to obtain the security of the king's own promise, came to the same place, the Temple of Juno Lacinia, where a ship was waiting concealed. They had started, and were out at sea, when they were espied by the Roman fleet that guarded the shores of Calabria. Valerius Flaccus having despatched some light vessels to pursue and bring back the ship, the king's agents at first attempted flight, but as soon as they perceived that they were inferior in speed, they gave themselves up to the Romans, and were taken before the admiral of the fleet. He asked them who they were, whence they came, and whither they were going. Xenophanes, who hitherto had been very lucky, began at first to make up a false story, how Philip had sent him to the Romans, and that he had found his way to Marcus Valerius, that being the only safe road. He had not been able to traverse Campania, as it was beset with the enemy's forces. Before long, the Carthaginian dress and manner of Hannibal's envoys made them suspected, and when they were questioned, their speech betrayed them. Upon this, their companions were taken aside and intimidated, and then a despatch from Hannibal to Philip was also found, with the stipulations between the Macedonian king and the Carthaginian general. When all this was quite clear, it was thought best to convey the prisoners and their company as soon as possible to the senate or to the consuls, wherever they might be. For this purpose five of the swiftest vessels were picked out, and Lucius Valerius Antias was sent in command. He had instructions to divide the envoys among all his ships, so as to have them in separate custody, and to take care that there was no conversation or communication of plans among them.

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[1] Now Brindisi.—D. O.

[2] Southeast of Crotona, on the promontory of Lacinium, now called Capodelli Colonne, from the remains of the temple.—D. O.

At this same time Cornelius Mammula, on leaving his province of Sardinia, described at Rome the state of affairs in the island. All were thinking, he said, of war and revolt; Quintus Mucius, his successor, having, on his arrival, caught, from the unwholesome condition of the climate and the springs, an illness that was troublesome on account of its tediousness rather than on account of its danger, would long be unable to sustain the burden of a war. The army, too, though strong enough to garrison a peaceful province, was wholly unequal to the war which seemed on the point of breaking out. It was accordingly decreed by the senate that Quintus Fulvius Flaccus should raise five thousand infantry with four hundred cavalry, and arrange for the transport of this legion to Sardinia at the earliest opportunity. He was to send with full military powers any one whom he thought fit to conduct operations till Mucius had recovered. Titus Manlius Torquatus, who had been twice consul and censor, and who in his consulship had subdued Corsica, was despatched on this business. About the same time, a fleet sent from Carthage to Sardinia under the command of Hasdrubal, surnamed Calvus, was shattered by a frightful storm and driven on the Balearic Isles. The vessels were hauled ashore, and considerable time was lost while they were being repaired; so severely damaged were their hulls, as well as their rigging.

While the war in Italy after the battle of Cannæ somewhat languished, as the strength of one side was broken and the energies of the other were relaxed, the Campanians attempted by themselves to get control over Cumæ. First they sought to lure the citizens into revolt from Rome. This not succeeding, they devised a stratagem for reducing them. All the Campanians held a sacrifice at regular intervals at Hamæ. They informed the people of Cumæ that the Campanian senate would attend the ceremony, and requested the presence of the Cuman senate for joint deliberation, in order that both communities might have the same allies and the same foes. They should have, they said, an armed force on the spot, to guard against any danger from Romans or Carthaginians. The citizens of Cumæ, though they suspected mischief, offered no objection, thinking thus to veil a crafty plan of their own. Meanwhile Tiberius Sempronius, the consul, after reviewing his army at Sinuessa, it being there that it was bidden to assemble on the day fixed, crossed the river Vulturnus, and encamped near Liternum.[1] As there was nothing to do in the camp, he compelled his soldiers to sally forth repeatedly in battle array, that the raw recruits, who formed the chief part of the slave volunteers, might be trained to follow the standards and to recognise their ranks in action. Amid all this, it was the general's principal object, and he had instructed his lieutenants and officers to the same effect, to have no taunts flung at any one about his former condition, such as might sow strife among the men. The veteran should allow himself to stand on the same level with the recruit, the free man with the slave, holding all sufficiently worthy and well born to whom the people of Rome had intrusted their arms and standards. The same fortune which had compelled this state of things, compelled them to maintain its existence. Such were the directions of the officers, and they were observed by the soldiers with as much zeal as they were given. And before long the hearts of all had grown together in a union so harmonious that it was almost wholly forgotten what a man's condition in life had been before he became a soldier.

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[1] Tordi Patria.—D. O.

Gracchus, while thus engaged, was informed by envoys from Cumæ of the nature of the embassy sent a few days before by the Campanians, and of their own reply to it. A three days' festival began from that date, and not only the Campanian senate were to be present, but also their camp and army. After ordering the people of Cumæ to carry all their property from the country into the city, and to keep within their walls, Gracchus himself, on the day before the Campanians were to hold their customary sacrifice, moved his camp to Cumæ, from which Hamæ was distant about three miles. The Campanians had already flocked thither in great numbers, as had been arranged, and not far off, Marius Alfius, the Medixtuticus, that is, the first magistrate in Campania, was secretly encamped with fourteen thousand armed men, more intent on preparing the sacrifice and the stratagem that was to be executed during the celebration than on fortifying his camp or any military work. For three days the sacrifices went on at Hamæ. The rites were performed at night, but so as to be completed before midnight. This was the moment of which Gracchus resolved to take advantage. He posted sentries at the gates, that no one might be able to disclose his plans, compelled his soldiers to recruit their strength and give themselves to repose up to the tenth hour of the day, that they might be ready to assemble at nightfall, and ordered the advance at the first watch. After marching in still silence, he reached Hamæ at midnight and burst at every gate simultaneously into the Campanian camp, negligently guarded, as was to be expected, during a vigil. Some he slew as they lay stretched in slumber, others as they were returning unarmed from the celebration of the sacred rites. In that night's fray fell more than two thousand men, with the commander himself, Marius Alfius. Thirty-four military standards were taken.[1]

Gracchus, after having possessed himself of the enemy's camp at a loss of less than a hundred soldiers, quickly withdrew to Cumæ, as he feared danger from Hannibal, who was encamped at Tifata[2] overlooking Capua. Nor was he misled by his forecast of the future. As soon as the news of the disaster reached Capua, Hannibal, who calculated on finding at

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[1] This seems to be one of those cases where the "more than Punic perfidy" of the Romans depends for its justification on a hostile plot, which is scarcely established. St. Bartholomew's Day is one of the many historical instances of similar pleas.—D. O.

[2] The highest of the sweep of mountains and hills that make an amphitheatre of the plain in which Capua stands.—D. O.

Hamæ an army chiefly composed of young soldiers and slaves, flushed and insolent with success, plundering the vanquished and carrying off spoil, hurried his men at quick march past Capua, and gave orders that the Campanian fugitives whom he met were to be conducted under escort to Capua and the wounded conveyed in wagons. But he found at Hamæ, the camp evacuated by the enemy, nothing but traces of the recent defeat and the bodies of his allies all around him. Some advised him to march at once on Cumæ and attack the place. Though this was what Hannibal very eagerly desired, so that having failed at Naples he might at least possess himself of one maritime town in Cumæ, still, as his troops, marching out hurriedly, had taken nothing but their arms with them, he retired to his camp on Tifata. The following day, at the importunate entreaties of the Campanians, he returned with all appliances for the siege of Cumæ. He completely ravaged the country round it, and then established his camp a mile from the city. Meanwhile Gracchus had halted, more from shame at the thought of deserting in such a crisis allies who were appealing to his good faith and that of the Roman people than because he had much confidence in his troops, while the other consul, Fabius, who had his camp at Cales, did not dare to cross the river Vulturnus with his army. At first he was giving his attention to a repetition of the auspices, then to prodigies, which were reported in quick succession. When he sought to expiate them, the augurs persisted in replying that such omens were not easily averted.

While Fabius was detained by these causes, Gracchus was being blockaded. He was now in fact threatened by siege-works. A wooden tower had been advanced against the town, and to confront it the Roman consul had raised another tower somewhat loftier on the very walls. He used indeed the walls which of themselves were sufficiently lofty, as a foundation, into which he drove strong piles. From this tower the garrison at first defended the city and its fortifications with stones, stakes, and other missiles. At last, when they saw that the tower by being gradually advanced was close to the walls, they flung on it with burning brands a huge mass of fire. Terror-stricken at the flames, the host of armed soldiers threw themselves headlong from the tower, and at that moment there was a simultaneous sally from two gates of the town, which routed the enemy's outposts and drove them into the camp. Thus on that day the Carthaginian was more in the plight of the besieged than of the besieger. As many as thirteen hundred Carthaginians were slain, and fifty-nine taken prisoners. They were caught unawares, as they were keeping guard carelessly and heedlessly near the walls and at their posts, and dreading nothing so little as a sally. Before the enemy could recover from their sudden panic, Gracchus gave the signal of retreat, and withdrew his men within the walls.

Next day Hannibal, who thought that the consul elated by his success would fight a regular battle, drew up his troops between his camp and the city. Seeing, however, that not a man stirred from his usual post of defence, and that there was no thought of trusting presumptuous hopes, he returned to Tifata, baffled in his purpose. At the very same time at which the siege of Cumæ was raised, Tiberius Sempronius, surnamed Longus, fought a successful engagement at Grumentum[1] in Lucania with the Carthaginian general Hanno. He slew more than two thousand of the enemy, with a loss of two hundred and eighty soldiers, and captured upward of forty-one standards. Driven out of Lucanian territory, Hanno retired into Bruttium. Those towns, too, of the Hirpini which had revolted from Rome were forcibly recovered by the prætor, Marcus Valerius. Vercellius and Sicilius, the authors of the revolt, were beheaded. More than a thousand prisoners were sold by auction. The remainder of the booty was given up to the soldiers, and the army marched back to Luceria.

During these operations in Lucania and in the country of the Hirpini, the five ships which were conveying the captured Macedonian and Carthaginian envoys to Rome, had sailed round almost the whole coast of Italy from the Upper to the Lower Sea. When they were passing Cumæ, and it was not distinctly known whether they belonged to the enemy or to allies, Gracchus sent vessels from his fleet to meet them. As soon as it had been ascertained by mutual inquiry that the consul was at Cumæ, the ships put into that place, the prisoners were taken to the consul, and their papers were placed in his hands. Having read the letters from Philip and from Hannibal, he sent them all under seal to the senate by land, directing the envoys to be conveyed by ship. Almost on the same day both letters and envoys reached Rome, and, when upon inquiry, what they said was found to agree with the documents, the first feeling of the senate was serious alarm when they saw how formidable a war threatened them from Macedonia, barely equal as they were to the burden of the war with Carthage. Yet so far were they from succumbing, that they instantly debated how they might keep off the enemy from Italy by attacking him themselves. They gave orders to put the prisoners in chains, and their attendants they sold by auction, and then decided to get ready twenty vessels to be added to the twenty-five already under the command of Publius Valerius Flaccus. The vessels were equipped and launched, the five which had conveyed the captive envoys added to them, and thus a fleet of thirty ships sailed from Ostia for Tarentum. Instructions were given to Publius Valerius to put on shipboard Varro's troops, which were commanded by Lucius Apustius, the governor of Tarentum, and, besides guarding with a fleet of fifty vessels the shores of Italy, to ascertain something about the war with Macedon. Should Philip's designs correspond with the letters and the disclosures of the envoys, Marcus Valerius, the prætor, was to be informed by a despatch. He was then, after putting his army under the command of his lieutenant, Lucius Apustius, to go to the fleet at Tarentum, cross on the very first opportunity into Macedonia, and use every effort to confine Philip within his kingdom. For the maintenance of the fleet, and for the war with Macedon, the same money was voted which had been sent to Appius Claudius in Sicily to be paid to King Hiero. The money was conveyed to Tarentum through the hands of Lucius Apustius. Hiero at the same time sent two hundred thousand pecks of wheat and a hundred thousand of barley.

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[1] Now Saponara.—D. O.

While the Romans were thus planning and acting, a captured vessel, one of those which had been sent to Rome, escaped back to Philip. It thus became known to him that his envoys and their despatches had been captured. As he knew nothing of the compact which they had arranged with Hannibal or of the message which Hannibal's envoys would have brought him, he sent a second embassy with the same instructions. The envoys he sent to Hannibal were Heracleitus, surnamed Scotinus,[1] Crito of Bœotia, and Sositheus Magnes. They were successful in taking and bringing back their message, but summer passed away before the king could move or attempt anything. Such was the effect of the capture of a single vessel with the envoys in delaying the war now hanging over the Romans.

In the neighbourhood of Capua where Fabius had crossed the Vulturnus, having at last completed his expiation of the portents, both the consuls were carrying on operations. Combulteria, Trebula,[2] and Austicula, towns which had revolted to the Carthaginian, were stormed by Fabius, and Hannibal's garrisons in them with a great number of Campanians were made prisoners. At Nola, just as in the previous year, the senate was on the side of the Romans, the commons on that of Hannibal, and secret plots were being hatched to destroy the principal citizens and to betray the town. To hinder the success of these attempts, Fabius marched his army to a position between Capua and Hannibal's camp on Tifata, and established himself on Vesuvius in the camp of Claudius. Thence he despatched the pro-consul, Marcus Marcellus, with the force under his command, to garrison Nola.

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[1] Not the philosopher.—D. O.

[2] Now Treglia.—D. O.

In Sardinia, too, active operations, which had been dropped when Quintus Mucius, the prætor, was attacked by serious illness, were commenced by Titus Manlius. Manlius hauled his war-ships ashore at Carales,[1] and after arming the crews with the view of carrying on hostilities by land, and receiving command of the prætor's troops, made up his army to twenty thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry. With this force he invaded the enemy's territory, and encamped at no great distance from the camp of Hampsicora. It happened that Hampsicora had then marched into the country of the Pelliti-Sardi to arm their youth and so increase his army. His son, Hostus by name, commanded at the camp. With a young man's confidence he rashly risked an engagement, in which he was beaten and put to the rout, upward of three thousand of the Sardi being slain in the battle and as many as eight hundred made prisoners. The rest of the army, after wandering in their flight over fields and forests, took refuge at a town named Cornus,[2] the capital of the district, whither, so rumour said, their leader had escaped. This battle would have ended the war in Sardinia, had not the Carthaginian fleet, which had been driven by a storm on the Balearic Isles, arrived under the command of Hasdrubal at the critical moment to awaken hopes of renewing the struggle.

Manlius on hearing the report of the arrival of the Carthaginian fleet, retired to Carales, and thus an opportunity was given to Hampsicora of joining the Carthaginians. Hasdrubal, having landed his troops, and sent the fleet back to Carthage, started with Hampsicora for his guide to plunder the territories of Rome's allies, and he would have reached Carales had not Manlius met him with his army and checked his widely-extended ravages. At first camp confronted camp with but a small space between them, and soon there were sorties and some trifling skirmishes with varying results. At last they went into action and fought a regular engagement at close quarters for four hours. Long did the Carthaginians maintain a doubtful conflict, while the Sardi were, as usual, easily beaten; but ultimately they themselves, too, seeing the general slaughter and flight of the Sardi around them, were routed. But the moment they turned their backs, the Roman wing, which had defeated the Sardi, wheeled round and hemmed them in. It then became a massacre more than a fight. Twelve thousand of the enemy were slain, of Sardi and of Carthaginians; about three thousand seven hundred were taken prisoners, with twenty-seven military standards.

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[1] The modern Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia.—D. O.

[2] On the west coast.—D. O.

The battle was rendered especially famous and memorable by the capture of Hasdrubal, the general, and of Hanno and Mago, Carthaginian nobles. Mago was of the Barcine family and was nearly related to Hannibal; Hanno had headed the rebellion of the Sardi, and was unquestionably the author of the war. The fall, too, of the leaders of the Sardi contributed equally to make this a glorious victory. Hampsicora's son Hostus was slain on the field, and Hampsicora, who fled with a few troopers, on hearing of his son's death in addition to the ruin of his fortunes slew himself in the night, when no one could interfere to hinder his purpose. The rest found refuge as before in the town of Cornus. Manlius attacked it with his victorious army and retook it in a few days. Then other states which had revolted to Hampsicora and the Carthaginians, gave hostages and surrendered. Having required them to furnish tribute and corn according to their respective abilities or past misconduct, Manlius marched his army back to Carales. There he launched his ships of war, and having put on board the troops he had brought with him, he sailed to Rome and announced to the senate the thorough conquest of Sardinia. The tribute he handed over to the quæstors, the corn to the ædiles, and the prisoners to the prætor Fulvius.

About the same time the prætor Titus Otacilius crossed from Lilybæum[1] to Africa with a fleet of fifty ships. After ravaging the Carthaginian territory he set sail for Sardinia, whither Hasdrubal, as report said, had crossed from the Baleric Isles, and fell in with his fleet as it was on its return to Africa. A trifling engagement was fought in the open sea, and Otacilius captured seven ships with their crews. As for the rest, panic dispersed them as effectually as a storm would have done. It happened, too, that about the same time Bomilcar arrived at Locri with some troops sent as re-enforcements from Carthage, as well as some elephants and supplies. Appius Claudius, with a view of falling on him unawares, rapidly marched his army to Messana under the pretext of making a circuit of the province, and crossed to Locri with a favourable tide. By this time Bomilcar had left to join Hanno in Bruttium, and the Locrians closed their gates against the Romans. Appius, after making a great effort without any result, returned to Messana. That same summer, Marcellus, who was holding Nola with a garrison, made thence frequent incursions into the territories of the Hirpini and of the Samnites in Caudium. So utterly did he waste the whole country with fire and sword as to revive throughout Samnium the memory of ancient disasters.

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[1] The western point of Sicily.—D. O.

Envoys were therefore instantly despatched by the two peoples simultaneously to Hannibal. These addressed the Carthaginian as follows: " In early days, Hannibal, we stood alone by our own choice as enemies of Rome, as long as our arms and our strength could defend us. When we lost confidence in them, we allied ourselves with King Pyrrhus. He abandoned us, and then we submitted to an inevitable peace, in which we lived for nearly fifty years, till the time when you entered Italy. You so endeared yourself to us, not so much by your valour and success, as by your marked courtesy and kindness toward our citizens whom you captured and restored to us, that, while you, our friend, were safe and prosperous, we feared, if I may say it without offence, not even the wrath of Heaven, far less the Roman people. But now, while you are not only safe and victorious, but actually present among us, so that you might almost hear the wailings of our wives and children, and behold our burning houses, we have suffered, we protest, such repeated devastations this summer, that it would seem that Marcellus and not Hannibal was the victor at Cannæ, while the Romans boast that you have strength only for a single blow and are then paralyzed, as if you had lost your sting. For almost a hundred years we waged war with Rome, without the aid of any foreign general or army, unless I except those two years with Pyrrhus, though he did not so much defend us with his own strength as re-enforce that strength out of our own soldiery. I will not boast of our successes, how we passed under the yoke two consuls and two consular armies, or of other fortunate and glorious incidents in our history. The sufferings and reverses of those days we can speak of with less indignation than those which are now befalling us. Great dictators with masters of the horse, two consuls, each with a consular army, would then invade our territories; first duly reconnoitring, and posting their reserves, they marched in regular array to ravage the country. But now we are the prey of one pro-prætor and of a single garrison, small even for the defence of Nola. It is not in military detachments but in mere brigand fashion that they scour our lands, more heedlessly than if they were roving over Roman ground. And the cause is this. You do not defend us yourself, and all our youth who, were they at home, would protect us, are serving under your standards. I should be mistaken in you and your army did I not suppose that that which I know has routed and overthrown so many Roman hosts, must find it easy to crush these roving plunderers of our country, who have straggled away from their standards wherever any prospect, however idle, of booty lures this or that man. They surely will be the prey of a handful of Numidians, and you will have sent defence to us and have taken it from Nola, if only you count those whom you thought worthy to have as allies, not unworthy of the protection which you promised them as such."

Hannibal replied that the Hirpini and Samnites did everything at once. They told their calamities, asked help, and complained of being unprotected and deserted. They ought first to have told the facts, then to have asked aid; and last of all if they failed to get it, to have complained that they had implored assistance in vain. He would not march his army into the territory of the Hirpini and Samnites, lest he too might be a burden on them, but into the country of the allies of Rome that lay close at hand. By laying this waste he would both enrich his army and also rid them of the presence of the enemy by terror. As for the war with Rome, if Trasumennus was a more famous battle than Trebia, and Cannæ than Trasumennus, he would soon eclipse the memory even of Cannæ by a greater and more glorious victory.

With this answer and some splendid presents Hannibal dismissed the envoys. Leaving a small force at Tifata, he himself began to advance with the rest of his army on Nola. Thither also came Hanno from Bruttium with the re-enforcements and elephants from Carthage. Having encamped at no great distance, Hannibal found on inquiry that matters were very different from what he had been told by the envoys of his allies. None in fact of the operations of Marcellus were such that it could be said that he had rashly put himself in the power of fortune or of the enemy. It had been after careful reconnoitring, in strong detachments, and with his retreat secured, that he had gone out to plunder. Every care and precaution had been taken, just as if he were fighting against Hannibal in person. When he discovered that the enemy was approaching, he kept his troops within the walls, and ordered the senators of Nola to walk up and down the ramparts and observe all the enemy's proceedings in the neighbourhood. Hanno, who had gone close to the walls, invited two of these, Herennius Bassus and Herius Pettius, to a conference, and when with the permission of Marcellus they had left the city, he spoke to them through an interpreter. He extolled the valour and success of Hannibal, while he depreciated the waning greatness and strength of the Roman people. Were these, he said, what they had once been, still those who knew by experience how oppressive Rome's empire was to her allies, and what indulgence Hannibal had shown even toward all his prisoners of Italian race, must prefer the Carthaginian alliance and friendship to the Roman. If both consuls were with their armies at Nola, they would after all be no more a match for Hannibal than they had been at Cannæ. Much less could a single prætor with a few new soldiers defend Nola. Whether Hannibal should possess himself of the place by capture or by surrender concerned them more than Hannibal. For, indeed, he would possess himself of it, as he had of Capua and Nuceria. But what a difference there was between the lot of Capua and that of Nuceria, the citizens of Nola themselves knew, situated as they were, almost half-way between those towns. He had no wish to forecast what would befall the city if taken; he preferred to pledge his word that, if they surrendered Marcellus and his garrison and Nola, no one but themselves would decide the terms on which they would enter into alliance and friendship with Hannibal.

To this Herennius Bassus replied: "There has been a friendship of many years between the people of Rome and of Nola, of which hitherto neither has repented. Had we thought that we should change our alliance when fortune changed, it is now too late so to change it. Had we meant surrender, we should not have summoned Roman aid. As it is, there is a perfect bond of union between us and those who have come to protect us, which will continue to the end."

This conference took from Hannibal all hopes of recovering Nola by surrender. He therefore completely invested the town with a view of a simultaneous attack on its walls from every part. As soon as Marcellus saw that he was close to the ramparts he drew up his troops within one of the gates and burst out with great fury. Not a few were overthrown and slain by this first onset; soon there was a general rush to join the combatants, whose strength being equalized, a terrible fight began, which would have been memorable as few battles have been, had not a violent downpour of rain with tremendous storms put an end to the conflict. That day, after a partial engagement, they retired in fierce excitement, the Romans to the town, the Carthaginians to their camp. Of the latter, however, there fell in the panic of the first attack not more than thirty, of the Romans, not a man. The rain continued without ceasing throughout the whole night till the third hour of the following day. And so both sides, though eager for battle, kept themselves that day within their intrenchments. Three days afterward Hannibal sent part of his army on a plundering expedition into the country round Nola. Marcellus, perceiving this, at once led his troops to battle, and Hannibal did not refuse the challenge. There was about a mile between the city and the camp, and within that space (it is all level ground round Nola) the armies met. A shout rose from each, and summoned back to the battle now begun, the nearest soldiers from the cohorts which had gone out into the fields for plunder. The citizens of Nola swelled the Roman ranks, and were warmly praised by Marcellus, who ordered them to stand with the reserves and carry the wounded off the field, but keep out of action, unless he gave them the signal to engage.

The battle was undecided, the generals cheering on their men, fighting to the utmost of their strength. Marcellus bade them press hard an enemy who had been beaten three days previously, had been driven in flight a few days ago from Cumæ, and under his own leadership, though by other troops, had been repulsed last year from Nola. Nor were they all, he said, in the field; some were roving for plunder throughout the country. Even those who were engaged, were enervated by the luxury of Campania, by wine and women, and had worn themselves out by every debauchery during a whole winter. Their old strength and vigour were gone; the endurance of the frames and hearts which had surmounted the heights of the Pyrenees and of the Alps, had melted away. The present combatants were but the remnant of those brave men, and could scarce bear the burden of their arms or limbs. Capua had been Hannibal's Cannæ; there had perished warlike valour, military discipline, all glory of the past, all hope for the future.

While Marcellus was rousing the courage of his soldiers by these taunts against the enemy, Hannibal was upbraiding his men with much harsher reproaches. "I recognise," he said, "the same arms and standards which I saw and with which I fought at Trebia, Trasumennus, and last of all at Cannæ. But I protest that I marched into winter quarters at

Capua with one army and marched out of it with another. Are you, whose attack two consular armies never once sustained, barely a match for a Roman lieutenant and the onset of a single legion and one division of allies? Is Marcellus with his raw recruits and his reserves of Nola townsfolk now again challenging us with impunity? Where is that soldier of mine who dragged the consul Flaminius from his horse and struck off his head? Where is the man who cut down Lucius Paullus at Cannæ? Are their swords now blunt; are their right hands paralyzed? Or what other miracle explains it? Once few in number, you used to vanquish a superior host; now yourselves superior you barely resist a few. Brave in tongue, you boasted that you would storm Rome, were you to be led thither. See before you a less formidable enterprise. Here I wish to test your strength and valour. Storm Nola, a city in a plain, without defence of river or sea. When you have laden yourselves with the booty and the spoils of so rich a town, I will either lead you or follow you whither you please."

Neither words of encouragement nor reproach availed to put resolution into their hearts. At every point they were driven back, while the courage of the Romans rose, cheered on, as it were, not only by their general, but by the people of Nola, who with shouts, which testified to their good-will, roused yet more the enthusiasm of battle. The Carthaginians turned and were driven into their camp, but though the Roman soldiers were eager to storm it, Marcellus led them back to Nola amid great joy, and congratulations even from the populace, which had previously inclined toward Carthage. More than five thousand of the enemy were slain that day, six hundred taken alive, with nineteen military standards and two elephants. Of the Romans less than a thousand fell. The next day was spent in an armistice by tacit consent, both sides burying their slain in the battle. The spoils taken from the enemy Marcellus burned as a vow to Vulcan.[1]

Two days afterward, prompted, I imagine, by some resentment, or by the hope of a more liberally rewarded warfare, two hundred and seventy-two troopers, Numidians and Spaniards intermixed, deserted to Marcellus. Of their brave and faithful services the Romans often availed themselves during this war. When it was over, the Spaniards had lands given them in Spain, the Numidians in Africa, in recompense of their valour.

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[1] I am inclined to doubt Hannibal's presence at this battle, and to believe the victory to have been won over Hanno and his forces alone. Otherwise the Carthaginian cause in Italy would have been lost then and there.—D. O.

Hannibal sent back Hanno from Nola to Bruttium with the forces which he had brought with him, and went himself into winter quarters in Apulia, encamping near Arpi. Quintus Fabius, on hearing that he had marched into Apulia, collected grain from Nola and Naples and stored it in the camp on Suessula. Having then strengthened his lines and left a force sufficient to defend his position throughout the winter, he moved his camp nearer Capua, and wasted the territory of the Campanians with fire and sword. At last the Campanians, though they had absolutely no confidence in their strength, were compelled to sally out from the city gates and establish a camp upon ground in front of their town. They had in all six thousand soldiers, the infantry utterly inefficient, but the horse of good quality. Accordingly, they kept harassing the enemy by cavalry skirmishes. Among their many distinguished troopers was one, Cerrinus Vibellius, surnamed Taurea. He too was a citizen of Capua, and he was far the bravest horse-soldier in all Campania. Indeed, when he served with the Romans, there was but one Roman, Claudius Asellus, who rivalled him in renown as a trooper. Taurea rode up to the enemy's squadrons, and took a long survey of them. When at length there was a hush, he asked: "Where is Claudius Asellus? He used to dispute with me in words the palm of valour; why should he not decide the matter by the sword, yielding up the prize of victory if he is beaten, and taking it if he is victorious?"

This message having been delivered to Asellus in the camp, he merely waited a while to ask the consuls whether he was at liberty, contrary to regulations, to fight an enemy who challenged him. On obtaining leave, he at once armed himself, rode out in front of the sentries, and called Taurea by name, bidding him to an encounter wherever he pleased. By this time the Romans had poured out in multitudes, to witness the combat, and the Campanians too were crowding the intrenchments of their camps and even their city walls, to look on at a distance. The combatants, who had already given notoriety to the affair by their speeches of defiance, now galloped their horses at full speed, with spears in rest. There was abundance of room, and they amused themselves by spinning out a bloodless duel. At last the Campanian said to the Roman, "This will be a contest between horses, not between horsemen, unless we gallop our steeds down from the open into this hollow lane, where, as there is no space for manœuvring, we may fight at close quarters." Almost before he had said the word Claudius had plunged with his horse into the lane. Taurea, bolder in speech than in deed, retorted on him, "I would not be an ass in a ditch." The saying subsequently passed into a rustic proverb. Claudius rode along the lane to a great distance, and meeting no enemy returned to the open ground. He then went back victorious to his camp amid great rejoicing and congratulation, denouncing the cowardice of his foe. To this fight of the two cavalry soldiers is added in some chronicles an incident certainly extraordinary, the truth of which it is for common sense to decide. Claudius, it is said, who followed up Taurea in his flight to the town, rushed in at one of the enemy's gates which was open, and rode out unhurt by another amid the helpless wonderment of the foe.

The camp was now quiet, and the consul even shifted his position some way back, that the Campanians might begin their sowing. Nor did he do any injury to their lands until the corn was high enough in blade to yield fodder. Then he carried it to Claudius's camp on Suessula, and there established his winter quarters. He ordered Marcellus, the proconsul, to retain a sufficient force at Nola for the defence of the place, and sent away the rest of his troops to Rome, that they might not be a burden to the allies and an expense to the state. And Gracchus, having marched his legions from Cumæ to Luceria in Apulia, despatched the prætor, Marcus Valerius, with the army he had at Luceria, to Brundisium, with instructions to guard the shores of the Sallentine territory and take precautions in regard to Philip and the war with Macedon.

At the end of the summer in which occurred the operations we have described, came despatches from Publius and Cneius Scipio, telling what great successes they had achieved in Spain, but also stating that money was wanting for the soldiers' pay, and clothing and corn for the troops, and that the seamen were quite destitute. As for the pay, if the treasury were empty, they would themselves devise some plan of getting it from the Spaniards, but they must certainly raise all the other supplies from Rome, that being the only possible way of retaining either the troops or the province. When the despatch had been read, every one admitted the truth of the statements and the justice of the request; still, the thought presented itself of the vast forces which they would have to maintain by sea and land, and of the immense new fleet soon to be equipped, should war break out with Macedon. Sicily and Sardinia, which had paid tribute before the war, could hardly support the armies which guarded these provinces, and the expenses were furnished out of a citizens' tax. Not only had the number of the contributors of this tax been materially diminished by those murderous defeats of our armies at Trasumennus and Cannæ, but even the few survivors, were they to be burdened with an increased payment, would perish by another destruction. Consequently, unless the state could be upheld by credit, it would not be upheld by its resources. The prætor Fulvius, it was said, must show himself in an assembly of the people and point out to them the public necessities, and invite those who had improved their properties by taking contracts, to lend money for a time to the state, from which they had enriched themselves, and arrange to furnish the army in Spain with all that it needed, on the condition that, as soon as there was money in the treasury, they should first be paid. Such was the prætor's proclamation to the people, and he named a day on which he would issue contracts for the supply of clothing and corn to the army in Spain, and of whatever else was necessary for the seamen.

As soon as the day arrived, three companies, each of nineteen members, came forward to take the contracts. They made two demands. One was exemption from military service while they were engaged on this public business; another was, that, for whatever they put on shipboard they were to be insured at the risks of the state against storms or attacks of the enemy. Both demands being granted, they took the contracts, and the administration of the state was carried on with private money. Such principles and such patriotism pervaded every class, almost without exception.

As all the contracts were taken with hearty good-will, so they were performed with the most scrupulous fidelity, and the armies supplied just as they would have been from the overflowing exchequer of former days. When the supplies arrived, the town of Iliturgi[1] was being besieged by Hasdrubal, Mago, and Hamilcar, son of Bomilcar, because it had revolted to Rome. Between these three hostile camps the Scipios made their way into the city of our allies after hard fighting and great slaughter of the opposing army, and brought with them corn of which there was an extreme scarcity. Then after encouraging the townsfolk to defend their walls with the same spirit with which they had seen the Roman army fight on their behalf, they marched off to attack the principal camp which was under the command of Hasdrubal. The two other Carthaginian generals and their armies hastened to the spot, seeing it was to be the scene of the decisive struggle. There was a sally out of the camp, followed by a battle, and that day sixty thousand of the enemy and sixteen thousand Romans were engaged. So far, however, was the victory from being doubtful that the Romans slew of the enemy a number exceeding their own, taking more than three thousand prisoners, a little under a thousand horses with fifty-nine standards, and killing five elephants in the battle. On that day they captured three camps. The siege of Iliturgi having thus been raised, the Carthaginian armies were marched away to attack Intibili, their losses having been made up out of the province, one indeed which above all others was fond of fighting, if only plunder or pay were to be got, and in which young men abounded. Again a pitched battle was fought, the same fortune attending both sides. More than thirteen thousand of the enemy fell and more than two thousand were taken prisoners, with forty-two standards and nine elephants. And now indeed all the Spanish tribes revolted to Rome, and far greater results were achieved that year in Spain than in Italy.

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[1] On the north side of the Bætis, between Corduba and Castulo; afterward called Forum Julium.

BOOK XXIV

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (CONTINUED)

ON his return from Campania to Bruttium, Hanno, with Bruttian help and guidance, sought to seize the Greek towns. These remained loyal to the Roman alliance all the more willingly because they saw that the Bruttians, whom they both hated and feared, were now on the side of the Carthaginians. Rhegium was first attempted, and several days were spent there without result. Meanwhile the people of Locri were hurriedly carrying from their fields into the city their corn, wood, and other necessaries, anxious at the same time that not a scrap of plunder might be left for the enemy. Every day a larger crowd poured out of the city gates, till at last there were left in the town only those who were pressed into the service of repairing the walls and gates and carrying weapons to the ramparts. Against this promiscuous multitude of all ages and ranks, as it straggled, mostly unarmed, over the fields, the Carthaginian, Hamilcar, sent out his cavalry, with orders to hurt nobody, but simply to scatter them in flight and then intercept them with his troopers, so as to cut them off from the city. The general himself, taking up a position on high ground from which he could see the neighbouring cavalry as well as the town, directed a Bruttian cohort to advance up to the walls, summon the principal Locrian citizens to a conference, and, should they promise friendship to Hannibal, they were to encourage them to surrender the city. As for the Bruttians in this conference, the Locrians believed at first nothing that they said, but when the Carthaginians showed themselves on the hills, and a few fugitives brought the news that all the rest of the population was at the enemy's mercy, they were overwhelmed with terror, and replied that they would consult the popular assembly. Instantly a meeting was summoned. All the meaner sort were for a new government and a new alliance, and those whose kinsfolk had been intercepted by the enemy outside the walls felt themselves as much pledged as if they had given hostages. A few, indeed, in their hearts approved a steadfast loyalty, but they had not the courage to maintain it. And so, with an apparently unhesitating assent, surrender was made to the Carthaginians. Lucius Atilius, commander of the garrison, and the Roman soldiers under him, were secretly taken down to the port and put on shipboard to be conveyed to Rhegium, and then they admitted Hamilcar and the Carthaginians into the town, on condition that a treaty was to be at once concluded on equitable terms. Faith in the matter was all but broken with the party making the surrender, as the Carthaginians complained that they had treacherously let the Romans depart, while the Locrians pleaded that they had themselves escaped. Some cavalry went in pursuit, in case the tide in the straits might possibly delay the vessels or carry them back to land. Those indeed whom they pursued, they failed to overtake, but they saw some other ships crossing the straits from Messana to Rhegium. These carried Roman soldiers whom Claudius, the prætor, had despatched to garrison the city. So the Carthaginians at once withdrew from Rhegium. By Hannibal's orders peace was granted to the Locrians. They were to live independent, under their own laws; their city was to be open to the Carthaginians, but its port was to be under Locrian control; there was to be an alliance, with the understanding that Carthaginians and Locrians were to help each other both in peace and war.

Thus the Carthaginians returned from the straits, amid angry complaints from the Bruttians at their having left Rhegium and Locri unmolested. The plunder of these cities the Bruttians had fully counted on for themselves. So on their own account they levied and equipped fifteen thousand of their own youth and marched to attack Croton, also a Greek city on the coast. They would secure, they thought, a vast accession to their resources by possessing themselves of a town on the sea, with a harbour and strong fortifications. But, as they could not quite venture to summon the Carthaginians to their aid, they were harassed by the apprehension that they might seem to be attempting something not for the benefit of their allies. Then, too, should the Carthaginian again be the negotiator of a peace rather than their helper in war, an attack on the independence of Croton would, they feared, be as useless as had previously been the attack on Locri. Hence they thought it best to send envoys to Hannibal and obtain from him a guarantee that Croton, when reconquered, should belong to the Bruttians.

Hannibal replied that the question was one for those on the spot, and he referred them to Hanno. From Hanno no definite answer was received. It was not indeed the wish of the Carthaginians to see a famous and wealthy city plundered, and they hoped that, when the Bruttians attacked it, as it was evident that they neither approved nor aided the attack, its citizens would revolt to them the sooner.

Among the people of Croton there was no unity of policy or of feeling. One and the same disease, so to say, had fastened on all the Italian states, strife between the commons and the aristocracy, the senate favouring Rome, while the commons were for throwing themselves into the hands of the Carthaginians. Of this dissension in the city the Bruttians were informed by a deserter. One, Aristomachus, he said, was the popular leader and advised surrender. In so vast a city, with wide and scattered fortifications, the sentries and guards of the senators were but few, and wherever men of the popular party were on duty, there was free entrance. Under the advice and leading of the deserter, the Bruttians regularly invested the town. At the first assault, they were admitted by the commons, and secured every part except the citadel. This was held by the aristocracy, who had already prepared it as a place of refuge against such a contingency. Thither also Aristomachus fled, representing that he had advised the surrender of the town to the Carthaginians and not to the Bruttians.

Before Pyrrhus's invasion of Italy the city of Croton had a wall of twelve miles circuit. After the desolation caused by that war barely half the space was inhabited. The river, whose waters had flowed through the middle of the town, now flowed outside the district occupied by houses, and the citadel was at a distance from the inhabited part. Six miles from the city was a famous temple, more famous indeed than the city itself, dedicated to Juno Lacinia and reverenced by all the neighbouring peoples. There, in the middle of a grove, densely grown and closed in by stately fir-trees, were rich pastures, where cattle of all kinds, sacred to the goddess, fed without a shepherd. The various flocks went forth separately and returned at night to their stalls, never harmed by the stealthy attacks of wild beasts or the craft of man. Hence great profits were derived from the cattle, and out of them was made and dedicated a pillar of solid gold. The temple too became renowned for its wealth as well as for its sanctity. Miracles are commonly attributed to such famous spots. There is a story of an altar at the porch of the temple, the ashes of which are never disturbed by any breeze.

The citadel of Croton, which on one side overhung the sea, while on the other it faced landward, was in old days protected merely by its natural situation, but subsequently it was likewise inclosed by a wall at the part where, from the rocks behind, Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had once taken it by stratagem. This fortress, safe enough, as was thought, was now held by the Crotoniat aristocracy, whom their own people along with the Bruttians were beleaguring. At last the Bruttians, seeing that it was impregnable to their attacks, out of sheer necessity implored the aid of Hanno. He endeavoured to force the Crotoniats to a surrender, stipulating that they would allow the admission of a Bruttian colony, and so recover its ancient populousness for a city which wars had wasted and desolated. But on not one of the citizens, except Aristomachus, had he any effect. They declared they would perish sooner than be confounded with Bruttians and have to accept strange ceremonies, customs and laws, and ultimately even a strange language. Aristomachus himself alone deserted to Hanno, finding that his arguments could not induce his companions to surrender, and that he could not get a chance of betraying the citadel, as he had betrayed the town. Soon afterward some Locrian envoys, having with Hanno's permission entered the citadel, urged the occupants to let themselves be transferred to Locri instead of resolving to face the last extremity. They had previously obtained leave to make the offer from Hannibal, to whom they had despatched an embassy. Thus Croton was abandoned, and the inhabitants were marched down to the sea and put on shipboard. The entire population took their departure to Locri.

In Apulia even the winter did not pass quietly between the Romans and Hannibal. The consul Sempronius wintered at Luceria, Hannibal not far from Arpi. Some slight skirmishes occurred between them, as occasion offered, or as this or that side saw an opportunity. In these the Romans improved daily, becoming more cautious and more proof against stratagem.

In Sicily Hiero's death had made a complete change for the Romans. The throne had passed to Hieronymus his grandson, a boy little likely to bear liberty, much less absolute power, with moderation. Eagerly did guardians and friends lay hold of such a temper, to hurry it into every excess. Hiero, it is said, foreseeing that this would be so in the future, wished in his extreme old age to leave Syracuse free, and not to let a kingdom, which had been won and consolidated by merit, be ruined by the ridiculous follies of a youthful despot. But his purpose met with the most determined resistance from his daughters, who thought that while the boy would have the name of king, the control of everything would rest with themselves and their husbands, Andranodorus and Zoippus, whom Hiero intended to leave his principal guardians. It was not easy for a man in his ninetieth year, who was plied day and night by women's flatteries, to exercise his mind freely and make private matters subordinate to public considerations. And so he left the boy fifteen guardians, and implored them on his death-bed to maintain inviolate that loyalty which for fifty years he had himself observed toward the people of Rome, and to resolve that the lad should, above all things, tread in his footsteps and follow the ways in which he had been trained.

Such were Hiero's instructions. As soon as he had breathed his last, his will was produced by the guardians, and the boy, then about fifteen years, was set before a public assembly, where a few, placed here and there to lead cheers of applause, expressed approval of the document, while the rest, as if they had lost a father and their country was orphaned, saw terror everywhere. Meantime the king's funeral was celebrated with more love and affection on the part of the citizens than regard from his own kin. Then the other guardians were put aside by Andranodorus, who kept repeating that Hieronymus was now a young man and capable of reigning. By himself abdicating the guardianship which he shared with several others, he concentrated in his own person the influence of all.

Even a good and self-controlled prince would not have easily found favour with the Syracusans, had he come after the extreme popularity of Hiero. As a fact, however, Hieronymus apparently wished to deepen their regret for his grandfather by his own vices, and at his very first appearance let them see how different everything was. Those who for so many years had never seen Hiero and his son Gelon distinguished by dress or any other outward badge from the other citizens, now beheld a purple robe, a diadem and an armed body-guard, and even occasionally saw the king issue from his palace with carriages drawn by four white horses, after the fashion of the tyrant Dionysius. This haughty state and style were accompanied by a corresponding contempt for all men, by ears contemptuously deaf to entreaty and an insulting tongue, by denial of access, not only to strangers but also to his guardians, by monstrous lusts, and by an inhuman cruelty. Consequently, there was such universal terror that some of the guardians forestalled the horrors of execution by suicide or flight. Three of them, who alone could enter the palace with some familiarity, Andranodorus and Zoippus, Hiero's sons-in-law, and a certain Thraso, commanded indeed not much attention on other matters, but, as the first two inclined to Carthage, while Thraso was for alliance with Rome, they now and then by their quarrels and party strife attracted to themselves the notice of the young prince. Meanwhile a conspiracy directed against the tyrant's life was disclosed by a soldier's servant, a lad of the same age as Hieronymus and accustomed from boyhood to all the privileges of familiarity.

The informer could name only one of the conspirators, Theodotus, by whom he had himself been solicited. The man was instantly arrested and delivered up to Andranodorus to be tortured, but though he unhesitatingly confessed about himself, he was silent about his accomplices. At last, when torn by every torture too dreadful for human endurance, pretending that he was conquered by his sufferings, he aimed his disclosure not at the really guilty, but at the innocent, falsely asserting that Thraso was the author of the plot, and that they never would have dared such an attempt but for their reliance on so powerful a leader. He named, too, men continually at the tyrant's side, men who occurred to him as the cheapest victims, while amid his anguish and groans he was concocting his story. Thraso's name rendered the disclosure particularly probable to the tyrant's mind. He was therefore at once given up to punishment, and in his penalty were included the rest, all as innocent as he. Of his accomplices not a single man hid himself or fled, all the time that their partner in the plot was being tortured; such was their confidence in the honour and fidelity of Theodotus, and such Theodotus's own resolution in keeping his secret.

The sole tie of friendship with Rome was gone now that Thraso was out of the way, and there was at once a decided tendency to revolt. Envoys were despatched to Hannibal, and he sent back along with a nobly-born youth, Hannibal by name, Hippocrates and Epicydes, natives of Carthage, who while originally descended from a grandfather exiled from Syracuse, were on the mother's side Carthaginians. Through them an alliance was formed between Hannibal and the Syracusan tyrant, with whom they remained, with Hannibal's consent. Appius Claudius, the prætor, who had the province of Sicily, on hearing this, at once sent envoys to Hieronymus. The envoys said they came to renew the alliance which had existed with his grandfather, but they were heard and dismissed with ridicule, Hieronymus asking them in jest how they had fared in the battle of Cannæ. He could hardly believe, he said, the story of Hannibal's envoys, and he wished to know the truth, that he might make his plans accordingly, as to whose prospects he should attach himself. The Romans told him that they would come back, when he began to listen seriously to such communications, and warning rather than begging him not to break faith with them lightly, took their departure.

Hieronymus now sent an embassy to Carthage to conclude a treaty based on his alliance with Hannibal. It was stipulated that, when they had driven the Romans out of Sicily, which would soon be accomplished by sending a fleet and an army, the river Himera, which about divides the island, should be the boundary between the Syracusan and Carthaginian dominions. Hieronymus, puffed up by the flatteries of the people, who bade him remember not only Hiero, but likewise King Pyrrhus, his maternal grandfather, soon afterward sent a second embassy, to express his opinion that in fairness all Sicily ought to be ceded to him, while the empire of Italy might be claimed as a right by the Carthaginians. This fickleness and boastful temper in a headstrong boy excited no surprise and called forth no censure from the Carthaginians, who cared only to detach him from the Romans.

Everything, however, with him was tending to a swift destruction. He had sent forward Hippocrates and Epicydes with two thousand armed men each, to make attempts on the towns held by Roman garrisons, while he himself with the rest of his army, consisting of about fifteen thousand infantry and cavalry, had started for Leontini.[1] The conspirators, all of whom happened to be soldiers, took possession of an empty house, overlooking a narrow street along which the king used to go to the forum. There all but one man stood ready armed, awaiting his passage, and to that man (Dinomenes was his name), as he was in the body-guard, was assigned the part of detaining on some pretext the rear of the procession, the moment the king approached the door of the house. All was done as had been arranged. Dinomenes, pretending to disentangle his foot from a knot fastened round it, stopped the throng, and caused such a gap in it that the king, attacked as he passed, without any armed attendants, was stabbed with several wounds before succour could arrive. Shouts and uproar reached the ears of the others, and a shower of darts was discharged at Dinomenes, who, it was now clearly seen, was stopping the way. Yet he escaped them with but two wounds. The flight of the body-guard followed the instant they saw the king prostrate. Some of the assassins hurried to the forum, and found a people overjoyed at their freedom; some went to Syracuse, to forestall the designs of Andranodorus and the other royal ministers.

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[1] Now Lentini. It lies a short distance northwest of Syracuse.—D. O.

In this critical state of affairs, Appius Claudius, seeing war starting up at his doors, informed the senate by letter that Sicily was attaching itself to the Carthaginians and to Hannibal. He himself, to check the Syracusan plans, concentrated all his garrison forces on the boundary-line between the Roman province and the king's territory. At the year's close Quintus Fabius, by the authority of the senate, fortified and garrisoned Puteoli,[1] which during the war had begun to be used largely as a market. Then he went to Rome for the elections, of which he gave notice by proclamation for the first election-day he could fix. He went straight from his journey past the city into the Campus Martius. That day the first voting fell to the lot of the junior century of the tribe of Anio,[2] and this nominated to the consulate Titus Otacilius and Marcus Æmilius Regillus. Thereupon Quintus Fabius, as soon as there was silence, made the following speech:

"If we had peace in Italy, or war with an enemy who allowed somewhat wide room for carelessness, he who should put any obstacle in the way of your partialities when you go to the poll to confer office on whom you choose, would in my opinion be quite unmindful of your freedom. When, however, we know that in this war, with this enemy, no general has ever blundered without terrible disaster to us, you ought to begin your voting for the election of consuls with as much care as you go armed to the battle-field. Every one should say to himself, 'I nominate a consul who is a match for Hannibal.' This year at Capua, Vibellius Taurea of Campania, a knight of the first rank, challenged us, and he was met by a Roman knight of the first rank, Asellus Claudius. Against a Gaul who in old days challenged us on the bridge over the Anio our fathers sent Titus Manlius, in the pride of his strength and courage. It was for the same reason, not many years afterward, I must maintain, that you had no distrust of Marcus Valerius, when he armed himself for the combat against a Gaul who challenged us in like fashion. As we desire to have infantry and cavalry superior to the enemy, or at least his match, so let us look out a commander-in-chief who is a match for the enemy's general. Even when we have chosen the first general in our state, a man hastily selected and appointed for a year will be pitted against a veteran officer always in command, who has none of the restraints of either time or law to hinder him from doing and directing everything just as the exigencies of war require. With us, on the other hand, the year closes in the midst of our preparations, and when we are only beginning our work.

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[1] Now Pozzuoli, a few miles north of Naples.—D. O.

[2] This chance of the first vote seems to have decided the consular elections more frequently than the mere circumstance would warrant.—D. O.

"I have said enough to show what kind of men you ought to appoint consuls. It remains for me to say a few words about those in whose favour the first vote has been given. Marcus Æmilius Regillus is the priest of Quirinus, and we can not let him leave his sacred duties or keep him at home without neglecting either what is due to the gods or what is due to the war. Otacilius is the husband of my sister's daughter, by whom he has children. Still, what you have done for me and my forefathers is such that I must hold the public interest dearer than my private connections. Any sailor or passenger can steer a ship in a calm sea, but when a furious tempest has burst forth and the ship is hurried along by the gale through troubled waters, then there is need of a good man and a pilot. We are not sailing over a tranquil sea, but have already been all but sunk by several storms, and therefore you ought with the utmost care to consider and take thought who is to sit at the helm.

"We have tried you, Otacilius, in a comparatively small matter. You have certainly given us no proof why we should trust you in a greater. This year we equipped a fleet which you commanded, with three objects. It was to ravage the coast of Africa; to protect for us the shores of Italy; above all, it was to hinder the transport of re-enforcements with money and supplies for Hannibal. Appoint Otacilius consul, if he has rendered, I do not say all, but some one of these services to his country. If, while you commanded the fleet, any help from home reached Hannibal safe and entire, just as if there were peace at sea; if, again, the coast of Italy has been this year more dangerous than that of Africa, what can you say for pitting you, above all men, as our general, against Hannibal? If you were consul, we should think it necessary to nominate a dictator after the example of our fathers. Nor could you feel angry at some one of our Roman citizens being esteemed superior in war to yourself. It is no man's interest more than your own, Otacilius, that a burden should not be laid on your shoulders which would crush you.—I most decidedly advise you, fellow-citizens, that in the very same spirit in which, were you standing armed for battle, you would choose two commanders, under whose leadership and guidance you would wish to fight, so you should choose your consuls to-day; men to whom your children are to swear the oath, at whose bidding they are to muster, under whose eye and direction they are to serve. The lake of Trasumennus and the field of Cannæ are melancholy examples to recall, but they are also a salutary warning to beware of like disaster.—Herald, summon back to the poll the juniors of the tribe of Anio."

As Titus Otacilius meanwhile kept furiously exclaiming and roaring out at Fabius that he wanted his own consulship prolonged, the consul ordered the lictors to step up to him. Having gone straight from his journey to the Campus Martius, he had not entered the city, and so he reminded Otacilius that the rods were still carried before him, together with the axes.[1] Again the first century went to the poll, and bestowed the consulship on Quintus Fabius Maximus for the fourth and on Marcus Marcellus for the third time. The rest of the centuries, without a difference, nominated the same men. One prætor too was re-elected, Quintus Fulvius Flaccus. Among the others were appointed Titus Otacilius Crassus for the second time, Quintus Fabius, the consul's son, at the time curule ædile, and Publius Cornelius Lentulus. As soon as the elections for prætors were over, the senate passed a resolution assigning the city jurisdiction with extraordinary powers to Quintus Fulvius, and he was specially to have the control of the Capitol, when the consuls had gone to the war. There were great floods twice that year, and the Tiber overflowed the district with a terrible ruin of houses and destruction both of cattle and human beings.

It was in the fifth year of the second Punic war that Quintus Fabius Maximus for the fourth, and Marcus Marcellus for the third time entered on the consulship, attracting to themselves in an unusual degree the sympathies of the citizens. For many years there had not been such a pair of consuls. Old men recalled how in like manner Maximus Rullus and Publius Decius had been nominated consuls for the war with the Gauls, and subsequently Papirius and Carvilius, to oppose the Samnites and Bruttians with the peoples of Lucania and Tarentum. Marcellus, being with the army, was appointed consul in his absence; Fabius, who was present, and himself holding the elections, had his consulship prolonged. The crisis and the exigencies of war, involving peril to the state's existence, rendered it impossible for any one to criticise the precedent, or to suspect the consul of ambition. Indeed, they rather praised his magnanimity; for knowing, as he did, that the state needed a supremely able commander, and that he was unquestionably such himself, he thought less of any personal unpopularity which might arise out of his election than of the interests of the country.

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[1] That is, that what was practically martial law still pertained.—D. O.

On the day on which the consuls entered on office the senate was convoked in the Capitol. First of all it was decided that the consuls were to determine by lot or by arrangement between themselves, previous to their departure for the army, which of them should hold the elections for the appointment of censors. All who were with the troops had their commands prolonged, and orders to remain in their respective provinces were given to Tiberius Gracchus in Luceria, where he was with an army of volunteer slaves, to Terentius Varro in Picenum, and to Manlius Pomponius in the country of the Gauls. Among the prætors of the past year Quintus Mucius was to have, as pro-prætor, the province of Sardinia, and Marcus Valerius was to be near Brundisium to have charge of the coast and keep a vigilant eye on all the movements of Philip, King of Macedon. To Publius Cornelius Lentulus, as prætor. Sicily was assigned as his province, and to Titus Otacilius the fleet, which he had commanded in the previous year against the Carthaginians.

Several portents were announced that year. The more they were believed by simple-minded and pious people, the more numerous were the reports of them. At Lanuvium, within the Temple of Juno Sospita, crows, it was said, had built a nest; in Apulia a palm with green leaves had caught fire; at Mantua an overflow of the waters of the river Mincius had had the appearance of blood; at Cales it had rained chalk, and at Rome blood in the cattle-market; in the Insteian quarter an underground spring had burst forth with such a gush of water that some jars and casks on the spot were overturned and swept away, as it were by the force of a torrent; lightning had struck a public hall on the Capitol, a temple of Vulcan in the Campus Martius, a walnut-tree and a public road in the Sabine country, as well as the city wall and a gate at Gabii. Soon there was talk of other miraculous occurrences. The spear of Mars at Præneste had moved of its own accord; an ox in Sicily had spoken; a child in its mother's womb in the Marrucine country had shouted "Ho, triumph!"; a woman at Spoletum had been turned into a man; an altar had been seen in the sky at Hadria, with forms of men round it in white apparel. And even at Rome itself, within the city, a swarm of bees had been seen in the forum, and immediately afterward, some persons declaring that they beheld armed legions on the Janiculum, roused the citizens to arms. Those who were on the Janiculum at the time declared that no one had been seen there except the ordinary inhabitants of the hill. For these portents expiation was made with victims of the larger kind by direction of the diviners, and a day of public prayer was appointed to all the gods who had shrines at Rome.

Having done all that was proper to make peace with Heaven, the consuls took the senate's opinion on the public policy, the conduct of the war, the required amount, and the disposal of the military forces. It was decided to carry on the war with eighteen legions. Each consul was to have two for himself. Gaul, Sicily, and Sardinia were to be held each with two legions; Quintus Fabius the prætor was to have two for the charge of Apulia, and Tiberius Gracchus two of volunteer slaves in the neighbourhood of Luceria. One was to be left for Caius Terentus, the pro-consul, in Picenum, one for Marcus Valerius with the fleet near Brundisium, and two were to garrison Rome. To make up the full number it was necessary to levy six new legions. These the consuls were directed to raise at the earliest opportunity, as well as to equip a fleet, so that with the ships stationed off the coast of Calabria the fleet that year would be made up to a hundred and fifty war ships.

The troops having been levied, and a hundred new vessels launched, Quintus Fabius held elections for the appointment of censors. Marcus Atilius Regulus and Publius Furius Philus were appointed. As rumours of the war in Sicily gained ground, Titus Otacilius received orders to proceed thither with his fleet. Sailors were wanting, and so the consuls, by direction of a resolution of the senate, issued an edict to the effect that all persons who themselves or whose fathers in the censorship of Lucius Æmilius and Caius Flaminius had been assessed from five thousand to ten thousand denarii, or whose property had subsequently reached that amount, should furnish one sailor, with six months' pay; those whose assessment was from ten thousand to thirty thousand denarii, three sailors, with a year's pay; those above thirty thousand up to a hundred thousand, five sailors; those above a hundred thousand, seven sailors. Senators were to furnish eight, with a year's pay. Sailors were supplied in accordance with this edict; they were armed and equipped by their masters, and embarked with ready-cooked rations for thirty days. This was the first occasion on which a Roman fleet was manned with seamen furnished at private cost.[1]

These unusually great preparations especially alarmed the people of Campania, who feared that the Romans would begin the year's campaign with the siege of Capua. So they sent envoys to Hannibal, imploring him to advance with his army to Capua, as new armies were being levied at Rome to attack the city, no other defection having so greatly provoked the wrath of the Romans. With such agitation did they report the news that Hannibal, assured that he must be prompt or the Romans would forestall him, quitted Arpi and established himself in his old camp at Tifata, overlooking Capua. From Tifata, where he left some Numidian and Spanish troops as a defence both for his camp and for Capua, he marched with the rest of his army to Lake Avernus, on the pretext of offering sacrifice, but really to make an attempt on Puteoli and its garrison. Fabius, on being informed that Hannibal had moved from Arpi and was going back into Campania, marched night and day without intermission, and returned to his army. He also directed Tiberius Gracchus to bring up his forces from Luceria, and Quintus Fabius, the prætor, the consul's son, to take the place of Gracchus in those parts. At the same time two prætors started for Sicily, Publius Cornelius to command the army, and Otacilius to have charge of the coast and of the marine. The other prætors went to their respective provinces. Those whose term of office had been extended, were appointed to the same countries as in the past year.

While Hannibal was at Lake Avernus, five young nobles from Tarentum came to him. They had been taken prisoners, some at Lake Trasumennus, the others at Cannæ, and had been sent to their homes with the courteous treatment which the Carthaginians had uniformly shown to all the Roman allies. They told Hannibal that out of gratitude for his kindness they had prevailed on a majority of the young men of Tarentum to prefer his friendship and alliance to that of Rome. As envoys sent by their fellow-townsmen they begged Hannibal to march his army closer to Tarentum. Only let his banners and his camp be seen from Tarentum, and the city would come over to him without a moment's delay. The commons were under the control of the younger men, and the government was in the hands of the commons. Hannibal praised them warmly, loaded them with splendid gifts, and bade them return home and mature their plans. He would be with them himself at the right moment. With this assurance he dismissed the Tarentine envoys.

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[1] The sailors and marines were always enlisted from the lower classes. These, however, appear to have been slaves.—D. O.

Meanwhile he was himself full of eagerness to secure Tarentum. It was, he saw, a rich and noble city, situated too on the coast, and most conveniently for Macedonia; and that King Philip could make for this port, were he to cross into Italy, as the Romans held Brundisium. So, having finished the sacrifice he had come to offer, and ravaged during his stay the country round Cumæ as far as the promontory of Misenum, he suddenly moved his army toward Puteoli, to surprise the Roman garrison. It consisted of six thousand men, and the place was defended by fortifications, as well as naturally strong. Here the Carthaginian lingered three days. He attempted every part of the fortress without any success, and then, more out of rage than with any hope of becoming master of the city, marched to plunder the district round Naples. His arrival in a country bordering on their own stirred the populace of Nola, who had long disliked the Romans and been at feud with the senate of their state. Envoys accordingly came to invite Hannibal with a confident promise of the surrender of the town. Their design was anticipated by Marcellus, who was summoned by the principal citizens. In one day he reached Suessula from Cales, although the river Vulturnus had delayed his passage. On the following night he threw into Nola six thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry as a protection to the senate. While the consul was doing everything with promptness to secure the place against attack, Hannibal was frittering away his time; as he had twice already made the same attempt without success, it became rather slow to put faith in the people of Nola.

The consul, Quintus Fabius, about this same time marched to attack Casilinum, which was held by a Carthaginian garrison, while, almost as if by mutual arrangement, Hanno on one side advanced from Bruttium with a large force of infantry and cavalry on Beneventum, and Gracchus on the other side approached the place from Luceria. The latter was the first to enter the town. Soon afterward, hearing that Hanno had encamped about three miles from it by the river Caloris, and was ravaging the country, he too quitted the walls and took up a position about a mile from the enemy. There he harangued his troops. His legions were to a great extent made up of volunteer slaves, who preferred silently earning their freedom by another year's service to demanding it publicly. Yet, as he left his winter quarters, he had heard murmurs among the soldiers on their march, who asked whether they were never to serve as free men. He had told the senate by letter that the question was not so much what the men wanted as what they had deserved, adding that up to that day he had had from them good and brave services, and that all they wanted to make them the equal to a regular soldier was their freedom. Leave was given him to do in the matter whatever he thought was for the state's interest. Accordingly, before he engaged the enemy, he publicly gave out that the long-hoped-for opportunity of winning their freedom had arrived. Next day he would fight a pitched battle in the clear, open plain, where, without any fear of ambuscades, matters could be decided by genuine valour. Whoever brought back the head of an enemy, should at once by his order be a free man; but any one who quitted his post should suffer the death of a slave. Every man's fortune was in his own hand; their freedom would be guaranteed, not by himself only, but by the consul, Marcus Marcellus, and the entire senate, whom he had consulted respecting it, and who had allowed him to decide.

Gracchus then read out to them the consul's despatch and the senate's resolution. Thereupon they raised a shout of hearty approval, clamouring for battle, and furiously insisting that he should forthwith give the signal. Gracchus, having given out that he would fight next day, dismissed the assembly. The men were overjoyed, especially those who were to have their freedom as the reward of one day's good service, and spent their remaining time in getting their arms in readiness.

Next day, as soon as the signal began to sound, they were the very first to assemble, prepared and armed, at the general's tent. With sunrise Gracchus led out his army to battle, The enemy too showed no hesitation about fighting. He had seventeen thousand infantry, chiefly Bruttians and Lucanians, and twelve hundred cavalry, a very few of whom were Italians, the rest being almost all Numidians and Moors. The fight was both fierce and long, and for four hours hung in suspense. Nothing proved more disadvantageous to the Romans than that the enemy's heads had been made the price of freedom. The moment a soldier had promptly slain his foe, he first wasted his time in labouring to cut off the head amid the crowd and confusion; then, as his right hand was occupied in holding the head, he who had been the bravest ceased to be a fighter, and so the battle was left in the hands of the slow and timid. Gracchus, on being told by the officers that not a man of the enemy was now being wounded where he stood, but only those who had fallen were being beheaded, and that the soldiers carried heads in their right hands instead of swords, at once had the order given that they were to fling away the heads and rush on the enemy. "Their valour," he said, "was sufficiently clear and conspicuous, and freedom would be a certainty to such brave men." The battle was then renewed, and the cavalry too charged the enemy. The Numidians promptly met them, and, as the fight of the cavalry was now as fierce as that of the infantry, the result again became doubtful. The generals on either side heaped reproaches on their foe, the Roman taunting the Bruttians and Lucanians with having been repeatedly beaten and conquered by his ancestors, while the Carthaginian talked of Roman slaves and soldiers fresh from a slave's prison, till at last Gracchus gave out that they must not hope for freedom, unless on that very day the enemy were routed and put to flight.

At these words their hearts were finally roused, and again raising a shout, like different men, they threw themselves with such force on the enemy that further resistance was impossible. First the Carthaginian troops before the standards, then the soldiers immediately round them, fell into disorder, and at last their whole army was broken. Then there was unmistakable flight, and a rush of fugitives into the camp, in such panic and confusion that even at the camp gates and ramparts not a man stood his ground, and the Romans, who pursued in almost unbroken order, began another fresh battle within the enemy's intrenchments. As the fighting was confined to a narrow space, the slaughter was all the more dreadful. It was helped on, too, by some prisoners who, snatching up swords amid the confusion and forming themselves into a body, cut down the Carthaginians in the rear and hindered their flight. Thus, out of so numerous an army, barely two thousand men, chiefly cavalry, escaped with their commander; all the rest were slain or captured. Thirty-eight standards were also taken.

Of the victors about two thousand fell. All the spoil, except the prisoners, was given to the soldiers, any cattle being also excepted which should be recognised by the owners within thirty days. When they had returned to the camp, laden with booty, about four thousand of the volunteer slaves, who had fought rather feebly, and had not broken into the enemy's lines with their comrades, fearing punishment, posted themselves on a hill not far from the camp. Next day they were marched down by their officers, and came, the last of all, to a gathering of the men, which Gracchus had summoned. The pro-consul first rewarded with military gifts the old soldiers according to their respective courage and good service in the late action; then, as regarded the volunteer slaves, he said that he wished to praise all, worthy and unworthy alike, rather than on that day to punish a single man. "I bid you all be free," he added, "and may this be for the good, the prosperity, and the happiness of the state, as well as of yourselves!"

A shout of intense and eager joy was raised at these words, while the men one moment embraced and congratulated each other, and the next lifted their hands to heaven with a prayer for every blessing on the Roman people and on Gracchus himself. Gracchus then replied: "Before placing you all on the equal footing of freedom, I was unwilling to distinguish any of you as brave or as cowardly soldiers. Now as the state's promise has been already fulfilled, that all distinction between courage and cowardice may not be obliterated, I require you to give in to me the names of the men who, remembering that they had shrunk from the conflict, so lately seceded from us. I will call them one by one and bind them by an oath, that, those only excepted who shall have the excuse of illness, so long as they serve in war, they will take their meat and drink standing, and not otherwise. This penalty you will bear with resignation, if you reflect that you could not possibly have been branded with any lighter mark for cowardice."

He then gave them orders to gather up the camp furniture. The soldiers carrying or driving their spoil with mirth and jests came again to Beneventum, so full of frolic that they seemed to be returning from a banquet or some great festival rather than from a battle-field. All the people of Beneventum poured out in a crowd and met them at the gates, embracing and congratulating the men and offering them hospitality. Every citizen had prepared a feast in the open court of his house; to this he invited the soldiers and implored Gracchus to allow them to feast. Gracchus gave permission, on the understanding that they all feasted in public, every man at his own door. All things necessary were brought forth. Wearing the cap of liberty[1] or with heads wreathed with white wool, the volunteer slaves feasted, some reclining, others standing and serving and eating at the same time. It seemed a suitable thing for Gracchus to order, as he did on his return to Rome, that a picture of that celebrated day should be painted in the Temple of Liberty, which his father had had built on the Aventine out of money from state fines and had then dedicated.

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[1] The pileus was shaped like the modern liberty cap, which is derived therefrom. Shaving the head and donning it were parts of the ceremony of emancipation.—D. O.

During these proceedings at Beneventum, Hannibal, after ravaging the whole country round Naples, moved his camp to Nola. As soon as the consul knew of his approach, he sent for Pomponius, the pro-prætor, with the army which was in camp overlooking Suessula, and prepared to meet the foe and to fight without any delay. In the silence of night, through the gate that was farthest from the enemy, he sent out Caius Claudius Nero with the main strength of the cavalry. Nero had orders to ride stealthily round the enemy's army and follow them up slowly, and throw himself on their rear, as soon as he saw the battle begun. This he failed to accomplish, whether from mistaking the way or from want of time is uncertain. The action began in his absence, and though the Romans had unquestionably the advantage, yet, as the cavalry did not show themselves at the right moment, the arrangements for the day were disturbed. Marcellus dared not pursue his foe as he retired, and gave the signal for retreat. But more than ten thousand of the enemy are said to have been slain that day; of the Romans less than four hundred. Toward sunset Nero, with horses and men wearied by a useless march of a day and a night, without so much as having seen the enemy, began to return, and was very heavily censured by the consul, who declared that it was through him that they had not repaid the foe for the defeat of Cannæ. Next day the Romans marched out to battle, while the Carthaginians kept themselves within their camp, thus silently confessing their own defeat. The third day Hannibal, who had now relinquished all hope of possessing himself of Nola, an attempt in which he had never been successful, started in the silence of night for Tarentum, where he saw a better prospect of a treacherous surrender.

The Romans conducted their affairs at home with quite as much spirit as in the camp. The censors, who from the poverty of the exchequer were entirely free from all business connected with building contracts, turned their attention to controlling morals and punishing the evil ways which had arisen out of war, just as various ills are naturally developed in the body by long disease. First they summoned all who were said to have deserted the state after the battle of Cannæ, and to have wished to leave Italy. Of these the chief, Lucius Cæcilius Metellus, happened then to be quæstor. He and the others charged with the same offence were ordered to take their trial, and as they could not clear themselves, sentence was pronounced that they had held language and made speeches to the injury of the state with the object of organizing a conspiracy for the abandonment of Italy. Next were summoned the ingenious persons who sought to explain away an oath: all the prisoners who thought that by stealthily stealing back into Hannibal's camp they had redeemed their sworn promise to return. As many of these and of those beforementioned as had a horse at the state's expense were deprived of it. They were also expelled from their tribe and were all disfranchised.

The attention of the censors was not, however, confined to the regulation of the senate and of the knights. They erased from the list of the "juniors"[1] the names of all who had not completed four years' service, unless they had had proper discharge on the excuse of illness. More than two thousand of such names were included among the disfranchised, and all were expelled from their tribes. To this cruelly severe action of the censors was added a harsh resolution of the senate. All whom the censors had degraded were to serve on foot and be sent to Sicily with what remained of the army at Cannæ. This class of soldiers was not to finish its term of service till the enemy had been driven out of Italy.

Although the censors from the poverty of the exchequer still held aloof from all contracts for the repair of sacred buildings, for the furnishing horses for the state carriages and from similar things, persons used to the taking of such public contracts flocked to them in numbers. They earnestly implored the censors to transact business and to give out contracts just as if there had been money in the exchequer. No one, they said, would make a claim on the exchequer till the war was over. Next came the owners of the slaves whom Tiberius Sempronius had manumitted at Beneventum. They said that they had had notice from the three commissioners of finances that they were to receive the value of their slaves, but that they would not take the money till the war was at an end. There being this zealous disposition on the part of the commons to relieve the necessities of the exchequer, the money first of wards and then of widows also began to be deposited, and those who paid in this money felt assured that they could not trust it more safely or apply it more piously than to the good faith of the state. Whatever was bought or provided out of it for the wards or widows, was paid for by a note of credit from the quæstor. This generous spirit among private citizens spread from the city to the camp; not a horse-soldier, not a centurion, would accept pay, and any man who took it they tauntingly called a mercenary.

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[1] Each tribe contained ten centuries, being one of "seniores" and one of "juniores" for each of the five military classes into which the citizens were divided. The latter included those who were within the age of military service.—D. O.

The consul Quintus Fabius had his camp at Casilinum. The place was held by a garrison of two thousand Campanians and seven hundred of Hannibal's soldiers, under the command of Statius Metius, sent thither by Cneius Magius Atellanus, who that year was supreme magistrate, and who had been arming the slaves and populace indiscriminately, intending to attack the Roman camp while the consul was intent on the siege of Casilinum. Nothing of all this escaped Fabius. He therefore sent to his colleague at Nola, saying that, while he was besieging Casilinum, there must be another army to oppose the Campanians; either he should come himself, leaving a moderate force at Nola, or if he were detained at Nola and still felt uneasy about Hannibal's movements, he would himself summon to his aid the pro-consul Tiberius Gracchus from Beneventum.

Marcellus, on receiving this message, left two thousand troops in garrison at Nola, and marched with the rest of his army to Casilinum. The Campanians, who were beginning to bestir themselves, became quiet on his arrival. And so Casilinum now came to be besieged by the two consuls. Fabius, finding that the Roman soldiers suffered continual losses in heedlessly approaching the walls, and that his attempts had but little success, thought it best, as matters of more importance were pressing them, to retire and abandon an undertaking, small in itself, but quite as difficult as some great enterprise. Marcellus, however, urged that, though there were many things which a great general ought not to attempt, yet he must not relinquish an attempt once made, as the world's opinion has great weight, for good or ill. He thus maintained his point—that the attempt should not be abandoned. Mantlets, with every variety of engineering work and machinery, were now applied to the place, and the Campanians implored Fabius to let them depart in safety to Capua. A few had passed out, when Marcellus seized the gate by which they were leaving, and then began an indiscriminate and universal slaughter, first, near the gate, and soon afterward in the town, into which the besiegers had rushed. About fifty Campanians, who were the first to leave, fled to Fabius for refuge, and under his protection reached Capua. While these conferences and protracted appeals for protection were going on, Casilinum, at a favourable moment, was taken.[1] The captives, such as were Campanians, and all who were Hannibal's soldiers, were sent to Rome, and there imprisoned, while the mass of the townsfolk were scattered among the neighbouring populations to be under surveillance.

At the very time that the Romans, after their success, withdrew from Casilinum, Gracchus despatched some cohorts, which he had levied in Lucania, under the command of an officer of allies, on a marauding expedition into the enemy's territory. They had dispersed far and wide, when Hanno fell on them and repaid his foe with a defeat nearly as complete as he had himself sustained at Beneventum. He then retired rapidly into Bruttium, to avoid the pursuit of Gracchus. As to the consuls, Marcellus returned, whence he came, to Nola, while Fabius marched into Samnium, to ravage the district, and to recover by arms the revolted cities. Caudium in Samnium was cruelly devastated; far and wide was the country fired, and the cattle and inhabitants carried off as booty. Many towns were taken by assault, Compulteria, Telesia,[2] Compsa, Fugifulæ, and Orbitanium. Blanda in Lucania, and Æcæ [3] in Apulia, were stormed. In these cities five-and-twenty thousand of the enemy were captured or slain. Three hundred deserters were recovered; these were sent to Rome by the consul, and were, without exception, scourged in the comitium, and then flung from the rock. All this was done by Quintus Fabius in the course of a few days.

Marcellus was detained by illness from further action at Nola. Meanwhile, Quintus Fabius, the prætor, who had charge of the country round Luceria, took by storm the town Acuca, and established a permanent camp at Ardaneæ. During these operations of the Romans in other parts, Hannibal had pushed on to Tarentum, utterly destroying everything in his line of march. Arrived, at last, in Tarentine territory, his army began to advance peacefully, injuring nothing, and nowhere quitting its proper route. This was clearly done, not from any moderation in soldiers or general, but only to win the good-will of the Tarentines. When he came almost close to the walls, there was no movement, as he expected, at the sight of his vanguard, and he encamped about a mile from the city. Three days before Hannibal approached the walls of Tarentum, Marcus Livius had been sent by the proprætor Marcus Valerius, commander of the fleet at Brundisium. He had organized a band of the young nobles, and posted guards, as circumstances required, at all the gates and walls of the city, and by his unflagging vigilance night and day gave neither enemies nor doubtful friends an opportunity of attempting anything. Hannibal, therefore, after uselessly passing some days at the place, as none of those who had paid him a visit at the Lake of Avernus either came themselves or sent him any message or letter, saw that he had been led thither by an idle promise, and moved his camp. Even now he did not injure the Tarentine territory, still clinging to the hope of shaking their loyalty, though his pretended mildness had as yet done him no good. On reaching Salapia,[1] as midsummer was past, and he liked the place for winter quarters, he collected stores of corn from the country round Metapontum and Heraclea. His Numidians and Moors were despatched on plundering raids through the Sallentine territory, and the downs bordering on Apulia. Here they did not get much booty; it was chiefly herds of horses which they drove off. Of these, about four thousand were distributed among the cavalry to be broken in.

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[1] This rather involved paragraph seems to cover a breach of faith on the part of the Romans such as Livy has not even ventured to allege against Hannibal. The character of Marcellus was, in fact, an exaggeration of typical Roman traits, good and bad.—D. O.

[2] Near the modern Telese.—D. O.

[3] Now Troja. The exact location of the rest of these towns is problematical.—D. O.

As the Romans saw that a war which could not possibly be neglected was about to break out in Sicily, and that the tyrant's death had given the Syracusans enterprising leaders rather than led to any change in policy or in public feeling, they assigned the province to one of the consuls, Marcus Marcellus. The murder of Hieronymus was instantly followed by a mutiny among the soldiers at Leontini, and fierce shoutings that the king's death must be expiated by the blood of the conspirators. But soon the continually repeated phrase "restored freedom," welcome to the ear, the hope of largess out of the royal treasure, and of military service under better leaders, as well as the story of the foul crimes and fouler passions of the tyrant, so wrought on their minds, that the body of the king, so lately the object of their regret, was suffered by them to lie unburied. While the rest of the conspirators remained on the spot to secure the control of the army, two, Theodotus and Sosis, hurried with all possible speed on the king's horses to Syracuse, bent on the immediate overthrow of the royal minister, who as yet knew nothing. Not only, however, were they forestalled by rumour, and in such matters nothing flies more quickly, but also by a messenger from among the king's slaves. And so Andranodorus had secured with garrisons both the island,[1] the citadel, and every other convenient position he could.

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[1] Now Salpi.—D. O.

The sun had set, and the light was quite dim, when Theodotus and Sosis rode into the Hexapylon.[2] Displaying the king's blood-stained robe and the crown that had adorned his head, they rode through the Tycha, and summoning the people to liberty and to arms, bade them assemble in the Achradina. Some of the multitude rushed into the streets, some stood in the doorways, others looked out from the windows of their houses, asking incessantly what had occurred. Lights were flaring everywhere, and the whole city was in an uproar; armed men were gathering in the open spaces, while an unarmed crowd tore down from the Temple of Olympian Jupiter the spoils taken from Gauls and Illyrians, which Hiero had received as a present from the Roman people, and had nailed to the walls. All the time they prayed Jupiter that of his good-will and favour he would grant them the use of those sacred arms, with which to arm themselves in defence of their country, their temples, and their freedom. The multitude also mingled with the guards stationed in the principal districts of the city. Andranodorus had, among other points, posted garrisons in the public granaries in the island. This place, walled in with square stone blocks, and fortified like a castle, was now seized by the band of youth assigned for its defence, and a message was sent to the Achradina that the granaries and the corn were in the possession of the senate.[3]

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[1] Ortygia.—D. O.

[2] A six-gated tower that formed part of the city wall.—D. O.

[3] Syracuse consisted of four quarters, each in itself a city. They were known as the Island, Tycha, Achradina, and Neapolis.

The best and fullest description of Syracuse, as it was in the first century B. C., still a great and magnificent city, though with its old glories greatly diminished, is given us by Cicero, in his oration against Verres.

"Syracuse, you have often heard, is the largest and finest of Greek cities. So indeed it is. It stands in a particularly strong position, and, whether you approach it by sea or land, it is singularly beautiful to behold. It has two harbours, almost surrounded by the buildings of the city, and thus forming with it one object to the eye of the spectator. They have separate entrances, but they join and meet at the point farthest from the open sea. At this point is the part of the town called the Island, divided from the mainland by a narrow strait, but connected with it by a bridge. So large is the city that it may be said to consist of four cities. One of these is the Island, already mentioned, which is surrounded by the two harbours, and juts out toward the mouth of each of them. Here is what was once the palace of King Hiero, and is now the residence of our prætors. Here also are several temples, two of which are conspicuously magnificent—one a Temple of Diana, the other of Minerva, which was very richly adorned before the coming of Verres. At the ex-

At daybreak all the citizens, armed and unarmed, assembled in the Achradina, at the senate-house. There, before the altar of Concord, situate in the place, one of the leading men, Polyænus by name, delivered a speech, which was both frank and moderate. "Men," he said, "who have experienced servitude and its humiliations are hot against an evil which they know well. What mischiefs are introduced by civil discord you Syracusans have heard from your forefathers, rather than actually witnessed. I praise you for taking up arms so promptly; I shall praise you still more if you do not use them, unless driven by extreme necessity. At this crisis it will be well to send envoys to Andranodorus, to warn him that he submit himself to the senate and the people, open the gates of the island, and surrender the fort. Should he wish to make a regency held in trust for another into a tyranny of his own, I, for my part, am in favour of our claiming back our liberties much more fiercely from Andranodorus than from Hieronymus."

After this speech the envoys were despatched. Then began a sitting of the senate. This, though during Hiero's reign it had continued to be the state council, had never been convened or consulted after his death until that day. Andranodorus, on the arrival of the deputies, was alarmed by the unanimity of the citizens, and by the fact that not only were other parts of the city in military occupation, but also that the most strongly fortified part of the island had been surrendered and was in hostile hands. But his wife, Damarata, Hiero's daughter, with the spirit of a queen and the arrogance of a woman still swelling within her, called him away from the envoys, and reminded him of a saying often in the mouth of the tyrant Dionysius. One ought to leave a tyrant's throne, he would say, dragged by the heels, and not mounted on a horse. It was easy, at any moment a man pleased, to retire

tremity of this same Island is a fresh-water fountain, named Arethusa, of extraordinary size, and full of fish; the waves of the sea would completely overflow it, were it not protected from them by a stone barrier. The second city at Syracuse is called Achradina. This contains a very large forum, very beautiful porticoes, a richly-adorned public hall, a spacious senate-house, and a noble Temple of Jupiter Olympus. The remainder of this city consists of one broad street and several cross-streets of private houses. The third city is called Tycha, because it contained an ancient Temple of Fortune, as well as a very large gymnasium and several sacred buildings. It is the most thickly-inhabited quarter. The fourth city, Neapolis, as it is called, is that which was last built. At its highest point is a spacious theatre; it contains also two very fine temples, one of Ceres, the other of Libera, and a statue of Apollo, known by the name of Temenites, of great size and beauty, which Verres would not have hesitated to carry off, had he been able to remove it."—W. J. B.

from holding a great position; to create and win that position was arduous and difficult. "Make the envoys," said Damarata to her husband, "give you a little time for deliberation; use that for getting soldiers from Leontini, and all will be in your power, if you promise them the royal treasures."

These feminine counsels Andranodorus neither wholly rejected nor immediately accepted. He thought there was a safer way of securing power by yielding for the present to the exigencies of the crisis. So he bade the envoys take word back that he would submit himself to the senate and people. Next day, at dawn, he threw open the gates of the island, and entered the forum in the Achradina. There he mounted the altar of Concord, from which the day before Polyænus had delivered his harangue, and began a speech, in which first he apologized for his indecision. He had kept the gates shut, he told them, not to separate his own interests from those of the state, but because he feared as to where bloodshed might end when swords were once drawn, and doubted whether they would be satisfied with the tyrant's death, sufficient though it was for freedom, or whether all who were connected with the palace by kinship or marriage, or in some official capacity, would be slaughtered, as being chargeable with another man's guilt. As soon as he saw that those who had freed their country were resolved to keep it free, and that all were consulting for the common welfare, he no longer hesitated to give back to his country his person and all things intrusted to his protection, inasmuch as the man who had intrusted them to him had been destroyed by his own infatuation. Then turning to the tyrant's assassins, and addressing Theodotus and Sosis by name, he said: "You have done a memorable deed. But, be assured, your glory is only begun; it is not yet complete. The greatest peril awaits us of a free state degenerating into a savage community unless you study peace and unity."

After this speech, he threw down at their feet the keys of the gates and of the royal treasury. That day, after the assembly had broken up, the people in their joy gathered, with wives and children, around all the shrines of the gods. Next day was held a meeting for the election of prætors. Andranodorus was one of the first appointed. The majority of the rest had been among the assassins of the tyrant, and two, Sopater and Dinomenes, were elected in their absence. These men, on hearing what had taken place at Syracuse, conveyed to that city the royal treasure at Leontini, and handed it over to financial officials appointed for the purpose. The same was done with the treasures in the island and the Achradina; and that portion of the wall which fenced off the island by a needlessly strong barrier from the rest of the city, was, by general consent, demolished. All their other proceedings, too, were in accordance with this bias of the popular mind toward freedom.

Hippocrates and Epicydes when the news of the tyrant's death was known, which Hippocrates had sought to conceal, by actually killing the bearer of the tidings, found themselves deserted by the soldiers, and returned to Syracuse, their safest course, as they thought, under existing circumstances. That they might show themselves there without being suspected of seeking an oportunity for revolution, they first approached the prætors, and through them the senate. Hannibal, they affirmed, had sent them to Hieronymus as to a friend and ally; they had obeyed the rule of the man to whom their commander wished them to be subject; now they desired to return to Hannibal. As, however, the journey was not safe while Roman troops were wandering over the whole of Sicily, they begged to be allowed something of an escort to conduct them to Locri in Italy. The Syracusans would thus, by a trifling service, lay Hannibal under a great obligation.

Their request was readily granted. The departure of the king's generals, needy and daring men, as well as masters of the art of war, was what was desired. But Hippocrates and Epicydes did not carry out their purpose as promptly as the urgency of the business suggested. Meanwhile, some young men, soldiers themselves and intimate associates of the soldiers, went now among these, now among the deserters, most of whom were Roman seamen, and then again even among the lowest class of the populace, spreading calumnies against the senate and the aristocracy. These, they said, were secretly plotting and contriving to get Syracuse under the power of Rome on the pretext of a restored alliance, and then the faction which had been the authors of the new treaty would be their masters.

A daily increasing multitude, ready to hear and believe all this, flocked to Syracuse, and gave not only Epicydes but also Andranodorus hopes of a revolution. The latter was at last quite wearied out by his wife's speeches. Now, she would repeat, now was the time to seize the government, while all was in the confusion caused by a new and ill-regulated liberty, while a soldiery that had fattened on the royal pay was still in evidence, and leaders sent by Hannibal and well known to the troops were able to help his enterprise. He communicated his plans to Themistus, the husband of Gelon's daughter, and a few days afterward incautiously disclosed them to one Ariston, a tragic actor, to whom he had been wont to intrust also other secrets. Ariston was a man of respectable family and position, which were not disgraced by his profession, as nothing of that kind is a matter of shame to a Greek.[1] So, thinking that the loyalty he owed his country ought to be his first consideration, he laid the information before the prætors. As soon as they had ascertained by decisive evidence that it was no mere idle tale, they consulted the older senators, and having, with their sanction, placed a guard at the doors, they slew Andranodorus and Themistus as they entered the senate-house. Confusion followed a deed to all appearance unusually atrocious, and of which others did not know the motive, but at last silence was obtained, and the informer was conducted into the chamber.

The man told the whole story in its proper order, how the beginning of the conspiracy dated from the marriage of Gelon's daughter, Harmonia, to Themistus; how some African and Spanish auxiliaries had been put in readiness for the massacre of the prætors and chief citizens; how it had been openly announced that the property of these men would be given to their murderers; how a band of mercenaries accustomed to obey the biddings of Andranodorus had been already provided for a second seizure of the island. Lastly, he put before their eyes every detail, how each conspirator was engaged, and the whole conspiracy itself, with its array of armed men. The senate then felt that the victims had deserved their death as much as had Hieronymus. The cries of a bewildered mob, all uncertain as to the facts, were heard at the doors, but as they shouted their savage threats at the entrance of the chamber, they were so awe-struck by the sight of the bodies of the conspirators that they silently accompanied the calmer portion of the populace to a public assembly. Sopater was instructed by the senate and his colleagues to address them.

He began with the past life of the conspirators, just as if he was formally accusing them, and contended that of all the wicked and impious deeds done since the death of Hiero, Andranodorus and Themistus had been the authors. "What," he asked, "could a boy like Hieronymus, barely entering upon youth, have done of his own accord? Guardians and tutors had, in fact, reigned while another bore the odium, and therefore they ought to have perished either before Hieronymus, or at any rate along with him. Yet these men, long ago destined to the fate that they deserved, had plotted other new crimes after the tyrant's death. This had been done openly at first when Andranodorus shut the gates of the island, and entered on the royal inheritance, claiming as a master what he had held as a steward. Afterward, finding himself deserted by the occupants of the island, and beleaguered by all the citizens as soon as they had possession of the Achradina, he had begun secretly and treacherously to grasp at the sovereignty which he had in vain sought openly and publicly; and, when he who had plotted against freedom was chosen prætor among those who had given this freedom to their country, even favour and promotion could not turn him from his purpose. The truth was that wives of royal birth had inspired them with royal arrogance, for one had married Hiero's, the other Gelon's, daughter."

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[1] This was only true of the Greeks in what was now the beginning of their decadence. Through all the classical world at its best the actor's profession was held suited only to the lowest, and at Rome, even so late as the corrupt days of Nero, no act of that insane prince created greater scandal than his assumption of the rôle of a public singer.—D. O.

At these words there was a shout from every part of the assembly that neither of those women ought to live; that no scion of a family of tyrants ought to survive. Such is the character of a mob; either they are abjectly submissive or insolently domineering; the liberty which lies between these two extremes they can neither desire nor enjoy in moderation. Generally, too, persons are found who minister indulgence to their angry moods, and rouse their eager and intemperate passion to bloodshed and slaughter. So it was on this occasion. The prætors at once brought forward a motion, which was accepted almost before it had been made, to have the whole royal family put to death. Damarata and Harmonia, the daughters of Hiero and Gelon, and the wives of Andranodorus and Themistus, were executed by men sent by the prætors for the purpose.

There was a daughter of Hiero, Heraclea, married to Zoippus, who, having been sent by Hieronymus as an envoy to King Ptolemy, had chosen voluntary exile. Knowing beforehand that she, too, would receive a visit from the executioners, she fled, with her two maiden daughters, to the shrine where stood the household deities, her hair dishevelled, and her appearance in other respects most pitiable. To this appeal she added also her entreaties. Invoking the memory of her father, Hiero, and her brother, Gelon, she implored them not to suffer an innocent woman to be destroyed by the furious hatred provoked by Hieronymus. She had got nothing from his reign but her husband's banishment; while he lived, her position had not been that of her sister's; neither, after his death, had her interests been the same. Need she say that, had the designs of Andranodorus succeeded, her sister would have reigned with him, while she must have been a slave with the rest? Should Zoippus be told that Hieronymus had been slain and Syracuse set free, who could doubt that he would instantly take ship and return to his country? How completely are men's hopes deceived! His country was indeed free, but in it his wife and his children were struggling for life, and yet how had they opposed freedom and law? What danger was there to any one from herself, a solitary woman, all but a widow, or from girls living in orphanhood? They might say that though they feared no danger from her, yet they hated the royal family. Then let them banish her from Syracuse and Sicily, and have her conveyed to Alexandria, the wife to the husband, the daughters to the father.

She saw that their ears and hearts were closed to her, and that a sword was being sharpened, that no time might be lost. Then ceasing to entreat for herself, she was urgent in supplication that they would at least spare her daughters, as even an enemy in his fury did not harm youth like theirs, and they should not in their vengeance on tyrants imitate themselves the crimes they hated.

While she was speaking, they dragged her from her sanctuary and slew her; then they fell on the maidens, who were sprinkled with their mother's blood. Grief and terror combined had robbed them of reason, and, as if seized with frenzy, they bounded from the shrine with such a rush that, had escape into the street been possible for them, they would have filled the city with their outcries. Even as it was, within the confined space of the house, and amid a number of armed men, they more than once eluded capture without injury to their persons, and though the hands out of which they had to struggle were many and strong, they tore themselves from their grasp. At last, exhausted with wounds, while the whole place reeked with their blood, they fell lifeless to the ground. This pitiable end was made yet more pitiable by the circumstance that soon afterward there came a message, the result of a sudden change to a more merciful mood, forbidding their execution. After pity came anger that they had been so hasty in punishment as to leave no room for repentance, no retreat from their vindictive mood. And so the people fumed, and insisted on an election to fill the places of Andranodorus and Themistus, both of whom had been prætors, an election which was by no means likely to be satisfactory to the prætors.

On the day fixed for the election, to the surprise of all, one man at the extremity of the crowd nominated Epicydes, and another thereupon nominated Hippocrates. The voices then became more frequent, and carried with them the unmistakable assent of the people. There was disorder, too, in the assembly, in which were throngs of soldiers, as well as of citizens, and with these were largely mingled deserters, who were eager for a wholesale revolution. At first the prætors pretended ignorance, and were bent on delaying matters, but at last, yielding to the unanimous feeling, and dreading a riot, they declared the men elected.

On being appointed they did not at once disclose their intentions. Yet they took it ill that envoys had gone to Appius Claudius to arrange a ten days' truce, and that, this having been granted, others had been sent to negotiate a renewal of the ancient treaty. The Romans had at the time a fleet of a hundred vessels at Murgantia, and were awaiting the result of the disturbances at Syracuse arising out of the murder of the tyrants, and the effect on the people of their new and unwonted freedom. Meanwhile the Syracusan envoys had been sent by Appius to Marcellus, who was on his way to Sicily, and Marcellus, having heard the terms of peace, and thinking that matters could be arranged, himself also despatched an embassy to Syracuse, to discuss publicly with the prætors the renewal of the treaty. And now there was by no means the same quiet and tranquility in the city. As soon as news arrived of a Carthaginian fleet being near Pachynus,[1] Hippocrates and Epicydes, throwing off all fear, pressed the accusation, now before the mercenary troops, now before the deserters, that Syracuse was being betrayed to the Romans. And when Appius began to have his fleet stationed at the mouth of the harbour, thinking to encourage the adherence of the other party, this gave a decisive assurance to what were apparently idle charges. At first, too, there was a tumultuous rush of the people to the shore to repel any attempt at landing.

Amid all this confusion it was decided to summon the citizens to an assembly. Some were for one course, others for another, and they were on the verge of a riot, when Apollonides, one of their chief men, addressed them in a speech which, considering the occasion, was salutary. Never, he said, had any state been nearer to ruin or to a prospect of safety. Were all unanimously to lean either to Rome or to Carthage, no state would be in a more fortunate or happy condition.

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[1] The southernmost point of Sicily.—D. O.

But, should one party drag them one way, another another, then war between the Carthaginians and Romans would not be more frightful than that between the Syracusans themselves; for within the same walls each faction would have its troops, its arms, and its officers. There ought, therefore, to be a supreme effort to secure unanimity; the question which alliance was the more advantageous, was far less important, and of much lighter moment. Nevertheless, in choosing allies, it would be better to follow the authority of Hiero than that of Hieronymus, and prefer a friendship tried for fifty years with happy results to one which was now strange to them, and which in the past had been untrustworthy. One thing, too, had an important bearing on their deliberations. They could refuse peace to the Carthaginians without having, at least in the immediate present, to be at war with them. With the Romans they must at once be either at peace or war.

The speech had all the more weight for seeming to show little personal ambition or party spirit. To the prætors and certain select senators were joined also some military advisers, and the officers and commanders of the auxiliaries were called into council. The matter was repeatedly discussed in fierce debates, and at last, as there appeared to be no possible means of waging war with Rome, it was decided to conclude a peace and to send an embassy along with the Roman envoys to secure its ratification.

Not very many days had elapsed when envoys came from Leontini, imploring protection for their territory. This embassy seemed to the Syracusans a particularly opportune means of relieving themselves of a disorderly and tumultuous mob, and of getting rid of its leaders. Hippocrates received orders to march thither with the deserters, and these were followed by many of the mercenaries, who made up the number to four thousand. It was an expedition welcome alike to the senders and to the sent. The one hailed it as an opportunity for those revolutionary schemes for which they had long been craving; the others rejoiced at the thought that they had cleared their city of its dregs. But they relieved it only for a moment, to relapse, like a diseased body, into a more fatal malady. Hippocrates began ravaging in stealthy raids the borders of the Roman province; afterward, when troops were despatched by Appius to defend the lands of the allies, he made a most murderous onslaught with all his forces on a picket posted to oppose him. Marcellus, on receiving the news, instantly sent envoys to Syracuse to say that the guarantees of peace had been destroyed, and that an occasion of war would never be wanting, unless Hippocrates and Epicydes were banished, not only from Syracuse, but from the whole of Sicily.

Epicydes, unwilling either to be present where he might be arraigned for the misdeeds of an absent brother, or to fail to do his part to excite a war, went himself to Leontini, and, as he saw that the citizens were sufficiently exasperated against the Roman people, began to try to alienate them likewise from the Syracusans. He told them that the Syracusans had made peace with the Romans only on the condition that all states which had been under the kings were also to be under Syracusan subjection. They were now not satisfied with freedom, unless they could rule in kingly fashion and domineer. They ought to have word sent back to them that the Leontines also thought it right to be free. For it was in the streets of their city that the tyrant had fallen; it was there that the cry of freedom had first been raised, and it was to Syracuse that men flocked after the desertion of the royal leaders.[1] That part of the treaty, therefore, ought to be struck out, or the treaty ought not to be accepted with such a condition.

The mass of the citizens were easily convinced. When the Syracusan envoys complained of the slaughter of the Roman detachment, and insisted on the departure of Hippocrates and Epicydes to Locri, or wherever else they pleased, provided only they quitted Sicily, they received a defiant answer. They (the Leontines) had not authorized the Syracusans to make peace with the Romans on their behalf, and they were not bound by other peoples' treaties. The Syracusans reported this answer to the Romans, and denied that the Leontines were under their control. Consequently, they added, the Romans might go to war with them without breaking the treaty between Rome and themselves, nor would they fail to do their part in that war, on condition, however, that, when subdued, the Leontines were again to be under Syracusan subjection, as had been stipulated in the peace.

Marcellus marched for Leontini with his entire army, and summoned Appius also to attack in another quarter. He found such ardour in his troops, from their rage at the slaughter of the detachment during negotiations for peace, that at the very first assault the city was stormed. Hippocrates and Epicydes, as soon as they saw the walls taken and the gates broken open, betook themselves with a few followers to the citadel. Thence they fled secretly by night to Herbessus.[1] The Syracusans had started from home with eight thousand armed men, and were met at the river Myla by news of the capture of the city. As for the details, falsehood was mingled with truth. There had been, the messenger said, an indiscriminate slaughter of soldiers and of townsfolk, and he did not believe that a single adult survived; the city had been pillaged, and the property of the rich given away.

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[1] The translation is doubtful here, and it is more than possible that the text is defective or corrupt.—D. O.

At these dreadful tidings the army halted. Amid universal excitement the officers (these were Sosis and Dinomenes) consulted what they were to do. A reasonable ground for panic was lent to the falsehood by the fact that deserters to the number of two thousand had been scourged and slain by the axe of the executioner. As it was, not a Leontine citizen, not a soldier, had been harmed after the city's capture. All their property had been restored to them, except what had perished in the first confusion of the storming. The Syracusans could not be induced to go to Leontini, complaining that their fellow-soldiers had been betrayed to be slaughtered, or even to await on the spot more certain intelligence. When the prætors saw an inclination to mutiny, but knew that the stir would not last long if their leaders in folly were removed, they marched the army to Megara.[2] They themselves with a few cavalry pushed on for Herbessus in the hope of securing the place by surrender amid a general panic. Finding their attempt frustrated, and thinking they must use force, they moved their camp next day from Megara, purposing to attack Herbessus with their whole army. Hippocrates and Epicydes thought that their only resource, though it was not at first sight a safe one, was to give themselves up to the soldiers, who for the most part knew them well and who were now infuriated by the rumour of their comrades' slaughter. And so they went out to meet the army. It happened that in the van were the standards of six hundred Cretans who had served under them in the time of Hieronymus, and were under an obligation to Hannibal by whom they had been taken prisoners at Trasumennus among the Roman auxiliaries and then released. Hippocrates and Epicydes recognising them by their standards and the appearance of their arms, held out olive-branches with other suppliant emblems, imploring them to receive and protect them, and not deliver them to the Syracusans by whom they would themselves be soon surrendered to the Romans to be slaughtered.

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[1] This Herbessus (or Erbesus) was about twenty-five miles west of Syracuse. There was another town of the same name near Agrigentum.—D. O.

[2] A seaport ten miles north of Syracuse and near the modern Agosta. —D. O.

They shouted in reply: "Be of good heart; we will undergo any fate with you!" During the interview the standards were halted, and the march of the army arrested, but the cause of the delay had not yet reached the commanding officer. When the report spread that Hippocrates and Epicydes were there, and a cry rose from the whole army in hearty approval of their presence, the prætors instantly rode to the van at full gallop. "What is this behaviour?" they asked vehemently; "what means this license of the Cretans in holding conferences with the enemy, and letting them mingle in their ranks without any authority from the prætors?" They ordered Hippocrates to be arrested and put in irons. The word was followed instantly by clamour from the Cretans, which was soon taken up by other soldiers, so that it was evident that the prætors, if they persisted, had cause for alarm. Perplexed and doubtful as to their position, they ordered a retreat to Megara, whence they had come, and sent intelligence to Syracuse about their present situation. Hippocrates, seeing that men's minds were ready for any suspicion, employed a new artifice. He sent out some Cretans to lurk in ambush about the roads, and then read out a letter which he pretended to be an intercepted communication, but which he had composed himself. It was addressed, "The prætors to the consul Marcellus." After the usual greeting, it went on to say: "You have acted rightly and properly in not sparing any one at Leontini. But all the mercenary soldiers are in the same case, and Syracuse will never be at peace as long as there are any foreign auxiliaries either in the city or in their army. Do your best, then, to get into your power those who, with their prætors, are in camp at Megara, and give final freedom to Syracuse by their execution."

When this letter had been read out, there was everywhere a rush to arms, with such shouting that the prætors rode off panic-stricken amid the disorder to Syracuse. Even their flight did not stop the mutiny, and violent attacks were made on the Syracusan soldiers. None of them would have been spared, had not Epicydes and Hippocrates resisted the fury of the mob. This they did, not out of compassion, or with any humane purpose, but that they might not cut off from themselves all hope of return. In the soldiers themselves they would thus have loyal adherents and hostages as well, while they would secure the attachment of their kinsfolk and friends in the first instance by this service, and afterward by keeping them as a pledge. Knowing, as they did, by experience, how susceptible are the common people to any foolish and groundless excitement, they pitched on one of the soldiers who had been besieged in Leontini, and engaged him to carry intelligence to Syracuse corresponding with what had been falsely reported at Myla. By declaring that he vouched for its truth, and by relating things which were doubtful, as if he had witnessed them, he was to rouse the fury of the citizens.

The man not only won the belief of the populace, but he also profoundly impressed the senate, into whose chamber he was introduced. Men by no means wanting in sense openly avowed that it was very fortunate that the rapacity and cruelty of the Romans had been unmasked at Leontini, and that, had they entered Syracuse, they would have done the same or even more hideous acts, inasmuch as their rapacity would have found there a richer prize. All therefore agreed that they ought to close the gates and guard the city, but all gave not the same directions to their fears and hates. To the military class and the majority of the population the name of Rome was odious, while the prætors and a few of the aristocracy, though the false intelligence had excited them, were for providing against a nearer and a more pressing danger. Already Hippocrates and Epicydes were at the Hexapylon, and there were incessant conversations among the relatives of the native Syracusan soldiers in favour of opening the gates and letting their common country be defended against a Roman attack.

One of the gates of the Hexapylon had now been opened, and the soldiers were beginning to be admitted when the prætors came up. First they tried to check them by commands and threats, then by their influence, and at last, finding it all in vain, regardless of their dignity they had recourse to entreaties, and begged them not to betray their country to men who but lately were the ministers of a tyrant and were now the corrupters of the army. But the ears of the infuriated mob were deaf to everything, and the efforts from within to break open the gates were as violent as those from without, till all had been forced and the army was admitted into every part of the Hexapylon.

The prætors fled with the youth of the citizens to the Achradina. Meanwhile the enemy's army was swollen by the mercenary soldiers, the deserters, and all the late king's troops which were at Syracuse. And consequently the Achradina was taken at the first assault, and all the prætors but those who escaped in the confusion were put to death. Night terminated the massacres. Next day the slaves were called together to receive the cap of freedom, and all prisoners were discharged.

Then this motley assemblage unanimously made Hippocrates and Epicydes prætors, and Syracuse after a brief gleam of liberty fell back into its old servitude.

The Romans on receiving this news at once moved their camp from Leontini to Syracuse. Some envoys, as it happened, sent by Appius, had passed through the harbour in a five-banked vessel. A four-banked vessel which had been previously despatched was seized as soon as it entered the harbour's mouth, and the envoys themselves escaped with difficulty. And now even the laws of war as well as of peace were abandoned, when the Roman army encamped at the Olympium, which is a temple of Jupiter situated a mile and a half from the city. From this place again it was decided to send an embassy, but the embassy was prevented from entering the city by Hippocrates and Epicydes, who came out to meet it with their partisans.

The Roman spokesman said that they wished to bring relief and aid, not war, to the people of Syracuse, alike to those who had fled to them for refuge out of the midst of massacre, and to those who under an overwhelming terror were enduring a slavery more horrible than exile and even than death itself. Nor would they allow the atrocious slaughter of their allies to go unavenged. If, therefore, a safe return to their own country was open for the refugees, if the authors of the massacre were surrendered, and freedom and law restored to Syracuse, war was wholly unnecessary. If, however, all this was refused, whoever might be the obstacle, on him the Romans would make war to the uttermost.

Epicydes replied: "If you had had any message for us, we would have given you an answer. The refugees can return as soon as the government of Syracuse shall be in the hands of those to whom you have come. Should the Romans be the aggressors, you will soon learn by actual facts that it is by no means the same thing to besiege Syracuse as to besiege Leontini." He then left the envoys and closed the gates.

From that moment the siege of Syracuse began both by land and sea, landward on the side of the Hexapylon, seaward on that of the Achradina, the walls of which are washed by the waves. The Romans having taken Leontini in the panic of a first assault, felt confident that at some point they would force an entrance into a wide and scattered city, and so they brought up all the machinery employed in the attack of fortified places.

An attempt made with such impetuous energy must have secured success but for the presence at this crisis of one man at Syracuse. This was Archimedes, an unrivalled observer of the heavens and the stars, and yet more wonderful as an inventor and contriver of military works and engines by which he could with the utmost ease baffle the enemy's most laborious efforts. The wall which was drawn along hills of various heights, lofty for the most part and difficult of approach, though there was also some lower ground accessible from the level of the valleys, he furnished with engines of every description, suited to the different localities. Marcellus assailed the fortifications of the Achradina, which, as has been before said, are washed by the sea, with sixty of his five-banked ships, while from his other ships archers, slingers, and light infantry also, whose special missile is not readily launched by an inexperienced hand,[1] suffered scarcely a man to stand unwounded on the ramparts. As they wanted room to discharge their missiles, they kept the vessels at a distance from the walls. The five-banked ships were lashed together, two and two, with their sides in close contact, oars on the inner side having been removed, and then they were propelled by the outer bank of oars, like one vessel, carrying on board towers of several stories with other contrivances for breaking down the fortifications.

To oppose this naval attacking force Archimedes set engines of all sizes on the ramparts. Against the more distant vessels he discharged stones of prodigious weight; the nearer, he assailed with missiles, lighter indeed, but all the more incessant; last, he opened numerous apertures, a cubit in diameter, in the wall from the top to the bottom, that his men might shower their darts on the enemy, themselves unwounded. From a concealed position, through these apertures, they galled the enemy, some with arrows, others with small so-called "scorpions."[2] Some vessels came close in, so as to be too near for the range of the engines; on the bows of these vessels was dropped from a crane projecting over the ramparts an iron grappling-hook fastened to a strong chain, which being swiftly lowered to the ground by a ponderous leaden weight, raised the prow high in air, and set the vessel on its stern. The hook was then suddenly let go, and the vessel, to the great consternation of the sailors, was dashed, as if it had fallen from the walls, with such violence on the waves, that even if it fell straight, it took in a quantity of water. Thus the naval attack was foiled, and the besiegers turned all their efforts to an assault in full force by land.

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[1] This passage has been differently rendered. I am inclined, however, to construe it simply, and as referring merely to the light javelins, the effective darting of which calls for peculiar skill and strength.—D. O.

[2] Probably a kind of cross-bow.—D. O.

Here, too, however, every point had been furnished with the same complete outfit of engines, to which Hiero had for many years devoted time and money, and Archimedes his singular skill. The nature of the ground too helped the defence. The rock on which the foundations of the wall were laid is for the most part so steep that not only the missiles discharged from the engines, but everything that rolled down by its own weight, fell with fatal effect on the enemy. The same circumstance rendered the ascent hard to climb and the footing precarious. Finding therefore that every attempt covered them with ridicule, the besiegers held a council, in which it was decided to abandon all further assaults, and to cut off by a simple blockade the enemy's supplies by sea and land.

Marcellus meanwhile marched with about a third of his army to recover the cities which had revolted to Carthage during the late commotions. Helorus and Herbessus he recovered by voluntary surrender. Megara, which he stormed, he sacked and destroyed as a terror to all other Sicilians, especially the Syracusans. About the same time Himilco, who had long been with his fleet off the promontory of Pachynus, landed at Heraclea[1] (also called Minoa), with twenty-five thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and twelve elephants; a much larger force than he had previously had with his fleet off Pachynus. The fact was that as soon as Hippocrates had seized Syracuse, Himilco went to Carthage, and there, being himself on the spot an influential adviser, and also backed up by envoys from Hippocrates and by a letter from Hannibal, in which it was said that the time had arrived for the recovery of Sicily with the highest credit, he had easily prevailed on the people to send across to Sicily as large a force as they could of infantry and cavalry. On arriving he recovered Heraclea and a few days afterward Agrigentum,[2] thus kindling in other states which sided with Carthage such hopes of expelling the Romans from Sicily that at last even the besieged Syracusans raised their spirits. Believing that a portion of their forces sufficed for their city's safety, they divided among them the operations of war, Epicydes being intrusted with the direction of the defence, while Hippocrates was to join Himilco and carry on the contest with the Roman consul.

With ten thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry Hippocrates marched out of the city by night at a point left unguarded, and began to form a camp near the town of Acrillæ. While they were intrenching it, Marcellus came up on his way back from Agrigentum, which he had found occupied, though he had vainly put forth his utmost speed to get there before the enemy. There was nothing which he less expected than to be met at that time and place by a Syracusan army. Still, being afraid of Himilco and the Carthaginians, for whom, with the force he then had, he was by no means a match, he continued to advance with all possible vigilance, and with his troops prepared for any emergency.

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[1] Near the river Halycus, one of the chief Carthaginian naval stations.—D. O.

[2] Now Girgenti.—D. O.

The precautions which he had so carefully taken against the Carthaginians served him, as it happened, against the Sicilians. He came on them, as they were intrenching their camp, scattered, and in disorder, and for the most part unarmed, and cut off their entire infantry; their cavalry, after a slight skirmish, fled with Hippocrates to Acræ.[1]

Having by this battle checked the disposition of the Sicilians to revolt from Rome, Marcellus marched back to Syracuse. A few days afterward Himilco, who had now been joined by Hippocrates, encamped on the river Anapus[2] at about eight miles distance.

About the same time fifty-five Carthaginian war-ships, under Bomilcar as admiral, sailed into the great harbour of Syracuse, and a Roman fleet too of thirty five-banked vessels disembarked the first legion at Panormus.[3] It might have seemed that the war had been altogether diverted from Italy, so intent was each nation on Sicily. The Roman legion which had been landed at Panormus and was on its way to Syracuse, Himilco counted on as his certain prey, but he was deceived as to its route. The Carthaginian took his march inland, while the legion, accompanied by the fleet, proceeded along the coast and joined Appius Claudius, who had advanced to meet it at Pachynus with a part of his army.

Not a moment longer did the Carthaginians remain at Syracuse. Bomilcar had but little confidence in his fleet, as the Romans had fully twice as many ships, and he saw, too, that useless delay would do nothing but aggravate the scarcity that distressed his allies. He therefore sailed out to sea and crossed to Africa. Himilco too pursued Marcellus to Syracuse without result, hoping for an opportunity of engaging him before he was joined by a larger army. But finding none, and seeing his enemy safe at Syracuse within forti-

[1] Now Palazzolo.—D. O.

[2] Now the Anapo.—D. O.

[3] Now Palermo.—D. O.

fied lines and in great strength, he moved away his camp, not wishing to waste his time in idly watching him and looking on at the blockade of his allies. Wherever he might be invited by a prospect of revolt from Rome, there he meant to bring up his army and give courage by his presence to those who favoured his cause. First he recovered Murgantia, the citizens of which betrayed the Roman garrison. Vast stores of grain and supplies of all kinds had there been collected for the Romans.

This revolt at once encouraged the hopes of other states. Roman garrisons were either driven from their strongholds or were treacherously overpowered. Enna,[1] which stood on a height of which every side was a precipice, was not only impregnable from its position, but it had also in its citadel a strong garrison commanded by a man not likely to fall a victim to any plot. Lucius Pinarius was a fearless soldier, and one who depended more on guarding himself against the possibility of being deceived than on the good faith of the Sicilians. And now his vigilance in taking every imaginable precaution had been quickened by hearing so continually of the betrayals and revolts of cities and of slaughtered garrisons. So, night and day alike, every point was watched and defended by guards and sentries, and not a soldier laid aside his arms or quitted his post.

Of all this the chief citizens of Enna, who had already been treating with Himilco for the surrender of the garrison, were well aware, and seeing that the Romans were not open to any treacherous surprise, they decided that they must go to work openly. The city and citadel, they said, ought to be in their own control, if they had given themselves up to the Romans to enjoy freedom as allies, and not to be in their keeping as slaves. "We think it fair," said they, "that the keys of the city gates should be returned to us. With good allies, their own loyalty is the strongest bond. It is only if of our own free will and without compulsion we continue in their friendship, that the people and senate of Rome can be grateful to us."

To this the Roman officer replied that he had been charged with the city's defence by his commander-in-chief; that by him he had been intrusted with the keys of the city gates and with the custody of the citadel, and that he did not hold his trust by his own will or that of the citizens of Enna, but from him who had committed it to him. To quit one's post was with the Romans a capital offence, a law to which fathers had given a sanction by the execution even of their own children. The consul Marcellus was not far off; they should send envoys to him, as the matter was for his jurisdiction and decision.

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[1] Now Castro Giovanni.—D. O.

Their answer was a refusal to send envoys, and they solemnly declared that if they could do nothing by words, they would seek some means of vindicating their freedom. Thereupon Pinarius replied, that if they felt reluctance to send to the consuls, they might at least allow him to meet the people in assembly, so that it might be known whether those threats expressed the mind of all the citizens, or of only a few. By general consent an assembly was proclaimed for the following day.

Pinarius, after this conference, retired to the citadel, and called together his soldiers. "You have heard, I presume, soldiers," he said, "how the Roman garrisons have been lately surprised and overpowered by the Sicilians. This treachery you have escaped, first through the good favour of the gods, next through your own valour, and your persistent vigilance, day and night, under arms. Would that it might be possible to get through the future also without either enduring or perpetrating unutterable horrors! This caution which we have hitherto used has been directed against secret treachery; but as that is unsuccessful, they openly and publicly demand the keys of the city gates. As soon as we have surrendered them, Enna will at once be in the hands of the Carthaginians, and we shall be massacred here more foully than the garrison at Murgantia was massacred. With difficulty I have obtained a single night for deliberation, in which I might inform you of our imminent peril. At daybreak they are to hold an assembly, with the object of accusing me and rousing the populace against you. So on the morrow Enna will be deluged either with your blood or with the blood of its citizens. If you are forestalled, there is no hope for you; if you forestall them, there is no danger. The victory will be his who first draws the sword. You must therefore await the signal ready armed and with the keenest attention. I shall be at the assembly, and I will spin out the time in talking and discussing, till all is ready. When I give the signal by raising my gown, let me hear you raise a general shout; rush on the crowd and strike down everything with the sword. See that no one survives from whom we can fear either force or fraud. I pray you, Mother Ceres and Proserpina, and all you other gods of the upper and under worlds who haunt this city, and these sacred lakes and groves, to stand by us, willing and propitious helpers, if and if only we are forming this our plan to escape, not to inflict, injury. I would say more to exhort you, soldiers, if you were going to fight with armed men. But it will be unarmed and unprepared men whom you will slaughter till you are weary. And the consul's camp is in the neighbourhood, so that we need fear nothing from Himilco and the Carthaginians."

After thus exhorting them he dismissed them to seek refreshment and rest. Next day some posted themselves at various points to block the streets and close all egress against the citizens, while most of them gathered round the theatre or on the ground above it, as they had been accustomed to be spectators of the assemblies. The Roman commander was then introduced to the people by the magistrates. He stated that to the consul and not to himself belonged the rightful decision of the matter, and repeated for the most part what he had said the day before, and they, first with some hesitation, then in increasing numbers, and at last with one voice, bade him surrender the keys. As he hesitated and delayed, they assailed him with savage threats, and it seemed that fatal violence would not be deferred another instant. Then the officer gave with his gown the signal that had been arranged. His soldiers, long eager and prepared, raised a shout and rushed down, some from above taking the assembly in its rear, while others in close array barred every outlet of the theatre. The people of Enna, pent up in the hollow, were cut down, perishing in masses, not only by the sword, but by their own efforts to flee, as they flung themselves over each other's heads, and fell in heaps, the unhurt on the wounded, and the living on the dead. Then followed a wild rush in all directions; it was as if the city had been stormed; panic and slaughter were everywhere, for the soldiers' fury, though they were cutting down an unarmed crowd, was no less fierce than if an equal peril and the excitement of battle had stirred them up. Enna was thus retained for Rome by an evil, but a necessary, deed.

Marcellus, far from disapproving of this, gave up the spoil of the city to his troops, in the belief that the Sicilians would be frightened into refraining from treacherous betrayals of the Roman garrisons. And, indeed, this blow falling on a city that lies in the centre of Sicily, and is famous alike for the natural defences which make its position conspicuous, and for the associations which connect every spot with the legendary Rape of Proserpine, was noised throughout the whole island almost in a single day. By this infamous massacre had been dishonoured, so all men felt, the dwelling, not of mortals only, but of gods, and therefore those who had hitherto wavered, now revolted to the Carthaginians. Hippocrates and Himilco betook themselves respectively to Murgantia and Agrigentum, on finding that it was to no purpose that they had advanced their forces at the invitation of the traitors to Enna. Marcellus returned to Leontini; there he left a small garrison, after having conveyed to his camp grain and other supplies. He then marched to the blockade of Syracuse, whence he had sent Appius Claudius to Rome to stand for the consulate, appointing in his place Quintius Crispinus to have the charge of the fleet and of the old camp. He himself meanwhile fortified and established a winter camp, five miles from Hexapylon, in a place called Leon. Such were the events which took place in Sicily up to the beginning of the winter.

The same summer, too, a war which had been apprehended for some time broke out with King Philip. Envoys came from Oricum[1] to Marcus Valerius, the prætor who had charge of the fleet off Brundisium and the neighbouring shores of Calabria. They brought news, first, of an attempt made by Philip on Apollonia,[2] whither he had sailed up the river with a hundred and twenty light two-oared vessels; next, that, finding success tardier than he had hoped, he had secretly by night marched his army to Oricum, which city, standing as it did in a plain, without the defence of walls or of an armed garrison, had been overpowered at the first assault. With these tidings they coupled a prayer for aid, begging Valerius to defend by land and sea, against one who was an undoubted enemy of Rome, the cities on the coast, which were being threatened merely because they commanded the shores of Italy.

Marcus Valerius, leaving a force on the spot with Publius Valerius, his lieutenant, arrived the next day at Oricum with his fleet fully equipped and prepared, such of his troops as his war-ships could not receive having been put on board transport vessels. After a single engagement he retook the town, which was held by a small garrison left there by Philip on his departure. Envoys now came to him from Apollonia, to say that they were being besieged because they would not revolt from Rome, and that, unless a Roman force were sent, they could no longer resist the Macedonian attack. Valerius promised that he would do as they wished, and despatched ten thousand picked troops in his war-ships to the mouth of the river under an officer of allies, Quintus Nævius Crista, an energetic and experienced soldier. Having landed his men, and sent the ships back to the fleet at Oricum, his starting-point, Crista led his detachment along a road at a distance from the river, and mostly free from the king's troops, and entered the city by night, unperceived by any of the enemy. Next day they remained quiet, while he was reviewing the youth of Apollonia, and the strength and resources of the city. These, when seen and examined, inspired him with sufficient courage, and having also ascertained from his scouts the extreme carelessness and negligence of the enemy, he marched out of the town without the slightest noise in the stillness of night, and entered the enemy's camp, which was so unguarded and open that it was generally understood that a thousand men had passed the line before any one was aware of it. Had they refrained from slaughter, they might, it was certain, have reached the royal tent. The enemy was aroused by the slaughter of those who were nearest to the camp gate; then followed such universal terror and panic that, so far from a single man seizing his arms and endeavouring to drive the foe out of the camp, the king himself fled half naked, just as he was on awakening from sleep, and, in a plight hardly fit for a soldier, much less for a king, hurried to the river and his ships. Thither too rushed wildly the rest of the crowd. Somewhat less than three thousand men were either made prisoners or slain in the camp, but more were captured than killed.

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[1] Now Orico, near the mouth of the Aous.—D. O.

[2] On the same river, about six miles inland.—D. O.

When the camp had been plundered, the citizens of Apollonia brought back to their city the catapults, ballistas, and other engines which had been provided for the siege of their town, to defend its walls in the event of any like subsequent emergency. All the rest of the booty was given up to the Romans. When the news reached Oricum, Marcus Valerius at once moved his fleet to the mouth of the river, that it might not be possible for the king to make his escape on shipboard. Philip accordingly having no confidence that he would be a match for his foe in battle by land or sea, hauled his vessels ashore or burned them, and hurried back overland to Macedonia with an army for the most part without arms or property. The Roman fleet wintered with Marcus Valerius at Oricum.

The military operations of this year in Spain had no decided result. Before the Romans could cross the Ebro, Mago and Hasdrubal routed an immense host of Spaniards. Spain west of the Ebro would have revolted from Rome had not Scipio rapidly pushed his army across the river, and arrived at the right moment, to confirm the wavering attachment of the allies. First, the Romans established themselves at White Camp, a spot made memorable by the fall of the great Hamilcar. It was a fortified position, and stores of grain had there been previously collected. But, as the whole neighbourhood swarmed with the enemy, whose cavalry had with impunity harassed the Romans on their march, slaughtering as many as two thousand loiterers or stragglers in the fields, the Romans retired toward a quiet district, and fortified a camp at Mount Victory. Thither came Cneius Scipio in full force, and Hasdrubal, too, the son of Gisgo, making in all three Carthaginian generals, with an army in all respects complete. All three now confronted the Roman camp from the opposite side of the river. Publius Scipio went out unobserved with some light troops to reconnoitre the surrounding country, but he did not delude the enemy. He would have been overpowered on open ground, had he not seized a neighbouring eminence. There he was hemmed in, and released from blockade only by his brother's arrival.

Castulo,[1] a powerful and famous Spanish town, and so closely allied to the Carthaginians that Hannibal married his wife from it, revolted to Rome. The Carthaginians attempted to storm Illiturgis, as there was a Roman garrison in the place, and it seemed that they would reduce it without fail by famine. Cneius Scipio set out with a legion lightly equipped to bring succour to his allies and to the garrison, and passing between the enemy's two camps entered the city, inflicting on them great loss. Next day he fought them in a sortie that was equally successful. In the two engagements more than twelve thousand of the enemy were slain; more than a thousand taken prisoners, with thirty-six standards. And so they retired from Illiturgis. Then they began to besiege Bigerra,[2] a city also in alliance with Rome. Cneius Scipio came up and raised the blockade without fighting.

The Carthaginian camp was next moved to Munda,[3] and thither the Romans instantly followed them. There was a pitched battle of four hours, and the Romans were winning a decisive victory, when the signal for retreat was given, because Cneius Scipio had his thigh completely pierced by a javelin. A panic seized the soldiers round him, who feared that the wound might be mortal. But for this hindrance there was no question that the Carthaginian camp would have been taken that day. Their soldiers and their elephants too had already been driven into their intrenchments, close to which thirty-nine of the elephants had been transfixed by the Roman darts. It is said that in this battle too there fell upward of twelve thousand men, and that nearly three thousand were made prisoners, with fifty-seven standards.

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[1] On the upper course of the Bætis.—D. O.

[2] Probably the modern Becerra.—D. O.

[3] Its location was probably not far from Corduba.—D. O.

The Carthaginians then retired to the town of Aurinx, whither the Romans pursued them, taking advantage of their terror. There again Scipio engaged them, being borne into the battle on a litter. It was an undoubted victory, though less by half fell of the enemy than in the previous battle; far fewer indeed surviving to fight. But it is the nature of this people to renew and repair the losses of war, and when Mago, the commander's brother, had been despatched to raise recruits, they soon filled up the gaps in their army, and recovering their courage ventured on a fresh contest. They had for the most part new soldiers, and feeling themselves on a side which within a few days had been so repeatedly vanquished, they fought with the same spirit and same result as before. More than eight thousand men were slain; not less than a thousand made prisoners with fifty-eight standards. The spoil taken was chiefly Gallic, a profusion of golden chains and bracelets. In this battle there also fell two renowned Gallic chiefs, by name Mœniacœpto and Vismaro. Eight elephants were taken and three killed. Now that they had won these successes in Spain, the Romans at last felt shame at the town of Saguntum, which had occasioned the war, having been for nearly eight years in the enemy's power. So they retook the place, after forcibly expelling the Carthaginian garrison, and restored it to such of the old inhabitants as the violence of war had spared. The Turdetani, who had involved them in hostilities with the Carthaginians, they reduced to subjection, sold them by public auction, and razed their city.

Such were the Roman operations in Spain during the consulate of Quintus Fabius and Marcus Claudius. As soon as new tribunes entered on their office at Rome, the censors, Publius Furius and Marcus Atilius, were at once summoned by Lucius Metellus, one of the tribunes, to appear before the popular assembly. Metellus had been quæstor in the previous year, and had then been deprived by the censors of his horse, removed from his tribe, and disfranchised, as having engaged at Cannæ in a conspiracy to abandon Italy. By the intervention, however, of the other nine tribunes, the trial of the defendants, while they were in office, was forbidden, and their case was dismissed. They did not complete the census, Furius being prevented by death, and Atilius retiring from office.

The consular elections were held by the consul Quintus Fabius Maximus. Both consuls were elected in their absence—Quintus Fabius, the consul's son, and Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus for the second time. The new prætors were Marcus Atilius, Publius Sempronius Tuditanus, Cneius Fulvius Centumalus, and Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, of whom the last three were at the time curule ædiles. It is on record that that year, for the first time, dramatic games lasting four days were conducted by these officials. The ædile Tuditanus was the man who escaped at Cannæ through the midst of the enemy, while others were stupefied at the magnitude of the disaster. The elections over, the consuls elect were, at the advice of the consul Quintus Fabius, summoned to Rome, and then entered on office. The senate was consulted by them as to the war and the assignment of provinces to themselves and to the prætors, and as to the command of the armies.

A distribution was accordingly made of the provinces and armies. The war with Hannibal was intrusted to the consuls, with two armies, one of which Sempronius himself had already commanded, Fabius having the other. Each army consisted of two legions. The prætor Marcus Æmilius, who had the jurisdiction over aliens, was to assign it to his colleague the city prætor, Marcus Atilius, and have the province of Luceria and the two legions which had been under the command of Quintus Fabius, the present consul, when prætor. To Publius Sempronius and Cneius Fulvius fell, respectively, as their provinces, Ariminum[1] and Suessula, each having also two legions. Fabius was to command the city legions, and Tuditanus to have those of Manius Pomponius. Some commands and provincial governorships were extended, Claudius retaining Sicily within the boundaries which limited Hiero's kingdom, while the old province was to be under Lentulus as proprætor.[2] Titus Otacilius had the fleet, to which no fresh troops were added. Marcus Valerius had Greece and Macedonia with the legion and fleet he commanded; Quintus Mucius with his old army, consisting of two legions, kept Sardinia. Caius Terentius retained Picenum with the legion already under his command. A vote was carried to raise two additional city legions and twenty thousand allies. Such were the generals, such the armies with which Rome's empire was to be simultaneously defended against a number of attacks, begun or threatened.

Having raised the two city legions and recruited others, the consuls, before moving from Rome, expiated certain portents of which they had received information. The city walls and gates, and also a Temple of Jupiter at Aricia, had been struck by lightning. Moreover, some illusions of the eye and ear had been taken for realities: the semblance of war-ships, which had no existence, had been seen on the river at Tarracina, and at the Temple of Jupiter Vicilinus in the district of Compsa [1] the clash of arms had been heard. The river at Amiternum too had flowed with blood. These portents having been expiated in obedience to a resolution of the pontiffs, the consuls took their departure, Sempronius for Lucania, Fabius for Apulia. The father [2] entered the camp at Suessula as his son's lieutenant; the son went out to meet him preceded by the lictors, who were silent out of respect for his high rank. The old man rode past eleven of these officers, upon which the consul bade the lictor at his side to mind his duty. The man shouted to the rider to dismount, and then at last the father, springing from his horse, exclaimed, "I wished to try you, my son, and see whether you really knew that you were a consul."

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[1] That is, Gallia, of which it was the chief Roman station.—D. O.

[2] That is, Sicily was now divided into two provinces, the new one being the realm of their former ally.—D. O.

A native of Arpi,[3] Dasius Altinius, entered the camp secretly by night with three slaves, and promised that for a reward he would betray the town. Fabius having referred the matter to a council, some were of opinion that he ought to be scourged and executed as a deserter, a double-minded man, and consequently a common enemy. After the disaster of Cannæ he had gone over to Hannibal and drawn Arpi into revolt, as if good faith ought to stand or fall with success. Now that Rome's power was, so to say, reviving, contrary to his hopes and wishes, it would seem still baser to pay back with treachery the victims of treachery in times past. The man who is perpetually changing his side and his sympathies is an unfaithful ally and a contemptible foe. Let him be added to the betrayers of Falerii and of Pyrrhus,[4] a third warning to all deserters.

To these arguments the consul's father, Fabius, replied: "Men under the excitement of war forget the necessities of the time, and pronounce freely their judgment on each case exactly as if they were at peace. Although we ought above all things to strive and consider how, if possible, not a single ally may revolt from the Roman people, you do not in fact consider this, but contend for the duty of holding up as a warning any one who may repent and look back with regret on the old alliance. If people are to be allowed to forsake Rome, but not to return to her, who can doubt that Rome's empire will soon be deserted by its allies, and will see every part of Italy united by treaty to Carthage? Still, I am not the man to think that we ought to put any faith in Altinius. I would follow a middle course, and for the present take him neither for a foe nor for an ally. I should like to see him, while the war lasts, kept in honourable custody near the camp in some state which we can trust. The war over, we must then consider whether punishment was the just due of his previous defection, or pardon that of his subsequent return."

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[1] Apparently a surname of Jupiter among the Hirpini who inhabited this district.—D. O.

[2] Quintus Fabius Maximus, the former dictator.—D. O.

[3] In Apulia.—D. O.

[4] Alluding to the Falerian schoolmaster who offered to surrender his pupils, and to the physician who offered to poison Pyrrhus.—D. O.

Fabius won their assent. The man was put in chains, and both he and his companions became prisoners. He had brought with him a very considerable weight of gold, and this by express order was to be kept for him. At Cales he had his liberty during the day under the surveillance of attendants; by night he was in confinement under their watch. People began at first to miss him at his home at Arpi and to inquire after him; soon rumours spread through the whole town and caused an uproar, men believing that they had lost their chief citizen. In the dread of a revolution envoys were instantly despatched to Hannibal. At this the Carthaginian was by no means displeased, for he had long held the man in suspicion, as one whose loyalty was doubtful, and now he had got a pretext for seizing and selling the property of a particularly rich citizen. But as he wished to seem to yield to anger rather than to avarice, he added cruelty to rapacity. He summoned to his camp the wife and children of Altinius, and having held an inquiry, first into the circumstances of his flight, then into the amount of gold and silver left in his house, and ascertained all these particulars, he burned them alive.

Fabius quitted Suessula and first applied himself vigorously to the siege of Arpi. He encamped about half a mile from the city, and having taken a near view of the situation of the city and its walls, he resolved to attack it by preference where it was most strongly fortified, as being there most carelessly guarded. Having provided everything used in attacking towns, he picked out the flower of the centurions from his entire army, putting them under the command of tribunes, gallant officers all of them, and assigning them six hundred soldiers, a sufficiently large force, as he judged. They had orders from him to bring up scaling-ladders to the place selected, as soon as the signal of the fourth night watch had sounded. The gate there was low and narrow, leading to an unfrequented street through a deserted part of the town. When they had scaled the gate with their ladders, they were to hasten to the wall and forcibly break open the bars from the inside, and as soon as they were in possession of a portion of the town, they were to give a signal by trumpet for the rest of the army to advance. Fabius assured them that he would have everything prepared and ready.

All this was promptly done. What seemed likely to prove a hindrance to the attempt mainly contributed to conceal it. A storm which began at midnight drove the guards and sentries to slip away from their post and seek shelter in the houses. At first the loud sound of an unusually heavy rain drowned the noise of the men who were working at the gate; afterward, when it fell more softly and regularly on the ear, it lulled many that heard it to slumber. As soon as the Romans had possession of the gate, trumpeters were stationed at equal intervals along the street and directed to sound a blast to give notice to the consul. This having been done, as already arranged, he ordered a general advance, and shortly before dawn entered the city through the gate that was broken down.

This at last awoke the enemy; the storm too was now abating, and day was breaking. Hannibal had a garrison in the town of about five thousand men, and the citizens themselves had equipped three thousand soldiers. These were the first set to oppose the enemy by the Carthaginians, who feared treachery in their rear. The fight began in darkness and in narrow streets, the Romans having occupied not only the thoroughfares, but also the buildings which adjoined the gate, to save themselves from being assailed and wounded from the housetops. Some of the inhabitants and some of the Romans recognised each other, and this gave rise to conversations in which the Romans asked what the citizens wanted. What offence had the Romans given them, or what had the Carthaginians done for them that they, an Italian people, should be waging war for aliens and barbarians against their old allies, and endeavouring to make Italy pay taxes and tribute to Africa? The people of Arpi excused themselves by saying that they had been sold in utter ignorance by their chief citizens to the Carthaginian; that they had been, in fact, the prey and the victims of a few men. A beginning once made, many more took part in these conversations, till at last the governor of Arpi was conducted by his fellow-citizens to the consul; pledges were given amid the standards and the ranks, and the towns-people suddenly turned their arms against the Carthaginians in favour of Rome. Some Spaniards too, to the number of little less than a thousand, carried over their standards to the consul, simply bargaining with him for the dismissal of the Carthaginian garrison without injury. The city gates were thrown open for the Carthaginian soldiers, who were let go with an assurance of protection and reached Hannibal at Salapia in safety. Arpi was restored to the Romans without the destruction of a single life but that of one man, a traitor long before, and recently a deserter. Orders were given that the Spanish troops should be served with double rations, and the state often availed itself of their brave and faithful service.

While one consul was in Apulia and the other in Lucania, a hundred and twelve noble Campanian knights, who had started from Capua by permission of the magistrates on the pretext of plundering the enemy's territory, came to the Roman camp overlooking Suessula. They told a sentry who they were, and said that they wished to have an interview with the prætor. Cneius Fulvius was in command of the camp, and on his receiving the message he ordered twelve out of their number to be conducted thither, unarmed. When he heard their request (they asked merely that on the recovery of Capua their property might be restored to them), he received them all under his protection. The other prætor, Sempronius Tuditanus, stormed the town of Aternum,[1] in which more than seven thousand men were made prisoners, and a considerable amount of copper and silver coin taken.

At Rome a dreadful fire lasted two nights and one entire day. All between the Salinæ and the Carmental gate, including the Æquimælian and Jugarian quarters,[2] was levelled to the ground, together with the Temples of Fortune and of Mother Matula: also outside the gate, the fire spread widely, and destroyed many objects, both sacred and profane.

The same year the two Cornelii, Publius and Cneius, being successful in Spain, where they recovered many old and won some new allies, extended their designs to Africa. Syphax, king of the Numidians, had suddenly become a foe to Carthage, and to him they despatched three centurions as envoys, to negotiate a friendship and alliance. He was to be assured that, if he would persist in constant hostility to Carthage, he would have the thanks of the senate and people of Rome, who would make an effort to repay his services at a seasonable moment and with good interest. The barbarian prince welcomed the embassy. He had a conversation with the envoys on the science of war, and on hearing the talk of the veterans he perceived, by comparing such a well-organized system with his own, how many things there were of which he knew nothing. Then, desirous of having their aid as good and faithful allies, he first begged that two of the envoys might report their negotiations to their commanding officers, one remaining with him to be his instructor in military matters. For his Numidian people did not understand infantry fighting, and were skilled only with their horses. It was with these that their forefathers from the earliest beginnings of their nation had waged their wars, and it was to these that Numidians were habituated from boyhood. But he had an enemy who trusted to the might of his infantry, and if he wished to be his match in solid strength, he must provide himself with men on foot, and for this his kingdom had an abundant population. Of the science of arming, equipping, and drilling them he was, however, utterly ignorant; just as in a casually collected crowd, all was disorder and left to chance.

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[1] Now Pescara.—D. O.

[2] Practically all the river front from the base of the Aventine to that of the Capitol.—D. O.

The envoys replied that they would do as he wished for the present, and received a promise that, should their commander not approve the result, the man was to be at once sent back. Quintus Statorius was the name of the envoy who stayed with the king. With the two Romans the Numidian himself despatched envoys to put himself under the protection of the Roman generals. He further gave these envoys instructions to forthwith encourage desertion among all Numidians serving as auxiliaries in Carthaginian garrisons. Statorius, out of the numerous youth of the country, raised a force of infantry for the king. This he disciplined as nearly as possible in Roman fashion, teaching the men by drill and by marching them under arms to follow the standards and keep their ranks. So thoroughly did he habituate them to camp-work and proper military duties, that the king soon had as much confidence in his infantry as in his cavalry, and he defeated his Carthaginian enemy in a regular action in which the armies met on level ground. To the Romans also in Spain the visit of the king's envoys was of great service, as on the rumour of their arrival, there began to be numerous desertions on the part of the Numidians. It was thus that a friendship was formed between Syphax and the Romans. The Carthaginians, on hearing this, at once despatched an embassy to Gala, a king who reigned in another part of Numidia, the inhabitants of which are called Massyli.

Gala had a son Masinissa, seventeen years of age, yet a youth of such character that it was already evident that he

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would make his kingdom larger and more powerful than whatever he might inherit. It was argued by the envoys that, as Syphax had allied himself with Rome, to make himself more formidable to the kings and nations of Africa, it would be better for Gala in turn to join the Carthaginians as soon as possible, before Syphax could cross into Spain or the Romans into Africa. Syphax could be crushed, while as yet he had nothing from his treaty with Rome except the name of it. Gala, as his son insisted on the war, was easily persuaded to send an army, which, united to the legions of Carthage, defeated Syphax in a great battle. Thirty thousand men, it is said, fell in the action. Syphax fled from the field with a few horsemen to the Maurusii, a remote tribe dwelling near the ocean, opposite to Gades. His renown gathered the barbarians round him from all parts, and he soon equipped an immense host. But before he could cross with it the narrow strait which parted him from Spain, Masinissa arrived with his victorious army. There, without any aid from Carthage, he carried on the war by himself with Syphax and won great glory.

Nothing memorable took place in Spain except that the Roman generals secured for themselves the services of the Celtiberian youth on the same terms for which an arrangement had been made with the Carthaginians. They also sent more than three hundred Spaniards of the highest rank into Italy, to excite dissatisfaction among such of their countrymen as were serving among Hannibal's auxiliaries. The only event of the year in Spain remarkable enough to be recorded is, that the Romans never had a single mercenary soldier in their camp till they now had the Celtiberi.[1]

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[1] There are several previous instances of the employment of mercenaries of special arms. Perhaps, however, as G. C. Macaulay suggests, they may not have been permitted to occupy a place in the legionary camp.—D. O.

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Horatius, Marcus, Pulvillus, elected consul, 81; dedicates the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline, 81.

Hostilia, Curia, senate-house built by Tullus, 36.
Hostilius, Hostius, a Roman general, killed in battle with the Sabines, 14.
Hostilius, Lucius, Mancinus, defeated in a cavalry skirmish, 309.
Hostus, son of Hampsicora, defeated, 399.
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Ibera, Spanish town, 386.
Icilius, Spurius, tribune, 141.
Icilius, Lucius, betrothed of Verginia, 197; causes the secession of the army among the Sabines, 205; delivers the address to the ambassadors at the Sacred Mount, 207; elected tribune after the return from the Sacred Mount, 209; proposes a triumph for Valerius and Horatius, 220.
Ictumuli, town of the Insubrian Gauls, 274.
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Ilergetes, a Spanish tribe, 253; reduced by Hannibal, 254; revolt to Hasdrubal, 289; are defeated by Scipio, 289.
Iliberri, a Gallic town, Hannibal encamps at, 255.
Iliturgi, the Scipios defeat the Carthaginian armies at, 408, 409, 454.
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Indibilis, prince of the Ilergetes, 14; attacks Roman allies in Spain and is defeated by Scipio, 314.
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Isère, river, 261.
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Janiculum, added to the city, 41; surrounded by a wall, 41.
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Julius, Gaius, consul, 222.
Julius, Vopiscus, consul (disputed), 136.
Junius, Marcus, Pera, made dictator, 348; marches from Rome, 368.
Junius, Marcus, Silanus, Roman officer at Naples, 369.
Juno Lacinia, Temple of, 412.
Jupiter Elicius, altar to, dedicated by Numa, 24.
Jupiter Feretrius, Temple of, vowed by Romulus, 13; enlarged, 41.
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Lacetani, a Spanish tribe, reduced by Hannibal, 254; renew Roman alliance, 288; revolt, and are subdued by Scipio, 289.
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Lætorius, Marcus, centurion, dedicates a Temple of Mercury, 102.
Lætorius, tribune, 139; defies the consular authority and creates disturbance in the assembly, 140.
Larentia, wife of Faustulus, brings up Romulus and Remus, 5.
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Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, wife of Æneas, 2; regent of the Latin state, 3.
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Licinius, Gaius, elected tribune of the people, 110.
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Liguria, Hannibal in, 287.
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Litana, forest, so called by the Gauls, 381.
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Livius, Marcus, envoy to Carthage, 249; in Spain and Gaul, 251; returns to Rome, 252; sent to the defence of Tarentum, 431.
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Longuntica, Spanish town, taken by Scipio and the Roman fleet, 314.
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Lucretius, Lucius, Trincipitinus, consul, 157; annihilates the power of the Volscians, 157, 158; triumph of, 154; defends Cæso in the assembly, 162.
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Lucretius, Spurius, consul, 90.
Lucretius, Spurius, father of Lucretia, 68, 74; elected consul, 80; death of, 81.
Lucretius, Titus, consul, 81; consul for second time, 91.
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Lusitani, Spanish tribe, 285.
Lusitania, Hasdrubal retires to, 314.
Lutatius, Caius, consul, concluded the treaty of the first Punic war, 250; land commissioner, takes refuge at Mutina, 255; his victory at the Ægusan Islands in the first Punic war, 308.

Macedonia, Æneas arrives in, 1.
Magalus, chief of the Boii, 260; offers to guide Hannibal across the Alps, 260.
Magius, Cneius Atellanus, chief magistrate of the Campanians, 429.
Magius, Decius, a citizen of Capua, opposes Hannibal, 361; arrested by Hannibal, 364; vessel on

which he is being transported to Carthage driven ashore at Cyrenæ, 365; accepts the protection of King Ptolemæus, 365.
Mago, brother of Hannibal, 282; his part at Cannæ, 338; returns to Carthage with news of Cannæ, 365; sent to Spain, 391.
Mago, Carthaginian noble, captured by the Romans in Sardinia, 400.
Mago, envoy from Hannibal to Philip, 392; taken prisoner by the Roman fleet, 393.
Maharbal, son of Himilco, left in command at Saguntum, 245; general of Hannibal's cavalry, advises him to march on Rome after the battle of Cannæ, 342.
Malitiosa, wood called, battle at, Sabines defeated, 37.
Mamertine Prison built, 41.
Mamilius, Lucius, dictator at Tusculum, sends assistance to Rome, 168; citizenship granted to, 182.
Mamilius, Octavius, of Tusculum, marries the daughter of Lucius Tarquin, 58; Tarquin goes into exile to, 90; forms confederacy against Rome, 92; killed, 95.
Mandonis, a Spanish prince, 314; attacks Roman allies in Spain, 314.
Manlius, Aulus, ambassador to Athens to study the laws of Solon, 184; elected to the first college of decemvirs, 195.
Manlius, Gaius, consul, 136; brought to trial by the tribune Genucius, 136.
Manlius, Gnæus, consul, 123; wounded in battle, 127; death of, 128.
Manlius, Lucius, prætor, commander in Gaul, 249; marches to the relief of Mutina, 256; attacked by the Gauls, 256; encamps at Tannetum, 256.
Manlius, Lucius Vulso, candidate for the consulship, defeated, 328.
Manlius, Titus Torquatus, speaks in the senate against ransoming the Roman prisoners taken at Cannæ, 350; sent with an army to Sardinia, 393; his operations in Sardinia, 399.
Manilius, Sextus, elected tribune at the Aventine, 206.
Manlius, Titus, consul, 22,
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Marcus Lætorius. See Lætorius.
Marius, Statilius, 334.
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Mars Gradivus, Salii for, duties of, chosen by Numa, 24.
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Mecilius, Lucius, tribune, 141.
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Melkarth, Carthaginian divinity, 253, note.
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Menenius, Agrippa, consul, 91; and Publius, Postumius, triumph of, 92; addresses the commons at the Sacred Mount, 109; brings the commons back to the city, 110; death of, 111; is buried by the people, 111.
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tried, fined, and dies from the effects of the disgrace, 135.
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Metius, Statius, in command of the Campanians and Carthaginian garrison at Casilinum, 429.
Mettius Curtius, leader of the Sabines, 14.
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Minorum gentium, instituted by Tarquin, 43.
Minucius, Lucius, consul, 177; besieged in his camp, 178; elected into the second college of decemvirs, 188.
Minucius, Marcus, consul, 96, 112.
Minucius, Marcus, Rufus, master of the horse, 302; opposes the policy of Fabius, 307; wins a trifling advantage over Hannibal at Gereonium, 318; made equal in command with Fabius, 320; entrapped by Hannibal but saved from defeat by the army of Fabius, 321–323; returns with his army to Fabius and relinquishes the command, 323; death at Cannæ, 341.
Minucius, Marcus, tribune, 378.
Minucius, Publius, consul, 111.
Minucius, Quintus, consul, 182.
Mœniacœpto, Gallic chief, his death, 455.
Mopsii, noble family at Compsa, 355.
Mucian Meadows, why called, 88.
Mucius, Gaius, exploit of, 86; afterward called Scævola, 87; rewarded by the state, 88.
Mucius, Quintus, Scævola, prætor, 381; has Sardinia as his province, 393.
Mucius, Quintus, 456.
Munda, Spanish town, Carthaginian camp moved to, 454.
Murcia, Temple of, 41.
Murgantia, Roman fleet at, 439; recovered by Himilco through the betrayal of its garrison, 449.
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Numa Marcius, son of Marcius, pontiff, 24.
Numerius Decimius, a Samnite officer, 318.
Numicius, Titus, Priscus, consul, 145; marches against the Volscians, and drives them to Antium, 145.
Numicus, a river, 3.
Numidians, their stratagem at the battle of Cannæ, 339; desert to Marcellus, 405.

Numitor, son of Proca, 4; made king, 4; driven out by Amulius, 4; is proclaimed King of Alba, 6.
Numitorius, Lucius, tribune, 141.
Numitorius, Publius, great-uncle of Verginia, 198; causes the secession of the army among the Sabines, 295; elected tribune after the return from the Sacred Mount, 209.

Oath of allegiance, first administered to the soldiers by the tribunes, 330.
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Olcades, a Spanish tribe, 238.
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Onusa, town in Spain, 254; taken by Cneius Scipio and the Roman fleet, 313.
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Oppius, Gaius, elected tribune after the return from the Sacred Mount, 209.
Oppius, Marcus, elected tribune at the Aventine, 206.
Oppius, Spurius, Cornicen, elected into the second college of decemvirs, 188; convenes the senate after the murder of Verginia, 203; day appointed for trial, 214; takes his life in prison, 215.
Orbitanium, town in Samnium, stormed by Fabius, 430.
Oretani, a Spanish tribe, 245.
Oricum, 452; Roman fleet winters at, 453.
Ortona, a Latin city, besieged by the Æquans, 122.
Ostia, built, 41.
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Otacilius, Titus, Crassus, 324, 330, 378; dedicates Temple of Reason, 389; in Africa, 400; captures seven ships of the Carthaginians, 400; nominated for the consulship, is opposed by Fabius, 417; commander of the fleet, 419, 456.

Pachynus, Carthaginian fleet at, 439.
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Pæstum, envoys from, bring gifts to Rome, 329.
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Pan Lycæus, festival of, called Inuus by the Romans, 5.
Panormus, in Sicily, Roman legion landed at, 448.
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Paphlygonia, Eneti driven from, 1.
Pedum, taken by the Volscians, 117.
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Pelliti-Sardi, Sardinian tribe, defeated, 399.
Pentri, the, Samnite tribe, faithful to Rome, 354.
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Petelia, loyal community of the Bruttians, sends for aid, 377; prepares for defence against Hannibal, 377; taken by the Carthaginians, 387.
Pettius, Herius, citizen of Nola, 403.
Philip, King of Macedon, embassy sent to, 326; sends envoys to Hannibal, 392; his second embassy to Hannibal, 398; war with, 452; defeated at Appolonia, 453; hurries overland to Macedonia, 453.
Picenum, ravaged by Hannibal, 302.
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Pinarii, Potitii and, tradition of the, 9.
Pinarius, Lucius, consul, 138.
Pinarius, Lucius, in command at Enna, massacres its citizens and saves the Roman garrison from betrayal, 449–451.
Pineus, King of Illyria, envoys sent to, 326.
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Placentia, Roman colony, 255; army in winter quarters at, 268, 290.
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Po, river, colonies near the, 255; Hannibal crosses the, 276.
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Pœninus, a Gallic deity, 268.
Pœtilius, Quintus, elected into the second college of decemvirs, 188.
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taken a second time and destroyed, 40.

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Polyænus, his advice to the citizens of Syracuse, 433.

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Pometia, Suessa, spoils of, consecrated to build temple to Jupiter, 61, 64; colony revolts to the Auruncans, 91; surrenders to Verginius and Cassius, 92; taken and plundered, 101.

Pompeius, Sextus, lieutenant, assigned territory of Vibo, 280.

Pomponius, Manius, Matho, Veturius's master of the horse, retires on account of a flaw in the appointment, 326; prætor, 300, 328, 380; summons the senate after Cannæ, 345; re-enforces Marcellus at Nola, 427.

Pomponius, Marcus, elected tribune after the return from the Sacred Mount, 209.

Pontifex Maximus, 102.

Pontiff, office instituted by Numa, 24.

Pontificius, Tiberius, tribune, 123.

Porsina, Lars, King of Clusium, 81; marches on Rome, 81; besieges the city, 85; sends ambassadors to Rome, 87; makes peace and abandons the siege, 88; lasting peace with, 90.

Postumius, Aulus, Albus, consul, 151; ambassador to the Æquans at Algidum, 177.

Postumius, Aulus, dictator, 94; leads the Roman forces at Regillus, 95; sent against the Sabines, 101.

Postumius, Lucius, Albinus, prætor for Gaul, 328.

Postumius, Lucius, in his absence elected consul for the third time, 381; he and his army entrapped and cut to pieces in Gaul, 381.

Postumius, Publius, consul, 90, 91; and Agrippa Menenius, triumph of, 92.

Postumius, Spurius, Albus, consul, 149; ambassador to Athens to study the laws of Solon, 184; elected into the first college of decemvirs, 185.

Potitii and Pinarii, tradition of the, 9.

Præneste, revolts from the Latins to the Romans, 93; garrison of citizens of, at Casilinum, 373; citizens of, return after the capitulation of Casilinum, 376.

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Prætutia, ravaged by Hannibal, 302.

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Proca, King, 4.

Proculus Julius, his speech to the people, 19.

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Proserpine, legendary scene of the rape of, 451.

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Publilius, Volero, defies the consuls, 138; elected tribune, 138; proposes election law, 139; re-elected tribune, 139.

Pupius, Caius, appointed to contract for the building of the Temple of Concord, 326.

Puteoli, 417, 422; Hannibal attacks, unsuccessfully, 423.

Pylæmenes, leader of the Eneti, killed at Troy, 1.

Pyrenees, passes of, left in charge of Hanno, 254.

Pyrrhus, King, 416.

Pythagoras, of Samos, in Italy, 21.

Pythian Apollo, consulted by Tarquin, 65; oracle of the, received at Rome, 365.

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Quinctii, Alban family enrolled among the patricians by Tullus, 36

Quinctilius, Sextus, consul, 184; dies of the plague, 184.

Quinctius, Cæso, description of, 161; obstructs the law, 162; is summoned to trial, 162; is tried and sent into exile, 163–164.

Quinctius, Cæso, Flaminius, appointed to contract for the building of the Temple of Concord, 326.

Quinctius, Lucius, Cincinnatus, defends his son Cæso, 163; retires to his cottage across the Tiber, 164; elected consul, 170; refuses the consulship, 173; dictator, 178; leaves his field to take the office, 178–179; leads his army to the relief of Minucius, 180; sends the Æquans under the yoke, 181; enters the city in triumph, 181–182.

Quinctius, Titus, Capitolinus, consul, 139; pacifies the disturbance raised by Appius and Lætorius, 140; sent against the Æquans, 141; consul, 145; defeats the Volscians and takes Antium, 147; triumvir for distributing the land at Antium, 149; consul for the second time, 149; defeats the Æquans, 150; closes the lustrum, 151; sent as pro-consul to the relief of Spurius Furius, 152; defeats the Æquans, 153, 154; consul for the third time, 162; quæstor, 177; consul for the fourth time, 223; addresses the assembly, 223–226; defeats the Æquans at Corbio, 227–229.

Quintus Fabius Maximus. See Fabius.

Quirinal Hill, taken into the city, 52.

Quirinus, flamen for, 23.

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Quiritum, the fossa, built by Ancus, 41.

Rabuleius, Manius, elected into the second college of decemvirs, 188.

Racilia, wife of Cincinnatus, 179.

Ramnenses, century of knights, enrolled by Romulus, 16, 44.

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Reason, temple to, vowed, 304; dedication by Otacilius, 389, 391.

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Rhone, Hannibal's passage of the, 258, 259; cavalry engagement near the, 259.

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Romulus and Remus, exposed, 5; story of the youth of, 5; take the auguries to determine who shall build the new city, 7.

Romulus, builds the city, 7; slays and strips the King of the Cæninenses, 12; institutes the spolia opima, 13; divides the people into curiæ, 16; enrolls three centuries of knights, 16; unites Romans and Sabines and with Tatius rules jointly, 16; apotheosis of, 18, 19; appears to Proculus Julius, 19.

Rullus, Maximus, 419.

Ruminalis, sacred fig tree, 5.

Ruscino, a Gallic town, the Gauls gather at, to oppose Hannibal, 255.

Rutulians, a nation of Italy, attack the Latins, 2; war with the, 66; from Ardea, settlers at Saguntum, 240.

Sabines, war with, 36, 45, 91, 101; rape of the, 11; driven back by the Romans, are saved by the interference of the Sabine women, 15; and Romans united under Romulus and Tatius, 15; defeated at Malitiosa, 37; defeated by Marcus Valerius, 107.

Sacred Banquet held, 304.

Sacred Mount, people secede to the, after the murder of Verginia, 206; return to the city from the, 209.

Saguntum, city in Spain, 240; attacked by Hannibal, 240; send envoys to Rome, 240; taken by Hannibal, 247; retaken by the Romans, 455.

Salapia, Hannibal in winter quarters at, 431.

Salii of Mars Gradivus, 24.

Salyes, tribe of Gauls near Massilia, 256.

Samnites, excepting the Pentri, revolt to Hannibal, 306, 354; send envoys to Hannibal, 401.

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Scantinius, Publius, his death, 378.
Scaptius, Publius, a plebeian, adviser of the people in the affair with Aricia, 229.
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Scribonius, Lucius, Libo, 353; finance commissioner, 378.
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Sempronius, Publius, Tuditanus, tribune of the soldiers, leads the retreat to Canusium, 341; prætor, 456.
Sempronius, Tiberius, Longus, consul, 240, 247; Africa and Sicily assigned to, 248; arrives at Messana, 279; joins Scipio at the Trebia, 280; rashness of, 280–282; defeated by Hannibal at the river Trebia, 282–284; gains a doubtful victory at Hannibal's camp near Placentia, 287; defeats Hanno at Grumentum, 397.
Sempronius, Tiberius, floats provisions to the besieged Casilinum, 375; elected consul, 381; 388; defeats Hanno's army at Beneventum, 423–425; frees the slaves in his command, 425; consul second time, 456.
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